BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY
1934

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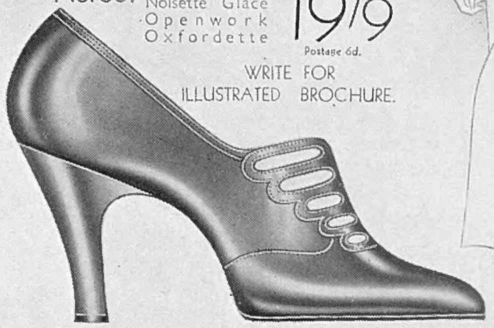

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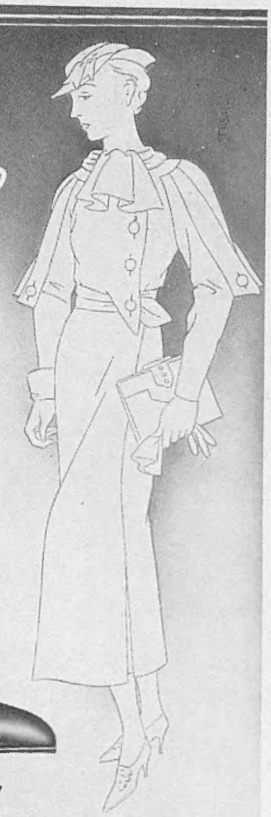

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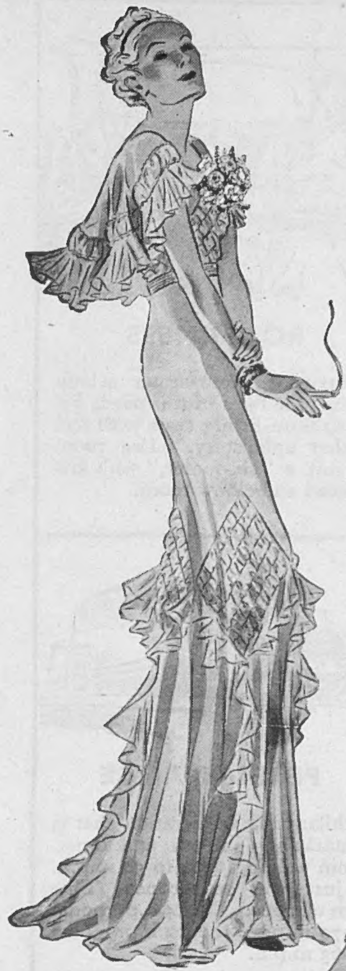
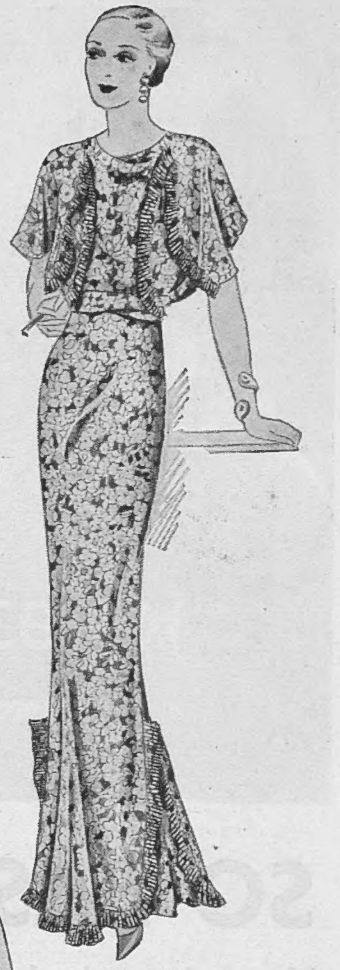
let us send you the corot fashion guide with full details of the instalment plan; just post us the coupon below or 'phone.

any corot model gown, coat or costume will be specially made or tailored to individual measurements without any additional charge.

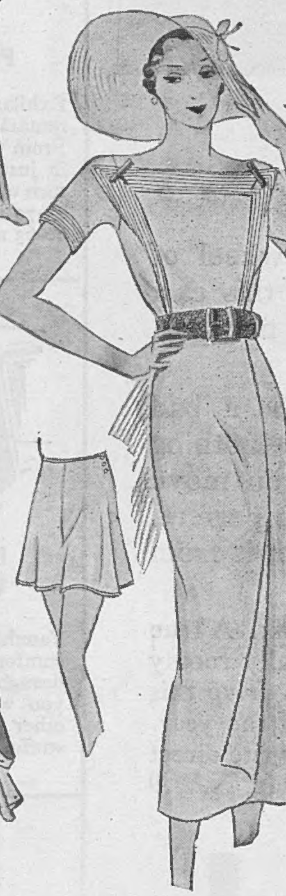
residents abroad are invited to apply for particulars of the corot extended terms or to call at the showrooms when in town.



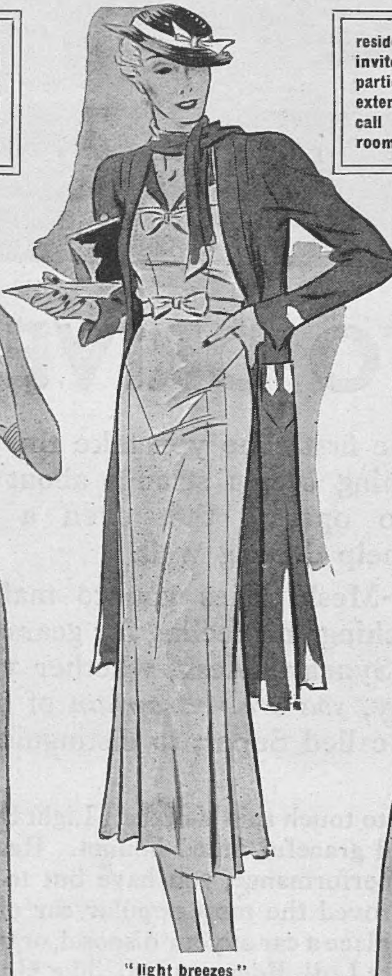
"smoke rings"
filmy floating chiffon makes an evening gown that will travel splendidly and give you the new "windswept" line.
cash 7½ gns. **22/6 monthly**



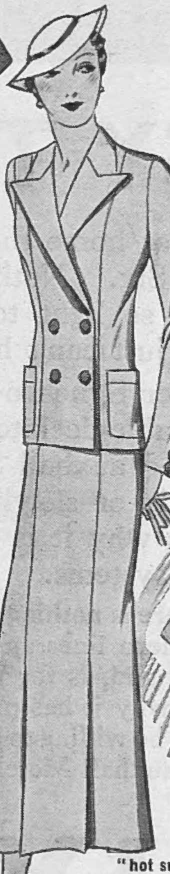
"have a cigarette"
"not so formal" evening occasions are catered for in an evening gown of printed pure silk crêpe with novel pleatings.
cash 5 gns **15/- monthly**



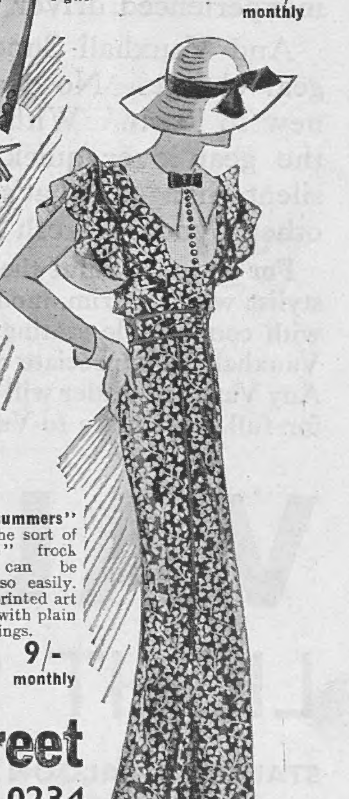
"rival beauty"
active sports dresses are complete with matching shorts. there's a new neckline also in this frock of a light weight woollen weave.
cash 3½ gns **10/6 monthly**



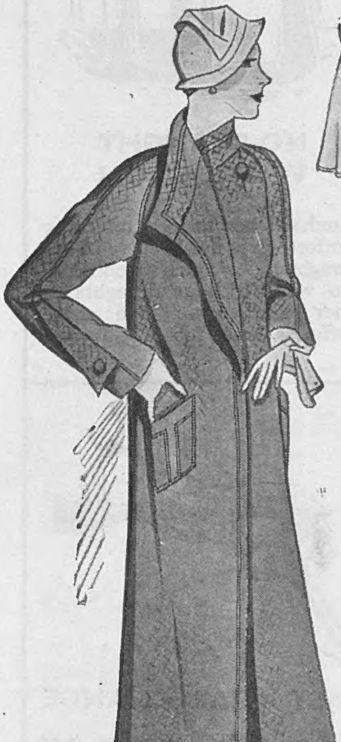
"light breezes"
an ensemble of sand crêpe, and the short-sleeved dress has touches of the contrast tone in which the coat is made.
cash 5 gns. **15/- monthly**



"a day in port"
why not choose a perfectly tailored linen suit, made to measure in any of the new pastel shades?
cash 3½ gns **10/6 monthly**



"hot summers"
just the sort of "little" frock that can be worn so easily. of a printed art crêpe with plain trimmings.
cash 3 gns. **9/- monthly**



"any place, any time"
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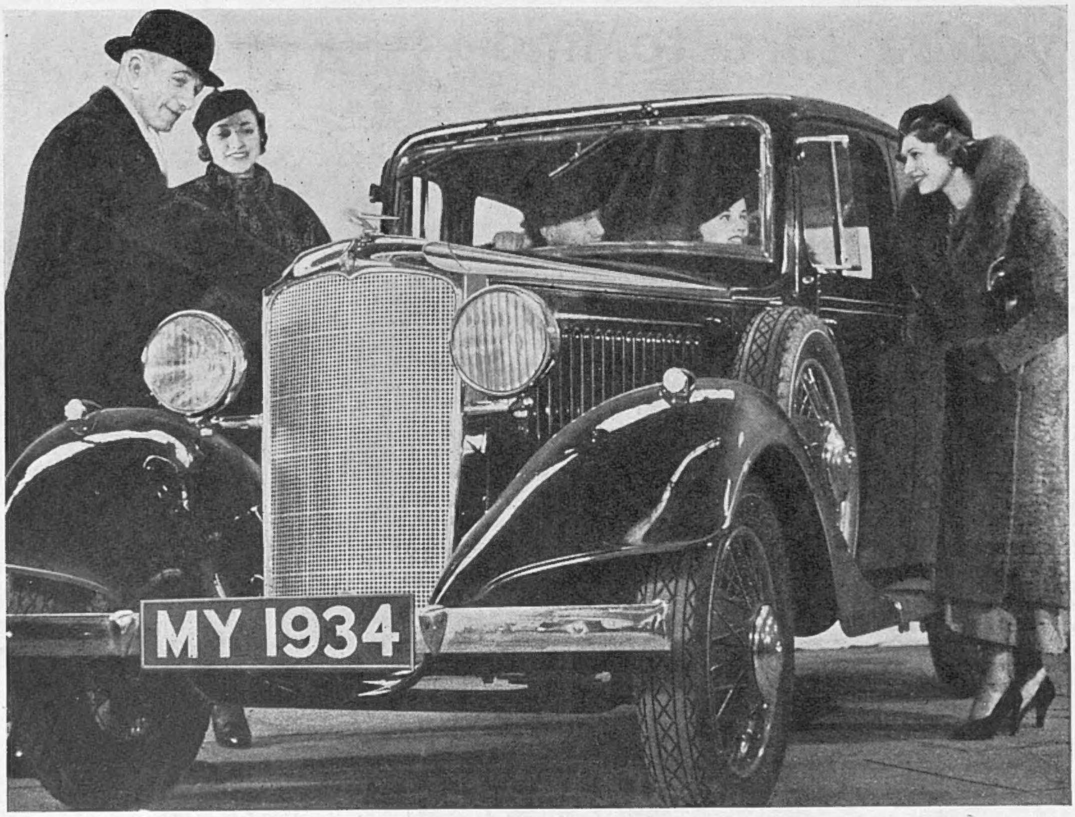

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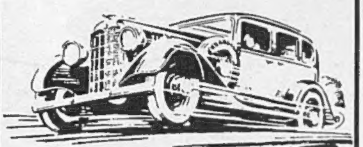

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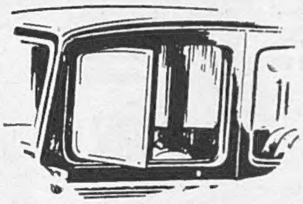

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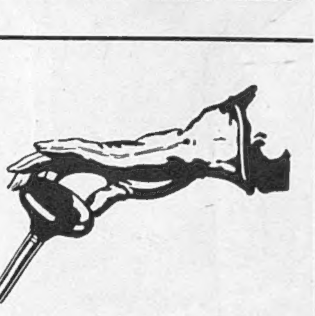

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BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 9, No. 1. JULY, 1934

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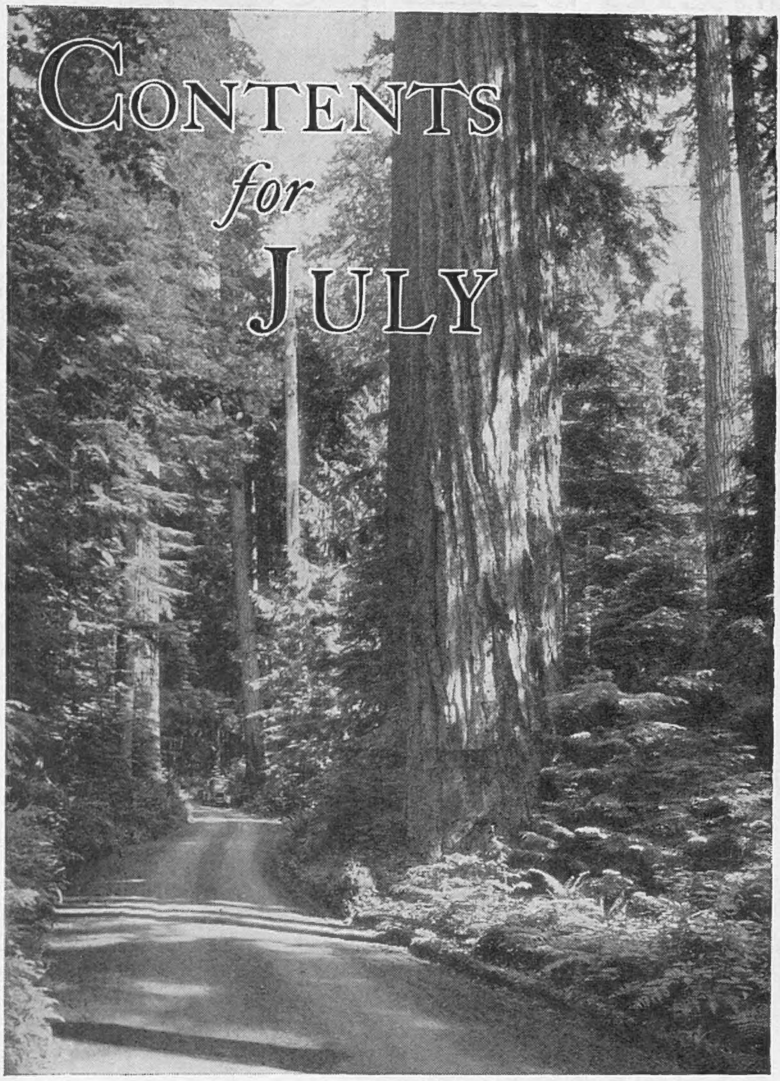

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Secures to every customer values in tasteful Home furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For example:*

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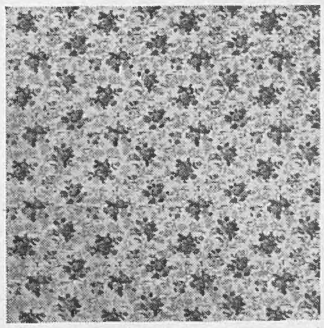

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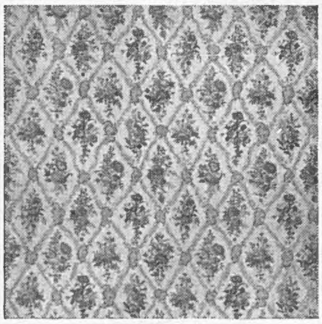

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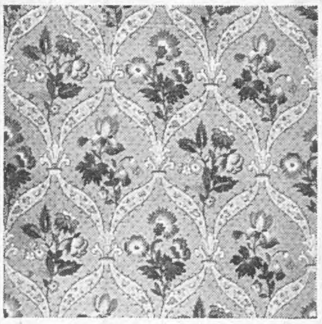

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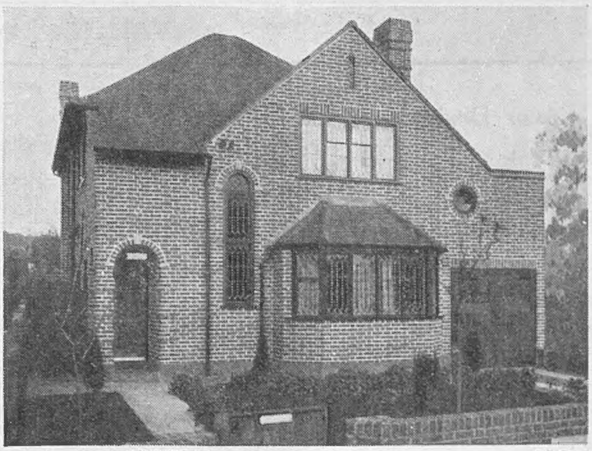

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Garage	16′ 0″ × 9′ 0″
Bedroom 1	14′ 6″ × 12′ 6″
„ 2	14′ 0″ × 12′ 6″
„ 3	10′ 0″ × 9′ 7″
Bathroom	8′ 0″ × 6′ 0″
Cloakroom	5′ 9″ × 3′ 3″

Separate W.C. and Linen Cupboard.
Spacious Boxroom over Garage.

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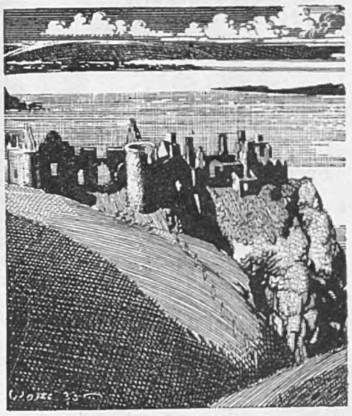

There isn't a finer stretch of coast-line anywhere in our islands—mighty cliffs and glorious sandy beaches—with inland those lovely glens of Antrim that you have heard so much about. As for resorts, take your choice—Portrush, Portstewart, Rosapenna, Dunfanaghy, Ballycastle, Cushendall or Cushendun—they're just as quaint and attractive as their names. There is excellent yachting and bathing, and the golf on this Atlantic Coast is something you will long remember.

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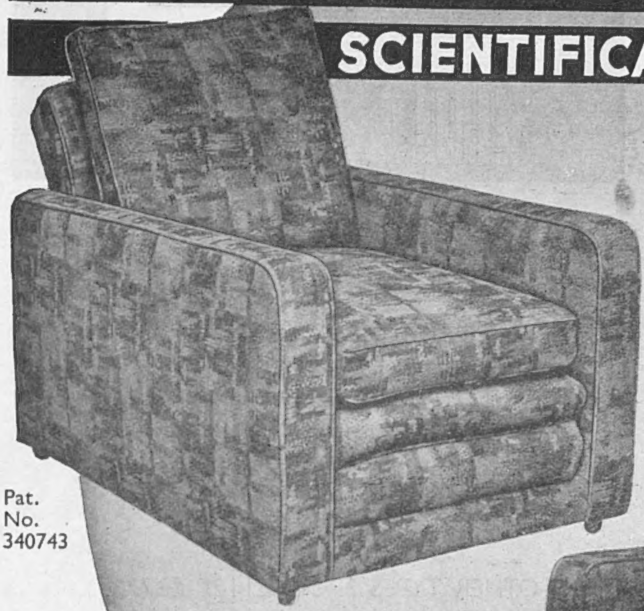

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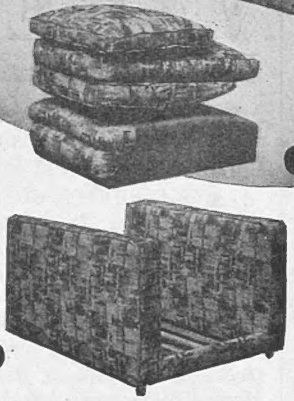

Above is shown the unit construction of both the ISIS' and 'MERTON' models. Cleaning and covering can easily be carried out at home.

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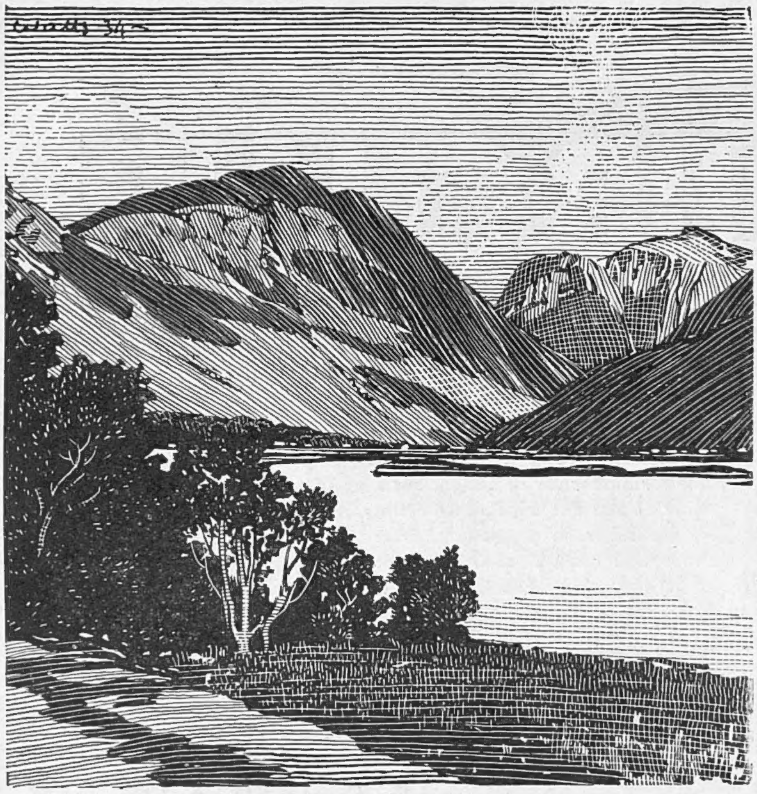

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If you want more than an ordinary seaside place can give you; if you want mountains and crags and glens and lakes and waterfalls; if you want beauty and romance and historical associations—go to Scotland. What wonderful holiday country it is.

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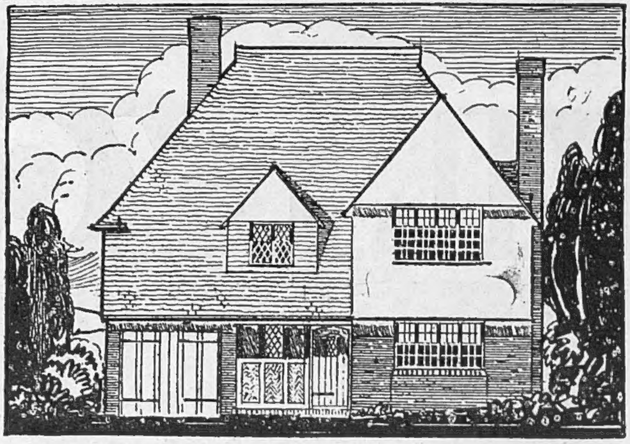

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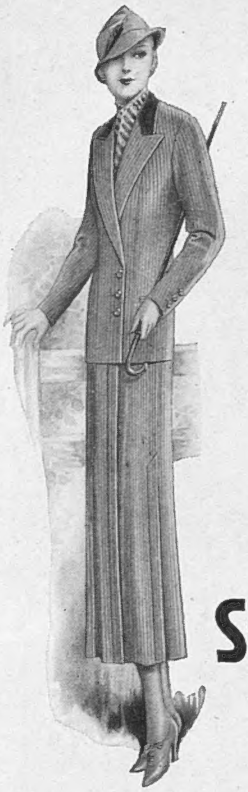

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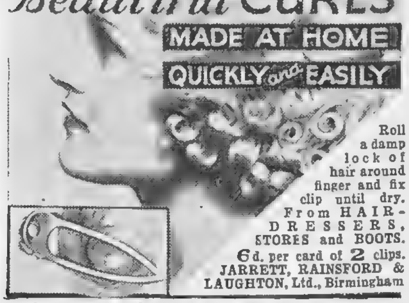

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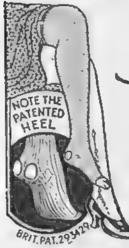

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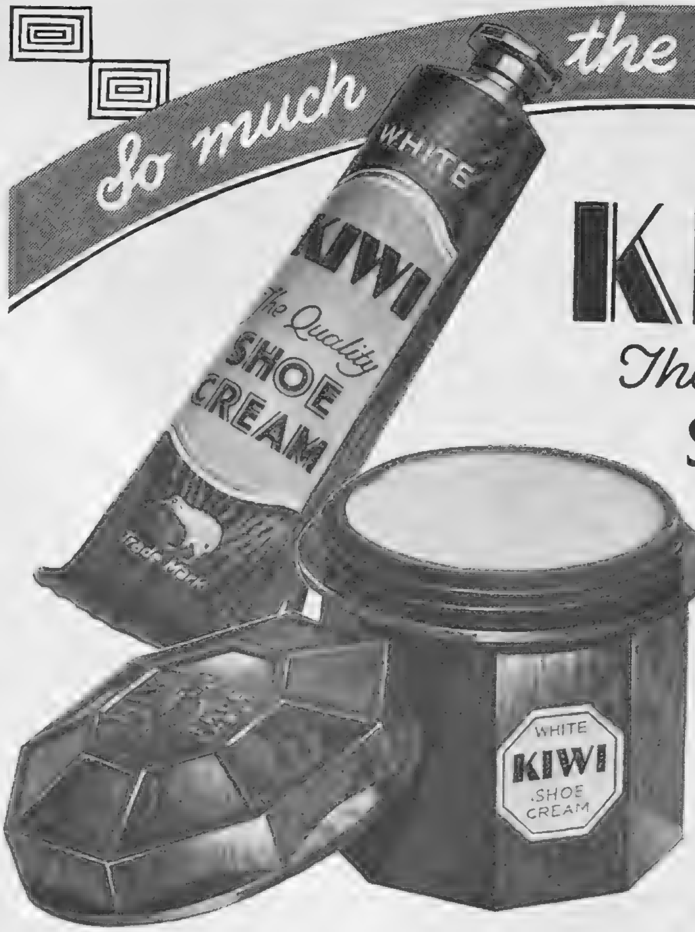

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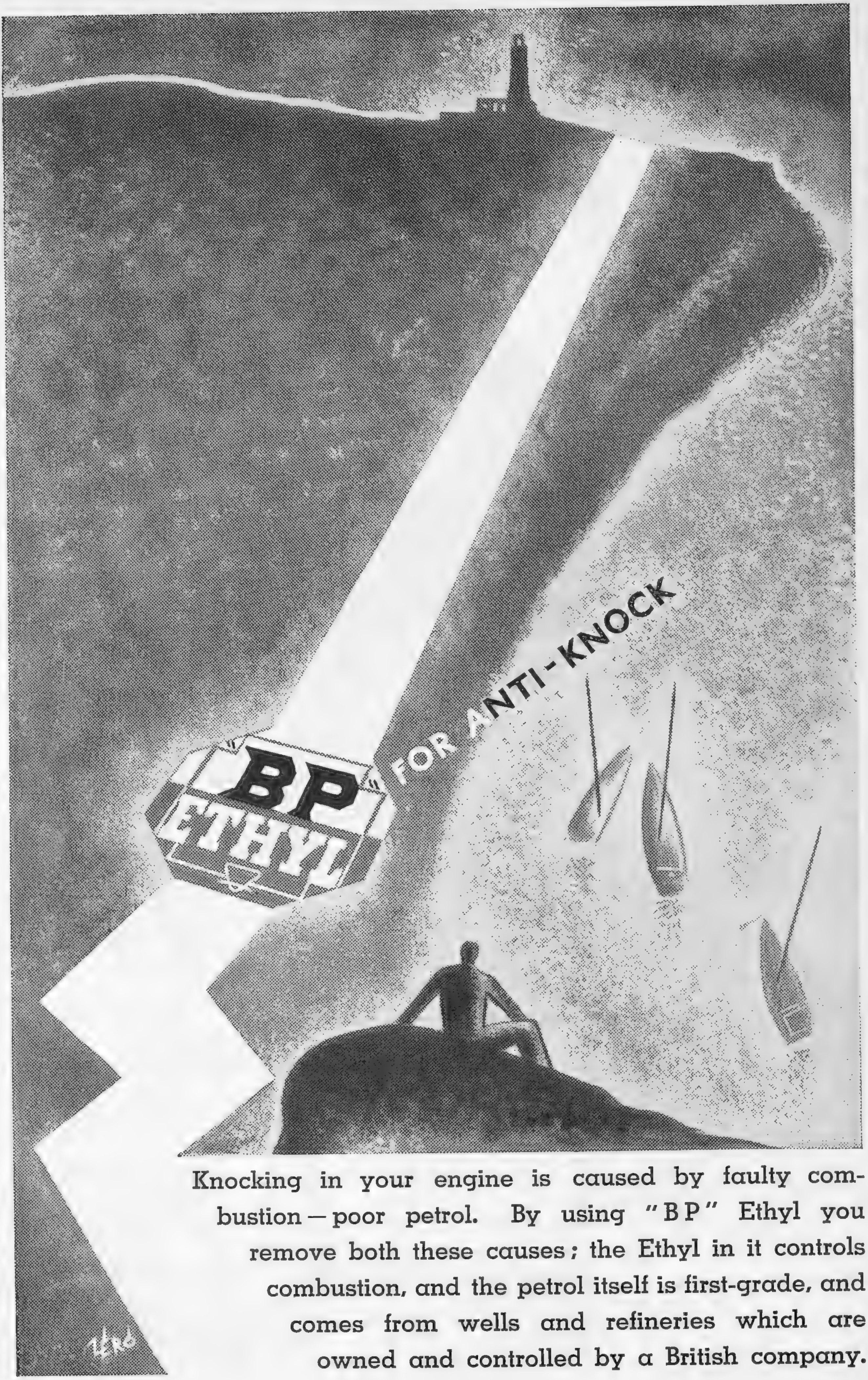

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Fifty *Years* Ago

Dramatic Flashbacks on the Screen of History

No. 7. Victorian Holidays

FATHER became cross; mother was all of a dither; the children were over-excited, and the whole house was upside down just before a middle-class household started on its holiday fifty years ago. For this upheaval occurred only once a year when the week-end habit was unknown, when olive-branches were numerous, when clothes were voluminous and packing was therefore a deuce of a job. And after peace had been restored and all the impedimenta stowed away in heavy boxes, securely locked and strapped down, a monstrous load of it parked outside the house, waiting to be placed on a fourwheeler thoughtfully ordered beforehand to carry the family and their goods and chattels to the station, told Mrs. Jones, who lived opposite, keeping unobserved watch through the Nottingham curtains, that her neighbours were off that day.

Unaccustomed as the family were to such excitements, something was sure to be forgotten, and last-minute instructions to cook, standing upon the doorstep waving goodbye, were certain to reach the servants' ears.

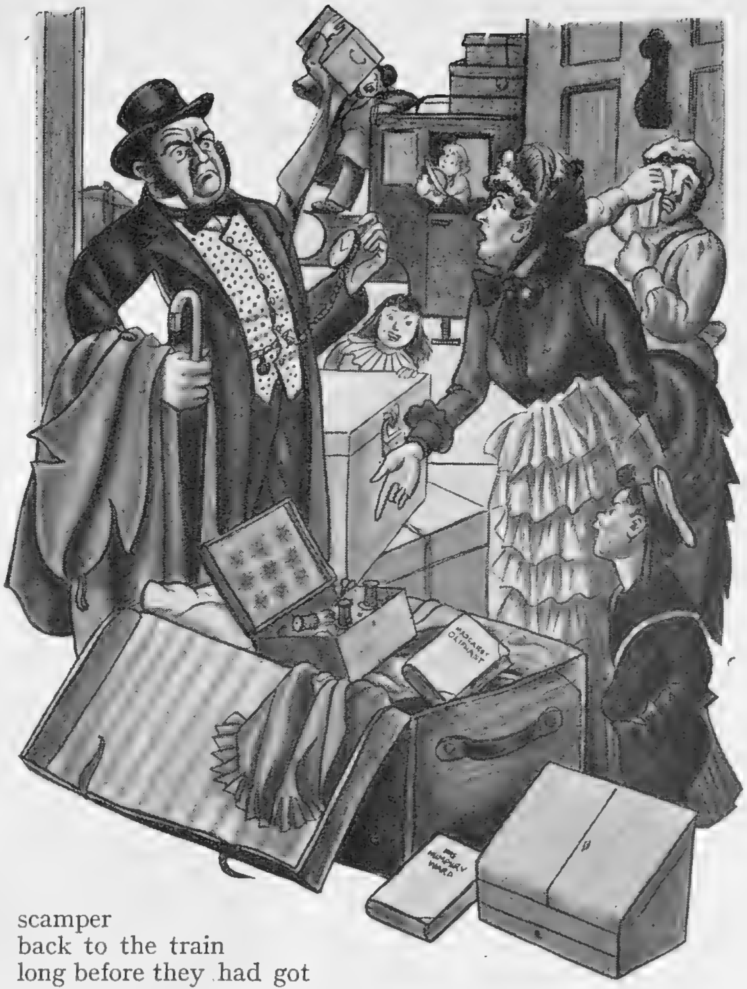
The cab would lumber off, crowded to excess with excited young humanity, while cook and other domestics would return to the empty house, for to shut it up until the family returned was almost unheard of in the days when burglary insurance policies were not a commonplace.

The station reached, and after the inevitable argument with Jehu, who would always demand more than his rightful fare, knowing full well that no meter checked the length of the journey, the train was sought. And what a train it was!

Even the first class carriages were nothing like so comfortable as the modern thirds, and the thirds in 1884 may have possessed a padded seat, but precious little padding at the back. Corridor trains were unknown, nor were lavatory carriages conspicuous by their presence. As for restaurant cars, these aids to comfort were reserved for the future, so that on a long journey a meal must perforce be provided by mamma.

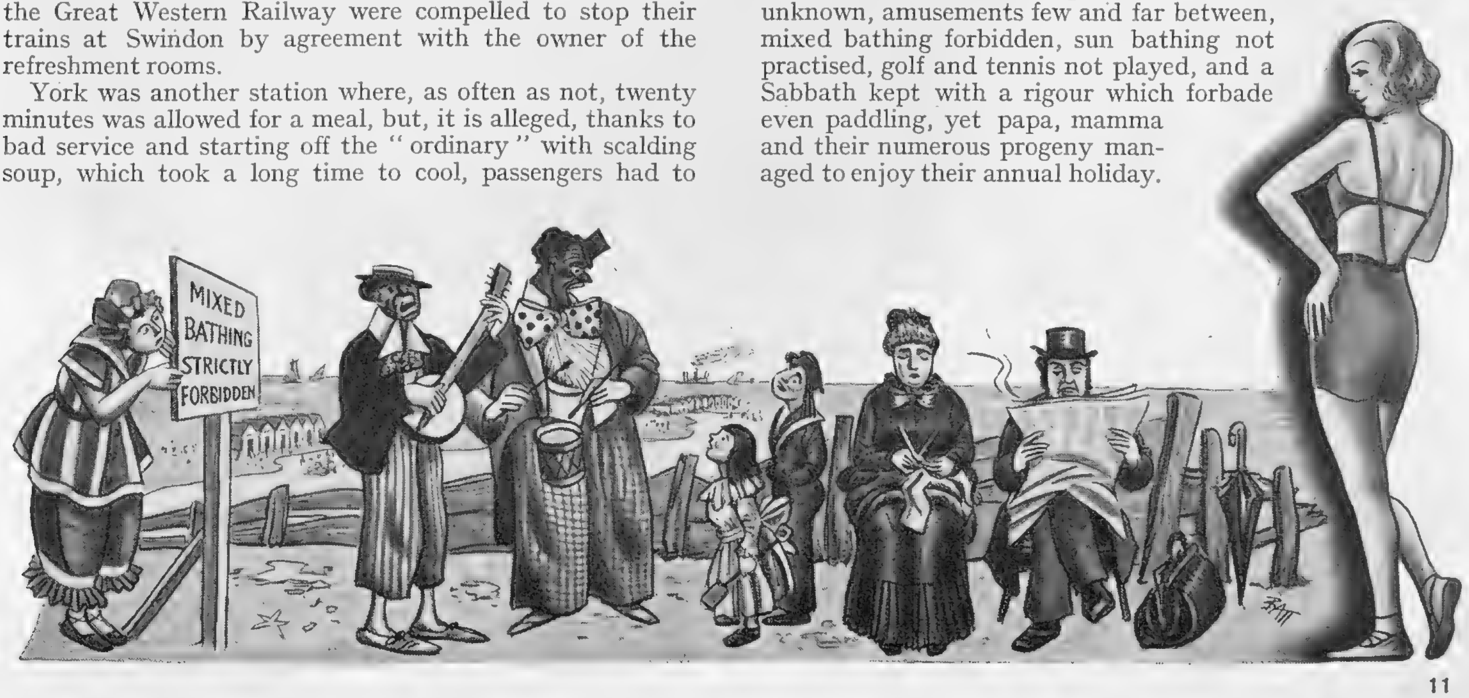
It is true that on certain railway lines a halt was made in order that passengers might secure sustenance, and the Great Western Railway were compelled to stop their trains at Swindon by agreement with the owner of the refreshment rooms.

York was another station where, as often as not, twenty minutes was allowed for a meal, but, it is alleged, thanks to bad service and starting off the "ordinary" with scalding soup, which took a long time to cool, passengers had to scamper back to the train long before they had got their money's worth! Lucky it was that these ordeals by travel took place in the summer and families were spared the agonies of icy cold carriages only relieved in the smallest degree by metal foot-warmers most difficult to secure.



Still, this much may be said for the railways fifty years ago: they were not entirely deficient in speed, and even the longest journey came to an end at last.

And at the end of it there was the annual view of the sea, the niggers on the sands, and, with luck, a troupe of entertainers to which the children might, as a treat, be taken once a week. Mother and father stayed with their progeny throughout the holiday, untempted by the lure of the links, then non-existent, and while the younger children paddled, mother with the more grown-up offspring bathed in a costume which could not be said to offend the decencies by being deficient in material. Despite the fact that motor cars were unknown, amusements few and far between, mixed bathing forbidden, sun bathing not practised, golf and tennis not played, and a Sabbath kept with a rigour which forbade even paddling, yet papa, mamma and their numerous progeny managed to enjoy their annual holiday.



Leading Lady

She *knew* how *to* play *her* Cards long *before* the Rise *of the* Curtain . . .

HE stood in the passage, his hat on the back of his head, a cigar hanging from his mouth. He pulled out an enormous watch and stamped his foot impatiently.

"Look here," he shouted, for all the world to hear, "I'm not accustomed to be kept waiting. Doesn't Miss Fabian know I've arrived? What the hell is everybody doing?"

The doorkeeper peered at him timidly. "I'm sorry, sir; it will only be a few moments. What name was it, sir?"

Damn it all, this fellow hadn't even recognised him! He looked at the doorkeeper steadily, waited so that he should grasp the full significance of his reply.

"Paul Haynes," he said superbly, and turned away. A frightened dresser appeared at the bottom of the stairs.

"Will you please come this way, sir?" She knew who he was all right. Hers was the proper subservient attitude to take. Good God, once he got this theatre under his control he'd change the whole damn staff. The doorkeeper would be the first to get the sack.

He strode after the dresser along the passage, swaying from side to side like a turkey-cock, spilling ash as he went. He stood on the threshold of the dressing-room, his legs wide apart, his hat still on the back of his head.

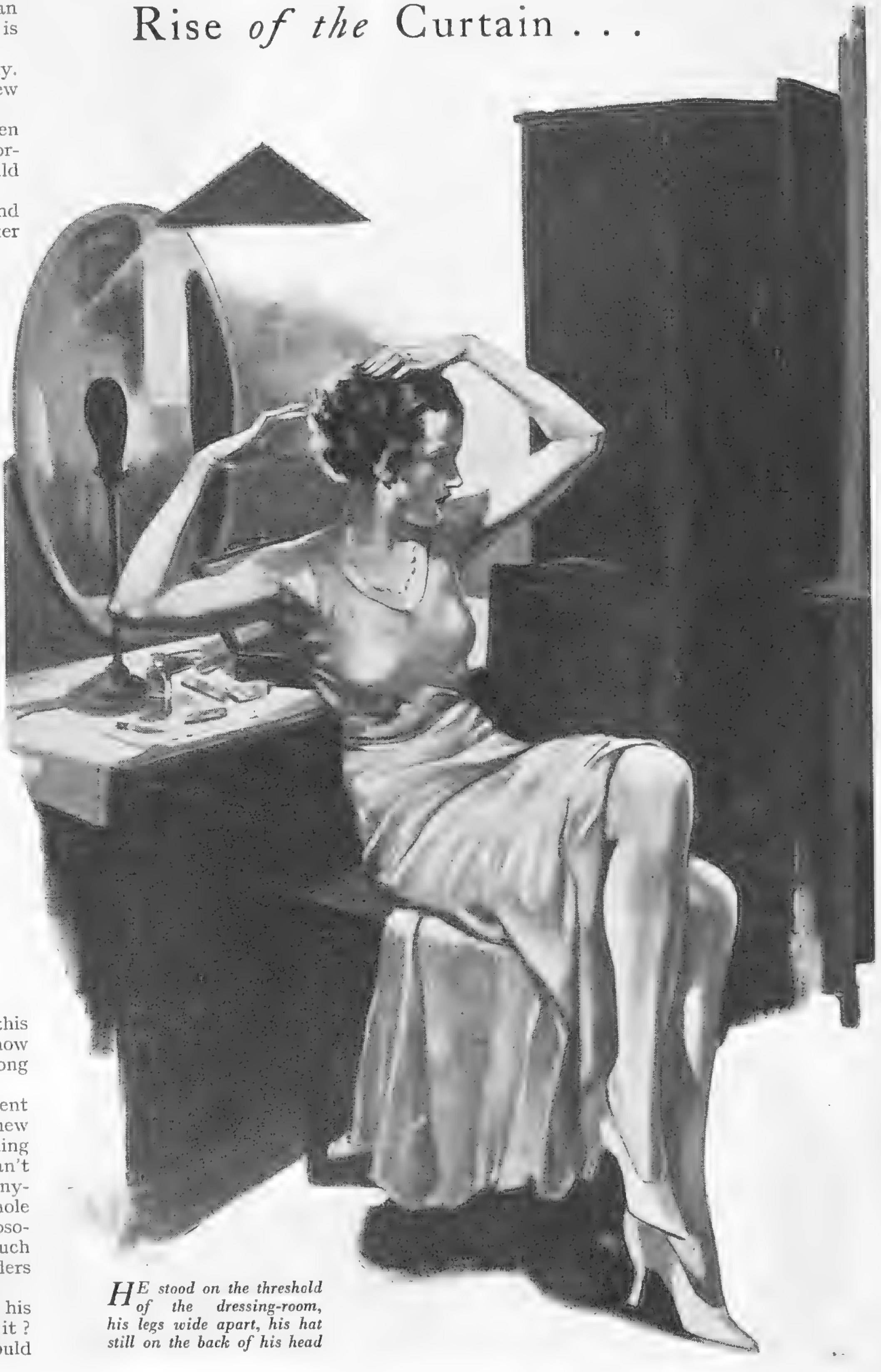
She was sitting before the looking-glass, patting her hair into place. She turned round with a little cry of distress.

"Oh, but can you ever forgive me for having kept you waiting? Those appalling film people never leave me alone for a moment—keep pestering me to go to Hollywood and offering me stupendous sums. Lewisheim has been on the telephone for twenty minutes." She waited a moment to allow her words to sink into the man's brain. She murmured something unnecessary to her dresser, and then turned back to him with a smile. "However, let's forget about that—it's something quite apart.

"Now, please sit down—forgive this untidiness everywhere, but you know what it is, the last few days of a long run.

"First of all, I must tell you, I went yesterday afternoon to see your new revue. Oh, it's the most marvellous thing I've ever seen—but the most. I can't speak about it. I've never enjoyed anything so much. Those girls—the whole production! Of course you're an absolute genius; there's no one to touch you!" She shrugged her shoulders almost impatiently.

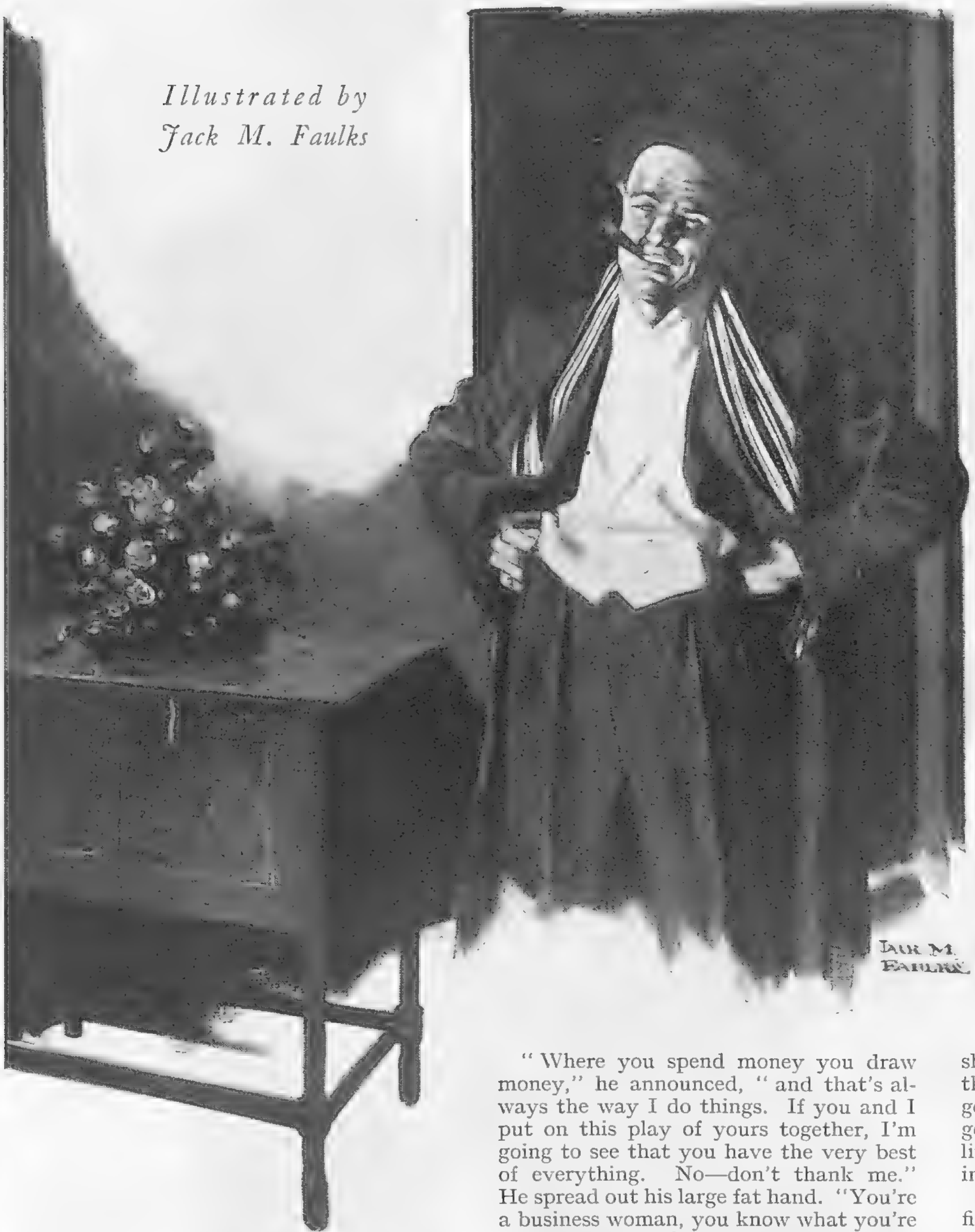
He did not attempt to conceal his smile of satisfaction. So she liked it? H'm. Lewisheim's productions would



HE stood on the threshold of the dressing-room, his legs wide apart, his hat still on the back of his head

By Daphne *du* Maurier

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks



never hold a candle to his. This woman had sense, after all.

She was looking more beautiful than ever, too. Pity, perhaps, she wore so little jewellery. Only a chain round her neck. It wasn't impressive; much too simple altogether. He would like to see her in a mass of diamonds.

"Yes, it's a good show, and I don't mind admitting it," he said loudly, blowing a great cloud of smoke into her face.

Her manners were exquisite; she didn't even wave it away with her hand.

"I spend more money on my productions than any other manager in London," he went on. "None of your skimpy, shoddy stuff for me. No painted scenery. Do you know, my girls wear real silk stockings, all of 'em—the best quality—which I pay for." He leant forward in his chair and tapped her knee.

She made a little sound in her throat and shook her head for sympathy.

"Where you spend money you draw money," he announced, "and that's always the way I do things. If you and I put on this play of yours together, I'm going to see that you have the very best of everything. No—don't thank me." He spread out his large fat hand. "You're a business woman, you know what you're about when you join forces with me. My dear, you're going to have a real big success, and you're going to make a packet of money."

She said nothing for a moment. What a conceited fool the man was! Talking to her as if she were some pathetic little actress striking out on her first venture. He didn't know anything about the theatre either. Because he was rich he managed to surround himself with people who did, that was all. He was lucky, and they flattered him, but it was only his money they wanted. Then she leant back in her chair, as if defeated.

"I think you are quite the most wonderful man I know," she said softly. He looked at her, and put away his cigar. Once more he bent towards her.

"I'm going to tell you something," he began in a slow, impressive tone, "and it's something that I don't say to many people, because I'm a very difficult man." He waited a moment, as though to prepare her for some stupendous announcement. Then: "I like you," he said.

"I like you very much," he went on. "There's no nonsense about you. You look a man straight in the face and tell him the truth. I'm a great believer in truth myself. If I say a thing I mean it. If I didn't like you, I'd be perfectly frank and tell you so. My frankness brings me many enemies, but I'm not afraid of any of 'em. They know what to expect. In fact, the words 'to be as frank as Paul Haynes' have become a common expression, so they tell me. If a fellow wants to hear the truth about himself, or someone else, let him come along to me."

"Oh, but I admire you for that," she broke in impulsively. "It shows such strength of mind, and such a superb indifference to what the world thinks of you. They matter so little, don't they?—all the people we meet in this profession. I have my few friends—my books, my child." She turned with a wistful smile at the photograph on her dressing-table. Half-unconsciously she pushed the snapshot of a famous boxer out of sight behind a powder-box.

"You are quite unique, my dear," he continued; "if you were not, I shouldn't be sitting here now. You know I've got a whole lot of ideas about the theatre that I think would interest you. I'm a bit of an idealist in my way, you know."

The fatuity of this man! She glanced at her watch, shading her eyes with her hand.

"Tell me about yourself," she begged.

"I want to change the present conditions," he shouted. "I want to get a different atmosphere into the theatre altogether, and by heaven I'm going to do it. I've started with my own revues, and I want to do the same with the straight plays. Do you know my revues are the cleanest in England? There's not a single line in my new show that would make a man blush. But that's not the point; that's not what I'm getting at. I'm going to put a stop to what goes on behind the scenes—all these dirty little love-affairs, all this promiscuous stuff in dressing-rooms.

"I'm going to make it my business to find out the private life of every actor and actress who works for me. I'll make a clean sweep of the rotters. I'm a powerful man. If I find out that any man or woman hasn't got a fit record, I'll see to it they don't get another job on a London stage."

He leant back, exhausted with his eloquence.

"Of course, you're quite right," she said, without hesitating. "I suppose I'm weak. I shut my eyes to things. And I hate to get anyone into trouble."

He went on, pleased with her reply. "Do you know, you are one of the few actresses who have never been divorced. Of course, you're a widow, but even if your husband had lived, it would have made no difference. Someone told me that five years ago, when you went about a lot with John What's-his-name—the fellow that left his wife and went out to Australia. Whether it's true or not, you showed great wisdom in cutting him out of your life. They tell me he's gone entirely to pieces—out of work, drinks like a fish. Now that's the type of thing I'm going to put a stop to; and I want you on my side. You and I together, my dear, will be practically an unbreakable force. What do you think?"

She looked him straight in the eyes. "I agree with every word you say," she told him.

He took her hand and patted it.

"Partners—what?" he said, controlling his smile.

"About the cast," he went on, clearing his throat. "We've decided on everyone, I think, except the other man. Is there anyone you fancy for that part?" She began to polish her nails carelessly.

"You know Bobby Carson, the boy who has been playing my brother in the present play? He's really charming, and very capable. Not a bit expensive either."

"H'm. It requires more than capability, you know. It's a striking emotional part. The second act is almost entirely in his hands, if you remember. I don't care a damn about the expense. Now, the chap I want in the part is this young Martin Wilton. Have you seen him?"

"No." She turned to the dressing-table, frowning ever so slightly.

"His play comes off next week, so we might be able to get him. Come along Friday afternoon; they have a matinée. I think he's the finest natural actor I've seen for years. Quite young, quite unspoilt. Doesn't know how good he is. See what you think of him, anyway. He can rehearse the part on trial."

"Yes, yes, of course." She had heard too much already of this Martin Wilton. People were raving about him. The critics were almost nauseating in their praise.

"Friday, then," she smiled. "How exciting! I shall adore it."

A FEW minutes later, Haynes leant back in his car with a smile of satisfaction. He decided he had made a great impression on her. Well, it was not surprising. After all, he was rich; he had brains; he was under sixty. He felt that she had probably never met anyone quite like him before. He admitted that her husband had been a remarkable man, but no doubt very dull to live with, always wrapped up in his work, seeing her only as a character in one of his plays. He couldn't have known how to make a woman happy. Good thing he had died when he did.

Idly he wondered whether she was lonely. You never heard her name coupled with anyone—not since that fellow went to Australia, all of which was undoubtedly malicious gossip. Well, she had seen eye to eye with him over his ideas for the theatre. It was a wonderful scheme of his, to launch a great purity campaign. With the *Daily Recorder* to back him up, he would get tremendous publicity. He would be known as the Man Who Cleaned Up the English Stage. And Mary Fabian would help. Her beauty and his brains would make a great combination. He supposed she must be well in the thirties by now, with a child growing big. She wasn't everybody's money. Jove, what a figure, though! He would like to see her in a diamond necklace and with a little less on. This next play was going to be enjoyable in many ways. . . .

Back in the dressing-room, Mary Fabian was cursing him for having kept her so long after the performance. He hadn't even apologised. What an appalling man! All that frightful twaddle about his clean revues, while he smacked his lips at her as though she were butchers'-meat.

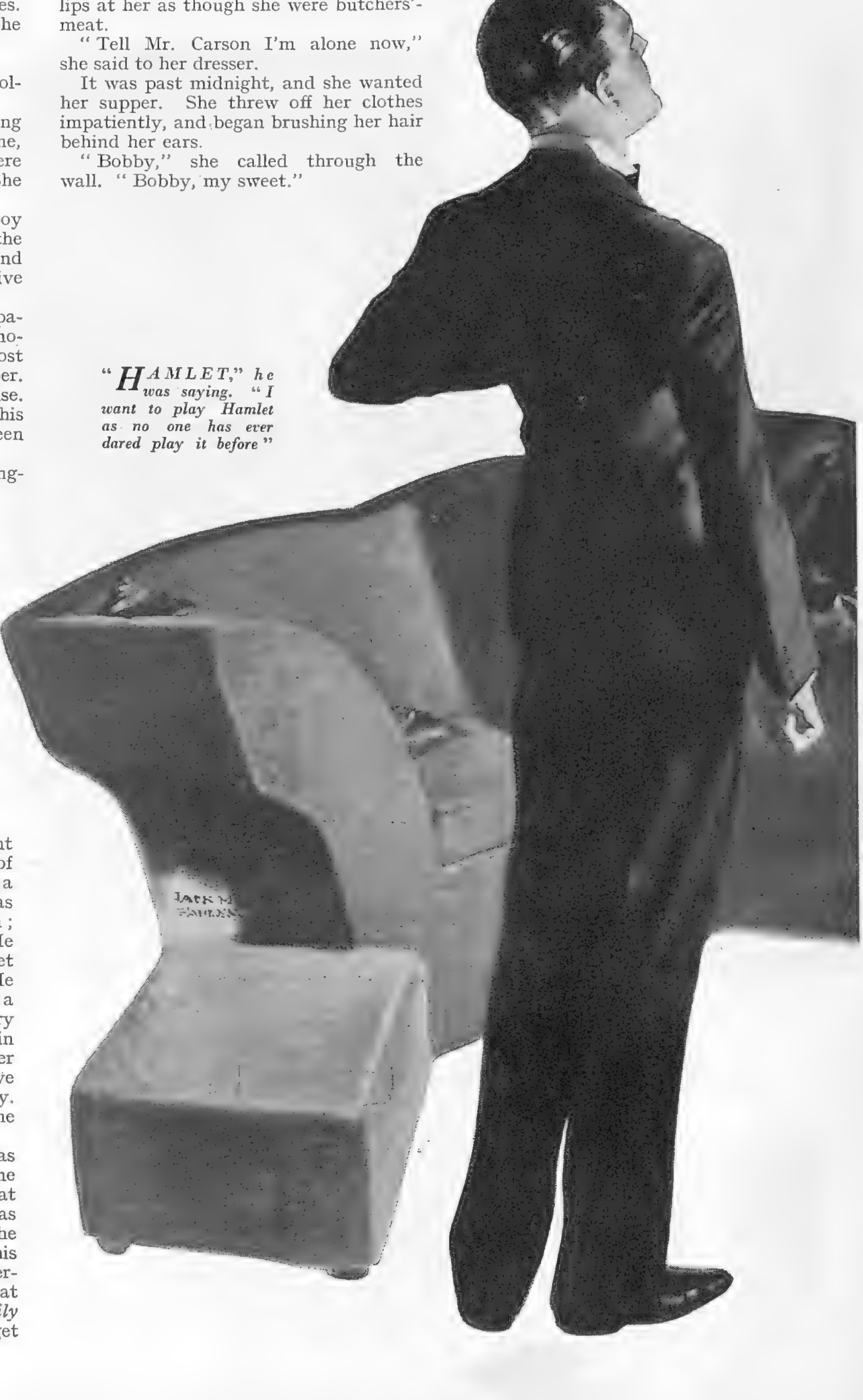
"Tell Mr. Carson I'm alone now," she said to her dresser.

It was past midnight, and she wanted her supper. She threw off her clothes impatiently, and began brushing her hair behind her ears.

"Bobby," she called through the wall. "Bobby, my sweet."

SHE sat in the stalls on Friday afternoon without moving a muscle of her face. She was alone, after all; Paul Haynes had been called to Manchester. She thanked heaven for his absence. She could not have borne with his enthusiastic remarks, his eager concentration upon the stage. She drew her fur coat more closely around her; she buried herself in it as though she did not wish to be seen.

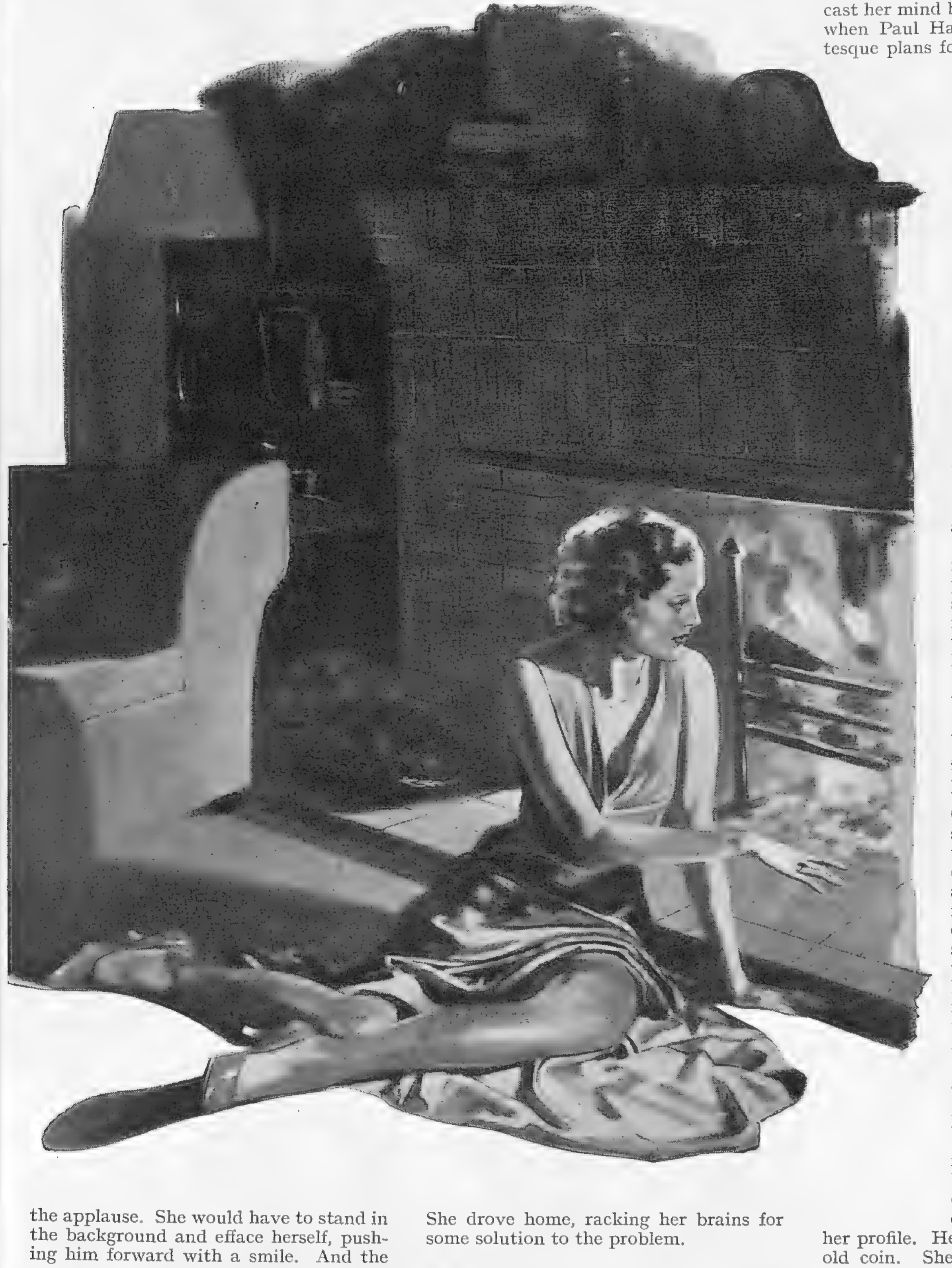
This Martin Wilton was good, far too good. His personality stuck out a mile, with his vivid face and tawny hair. Not her type at all, of course; but that was not the point. Even had he been attractive



"HAMLET," he was saying. "I want to play Hamlet as no one has ever dared play it before"

to her, she would not have considered him. Not for a moment. It was much too dangerous. It would be fatal to have him in the new play; he would run away with it entirely. She would become a secondary figure, her part would not matter at all.

And she had reached an awkward moment in her career. The slightest slip, the smallest mistake, and attention would be drawn away from her. People would say she was becoming monotonous, she was overplaying herself. No, this boy was too good. Already she could imagine the first night, with Martin Wilton getting the applause. She would have to stand in the background and efface herself, pushing him forward with a smile. And the papers next morning would be a pæan of praise. " Mr. Martin Wilton gave the finest performance of the evening." And so on, and so on. . . .



Something had got to be done. He must be prevented at all costs from playing the part. She would have to be careful, though; it was not going to be too easy.

Mechanically she wrote a note to Martin Wilton after the matinée.

" Your performance quite marvellous. Never seen anything like it. I want you to come and be with me in my next play. Will send it along for you to read tonight. Wonderful part for you. Forgive me for not coming round. I've got to dash away."

She felt she could not face that boy now, and his probable insufferable conceit. She drove home, racking her brains for some solution to the problem.

ON the morning of the first rehearsal, when Martin Wilton was to read the part for the first time, she received a wire from Haynes. " Detained Manchester. Impossible to attend rehearsal. Rely on your judgment entirely *re* Wilton."

She crushed the wire in her hand, and went on to the stage, sensing victory.

" Mr. Haynes is in Manchester, and can't get away for the rehearsal. Is everybody here ? Then we'll begin at once."

At eight o'clock, when they had finished for the day, she flung herself down in her chair, exhausted. Things had gone exactly as she had feared ; the boy had been wonderful—never seemed to make a mistake, and his technique was uncanny. How she hated him !

She sat in front of the mirror and began to make up her face very carefully. She cast her mind back to the night last week when Paul Haynes had voiced his grotesque plans for delving into the private lives of actors and actresses, and the germ of an idea came into her mind. " Will you tell Mr. Wilton I should like to see him," she said to her dresser.

In a few minutes the boy knocked at her door. " May I come in ? " he said shyly.

She gave him a dazzling smile ; she held out her hands.

" We've got so much to discuss," she told him. " Are you doing anything this evening ? "

The boy flushed all over his face. " As a matter of fact, I was going back to my wife, but if it's important I can easily ring her up."

She gave a little cry of astonishment.

" Married !—but you're far too young. What do you mean by it ? " She shook her head at him in mock reproof. " Ask her to spare you for a few hours," she pleaded. " We've got to talk about this second act."

In half an hour they were having dinner together in her flat. At first he was painfully shy, he would scarcely say a word. Completely unself-conscious on the stage, in private life he was nervous, clumsy, aware of his hands and feet. She pretended not to notice ; she smiled encouragement, she spoke softly, using all her old tricks mechanically. Soon he began to warm to the influence of the room, her voice, the excellent food, and his second glass of champagne. He could scarcely believe he was sitting here alone with Mary Fabian.

She sat with her face in her hands, a cigarette between her lips. The fire cast great shadows on the ceiling, and played about her profile. Her hair shone dully like an old coin. She was so human, so open with him ; and he loved the room, with the heavy curtains, the shaded light, and the smell of the queer stuff she burnt on the fire. He was happy and at peace ; she seemed to (*Continued on page* 118)

New Wings over

GENERAL GOERING, Air Minister for Germany

GLIDING clubs are being formed all over Germany. Here is seen a member of the fair sex in a glider at Gatow, near Berlin

ON May Day a crowd of one million assembled on the Tempelhoferfeld (Berlin's aerodrome) to hear Adolf Hitler speak. During the ceremony the best of Germany's aeroplanes flew over the ground in formation

TWENTY-SEVEN aeroplanes, most of them huge tri-motored transport machines, in splendid military formation, roared overhead as they swept majestically above more than one million thrilled Germans assembled on, and around, Tempelhoferfeld aerodrome in Berlin on May Day.

Tens of thousands of that million were clad in the brown uniforms of Hitler's Storm Troops, or the darker cloth and finer cut of his select Prætorian Guard of Shock Troops. Their ranks drawn up in " Storm " columns, and these again in " Groups," with the officers in proper place. A vast army.

The tarmac at Tempelhof was thickly dotted with aircraft, single-motor transport, and light sport 'planes. Walking about among them, numerous representatives of the amazingly rapidly growing German Air Corps in their very smart and attractive blue-grey uniforms. Each member with a beautifully made slender eighteen-inch " Dagger of Honour " at his side—small editions of " das Deutsche Schwert " or ancient German Sword —this Corps of German Air Men, which the German Government insists is only commercial and sporting in character, suggests a far more military picture than does our own R.A.F.

" The German People must become a Nation of Flyers ! "

This was the fiat laid down a little more than a year ago by General Hermann Goering, when he became Minister of Air in the Cabinet of the Nazi dictatorial government of Adolf Hitler. It was a command to the German nation. Their imaginations kindled, the idea that " Germany's Future lies in the Air " has been as enthusiastically received as was once the ex-Kaiser's " Germany's Future lies on the Sea."

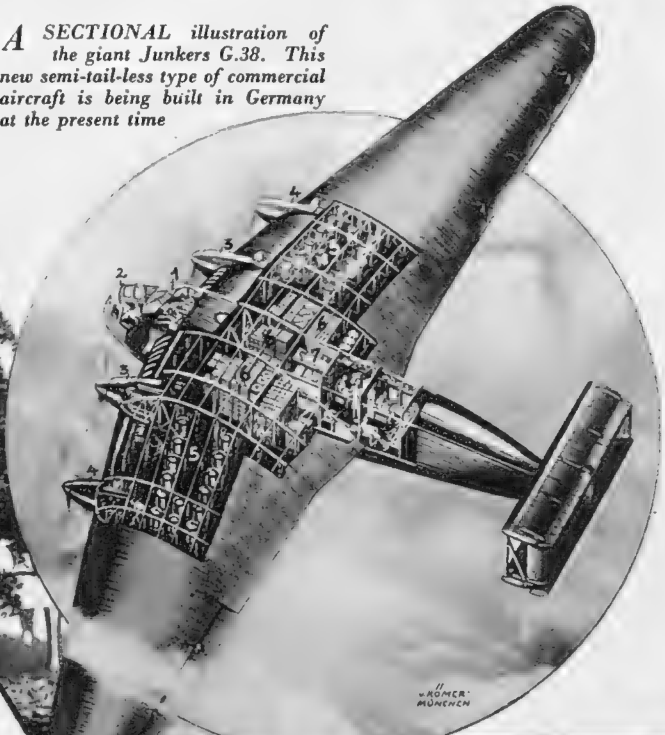
The challenge of Wilhelm II was mainly to England. The fiat of General Goering, backed by Adolf Hitler and having the unquestioned whole-hearted support of the German people, is a challenge more in the direction of France, but is no less disturbing to England and to the rest of Europe in its portentous significance.

A new air power is arising in Europe. Call it " commercial " if you will. Its potentiality is no less military. Courting tremendous risks and possible far-reaching consequences to the German nation which may be involved, knowing what these are, or partly ignorant of them, the German Government is

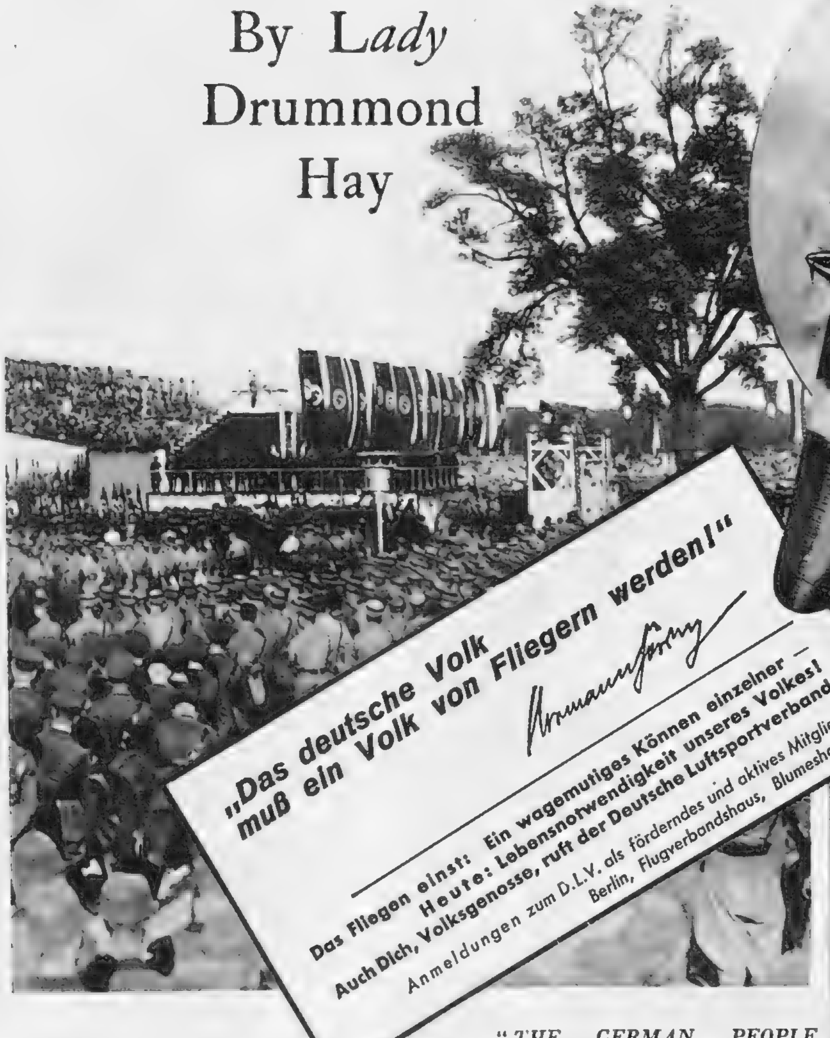
Germany

The European Sky *is* overshadowed *by* Germany's Air Policy. The *young* Nazis, under *the* forceful Leadership *of* General Goering, *refuse to* remain earth-bound *any* longer

By Lady Drummond Hay



A SECTIONAL illustration of the giant Junkers G.38. This new semi-tail-less type of commercial aircraft is being built in Germany at the present time



„Das deutsche Volk muß ein Volk von Fliegern werden!"

Hermann Göring

Das Fliegen einst: Ein wagemutiges Können einzelner —
Heute: Lebensnotwendigkeit unseres Volkes!
Auch Dich, Volksgenosse, ruft der Deutsche Luftsportverband
Anmeldungen zum D.L.V. als förderndes und aktives Mitglied:
Berlin, Flugverbandshaus, Blumeshof 17

"THE GERMAN PEOPLE MUST BECOME A NATION OF FLYERS!"
Hermann Goering.

Flying was once the hazardous accomplishment of a few

To-day : Vital life necessity of our people

To YOU, Citizen, the German Aero Sport League calls !"

GERMANY is instructing her population in air defence; a school has been opened at Oranienburg, near Berlin, to train instructors in practical and theoretical gas protection. Pupils equipped with gas-masks learn how to aid the injured

boldly breaking the fetters of the Versailles Peace Treaty that bind her to the ground. Germany has challenged the highly-armed Powers to disarm in the air, with the alternative that she will create for herself an Air Force in defiance of the Versailles Treaty, which forbids her to have military aircraft of any type whatever.

General Goering's command to the German nation to become a nation of flyers is being carried out. Under the cloak of extraordinary war-time secrecy unknown to-day in any other country excepting Russia—and possibly Japan—that secrecy buttressed by incredibly drastic dictatorial decrees imposing the death penalty for revealing " State Secrets," Germany's " Future on the Sea," destroyed in the World War, is being transformed into the " Future in the Air " with almost feverish intensity.

That transfer of national ambition, goal and objective from sea to air is speeding up the wheels of the aircraft industry not only in Germany, but in England, France, Italy and other countries to a degree unparalleled since the end of the great conflict. This is reflected in the steady rise of the shares of the leading aircraft and aero-engine companies. Even America is feeling the impulse given by Germany's avowed goal to become a first-class air Power on a basis of equality with other countries.

With characteristic Teutonic well-thought-out plans, methodical thoroughness and their unquestioned talent for organising, the Germans are energetically driving in that direction as fast as finances, facilities, material and other resources permit. Despite the necessity for secrecy in many departments, with its very natural handicap—a secrecy that in many instances is grotesquely exaggerated, and often serves more to attract attention than to dispel suspicion—Germany is in a fair way towards placing herself in position to outstrip all countries in Europe in the manufacture of aircraft.

The Germans are preparing for an air-armament race. Frankly, they are sceptical that an Air Convention will be concluded between the Powers. Openly they declare that Germany refuses any longer to remain an " earth-bound " nation in aerial defence. Adolf Hitler, himself probably the most air-minded Chief of any Government

(*Continued on page* 122

The TRIALS of TRILBY

THE sculptor Bourdelle, surrounded by students of many nations in his art school de la Grande Chaumière

"ALL the same, summer costs less!"

"And there will now be the Exhibition of 1937!"

"And I have not sat down to a meal for a week!"

"While I have a fever of thirty-nine degrees from posing without a stove!"

And much more in like vein—the ebb and flow of optimism and pessimism in the sorely-stricken Latin Quarter, vintage 1934. If you go of a Monday morning early, as I did, to the Rotonde Café in Montparnasse, or, for that matter, to anywhere within a radius of twenty yards down side streets, you will find yourself in the heart of model-land, male and female, young, ageing, and veteran. Every Monday, from ten o'clock onwards, painters are supposed to look into the Rotonde or at neighbouring academies, such as Colarossi, the Scandinave, or Grande Chaumière, for the purpose of picking out models at anything from 10 to 25 francs a day. I say "supposed" advisedly, inasmuch as, during two hours while I watched the *foire* in action, precisely three models, in vulgar parlance, clicked—one of them being an Italian great-grandfather at least And dozens had assembled, including several of the stars, such as Black Aicha, the

ARTISTS exhibiting their pictures on stalls in the Boulevard Montparnasse in hopes of effecting a sale. (Right) Kiki, one of the best-known of all the Trilbies in the Latin Quarter. (Below, Inside) "La Vache Enragée," a Montmartre café where artists and models used to gather to philosophize over their drinks

THE "Café de la Coupole" in Montparnasse, where artists and models sojourn and take a meal when they are in funds

The Old Light-Heartedness *of* the Boul' Miche *has* given *way* to a Bitter Struggle *for* Life; Artist *and* Model have *to* resort *to* Strange Means *in order* to Scrape *a* Bare Existence

1934 *By* Ferdinand Tuohy

Farouche Kheira (Arab), a certain Princesse Saidaire, of some quite uncheckable tribe, and the voluptuous one for sculpting, Tatjana. Kiki, best known of all, has moved up the ladder. I recognised one or two of these from long having noticed them go by in their alarming colours and headgear. Yet it was a depressing occasion, stars or no stars, and the very true statement that summer costs less must have been about the most cheerful thing uttered, because the revived Arts Exposition is not too certain, even now; while the work it may be able to apportion to the swarming rank and file, the underdogs of art, is extremely problematical. One jibe is that the Government feared the whole bunch might go bolshie, *sans* exhibition, and certainly they could do some record conspiring over their day and night-long café tables! They do little else, as it is, save chat, chat, of how ill the world has used them.

WAS it always so in this quarter of *Bohème*? No. Read Murger or du Maurier and you will find a natural light-heartedness and tackling-of-life-on-nothing ever breaking through. The current "Quarter" has taken a supreme toss for a string of reasons, which I hope progressively to enumerate. There may be one or two streaks running in its favour, such as cheap one-price shops and the decision not to spend more than a pound a year on raiment (which never can have been so simple or diminished), but after a few days' observation, I, at all events, see no cure save for masses of these people to *get out of it.* I recall a crisis in 1921—the year when Modigliani was selling work at 6 francs a time that, a little later, when he lay dead, was to change hands at ten and twelve thousand francs a painting—yet that bad spell was gloriously saved by the fall of the franc and the descent of the wild, wide world on "the Quarter." For all of ten years that riot was to endure, giving origin to a new tribe, *les Montparnos*, in the books of Michel-Georges-Michel and Jean Giraudoux, not to mention Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis. In fact, the last-named didn't like *les Montparnos* one bit, assailing them as duds and parasites and generally nasty people. Still, there they were, a mad and moneyed collection of thousands come from the ends of the earth to enjoy the utterly unrepressed life of the Hill of Parnasse. But you have heard too often of that weird and fevered human pot-pourri—or, rather, it used to be called "the zoo," for its pigmentation, noises, hairiness. Baudelaire, you feel, would have loved that crowd for its *affreuse beauté*. There they would sit most of the night, a pulsating league of fifty-seven nations, and hardly one nation missing—or missing fire—settling the world with genius in their eyes, one and all. The glaring lights, the baroque clothing, the non-stop clatter and din, the jaded dreamers sandwiched with "original characters" never ceasing to give off their brilliant views, combined to compose a picture that will never fade for those who saw it; and, looking back now, perhaps the best epitaph that can be evolved for that dissolving flare-up of the species is that, at any rate it eventuated from no external exploitation, but from a necessary local surge, from an internal pushing. That post-war Montparnasse simply *had* to occur. Nor could it have occurred anywhere else except where it did. Everywhere else that I have ever heard of, you only have to talk about starting an "artistic village" or "centre" for the thing forthwith to reek of artificiality, of exhibitionism. Take Greenwich Village. Take Bloomsbury. But the French, still with a dash of Villon in most of them, like irregular and bizarre things in their midst. It rather amuses them, and with the result that the strange beings (*Continued on page* 93)

THE *Barter Salon at the Porte de Versailles. Things have reached such a pitch that artists are bartering their works for the wherewithal to live*

LA COUPO
DANC
RESTAUR
BAR AMERIC
LA COUPO

THE *Japanese painter, Foujita, shown at work in his studio. He was at the height of his fame in 1926*

Rationalising Flesh and Blood—How the most Important Army in the World is being recruited and trained

NOT long ago, one of the experts of the International Committee of Scientific Management, who also happens to be manager of several weaving-mills, sent a telegram from Brussels, where he was living, to a mill in Roumania. That telegram was extremely simple; it said: " EXAMINE FRICTION GEAR COUPLING DIESEL MOTOR CRACKED BOLT."

They did. *And—it was.*

One thousand six hundred and fifteen miles away from that Roumanian mill the manager of it smiled: for they almost accused him of sorcery. Not sorcery, but extreme modernity in practice!

Sitting in his Paris flat, Dr. Edmond Landauer, the sorcerer, explains his magic, and it all sounds as simple as these things do—afterwards.

He manages many mills in France and in Roumania—*from a distance, personally*: and achieves the impossible. In this case the weekly reports—that catch every trend of thought and deed in a carefully planned fine mesh—showed that the curve of output, usually at about 76 per cent. of a possible 100, had fallen abruptly to about 71 per cent. From a distance of 1615 miles the superintendent notified his absent manager that this fall was due to the taking on of a number of unskilled apprentices.

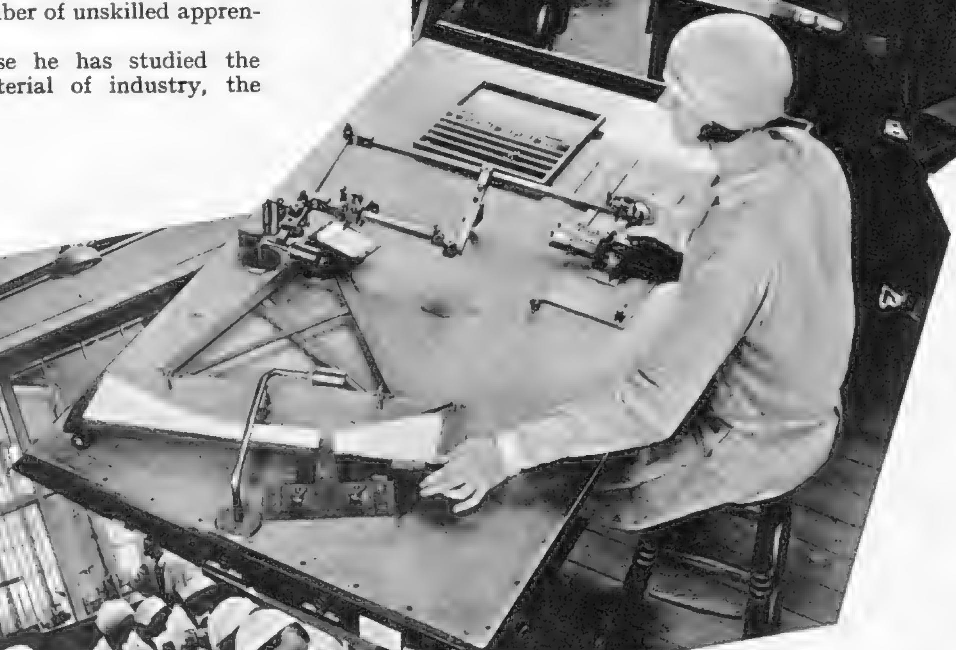
Because he has studied the raw material of industry, the human factor, Dr. Landauer quite reasonably set about verifying this statement . . . it would be natural for the local manager to shift the blame. He examined those detailed records that have made his methods famous. *Apprentices?* He turned to the report that showed that not only their work but the skilled workers' output had fallen. That eliminated that . . . and the drop affected all looms.

What also affected all looms? The power that runs them! What affected *that?* The motor itself turns less rapidly? No chance, since the automatic chart was up to standard. Therefore, sitting in his study over a thousand miles away, Landauer decided that between motor and loom—in the transmission gear—lay the fault.

A technical examination of possibility narrowed the fault to the broken bolt. The technical director of that mill received his telegram and the shock that accompanied it . . . this man sitting there—miles and miles away over the horizon—was *right!* Right because of the logical use of his fine-mesh system of charting . . . plus a real knowledge of the human factor.

Here is the typical modernist: graduate in science and yet started

THE machine age in being. . . . Mechanical ledger-posting by girls on Burroughs machines in the counting-house of Messrs. Peek, Frean



YOUNG labour is wanted; here you see it . . . but it needs intelligence and dexterity
Courtesy Evershed and Vignoles

GIRLS at work in a modern factory where refrigerators are made. Lighting, seating accommodation, and the dress of the workers are studied with the greatest care
Courtesy B.T.H. Company

as a simple workman . . . from which practical experience he created his chain of mills which incorporate his famous theory of "absent management"—in practice. But here also is the man who sturdily states that "*psychotechnique est une science qui paye*"! It pays to study the Human Factor. . . .

THIS proclaims itself as a telephone test almost without further explanation! But it has to be done with both hands alternately, probing out the little light that appears irregularly all over the board

Courtesy of G.P.O.

Planning the *Man*-Power of Prosperity

By Joan Woollcombe

IT was about war time that we first began to think in terms of the human factor. Here is one of them, a woman munition worker

Courtesy of Imperial War Museum

MDLLE. BERNEGE, who finds that men and women everywhere listen eagerly to lectures on the scientific management that, like charity, begins at home . . . the rationalisation of the kitchen and the nursery

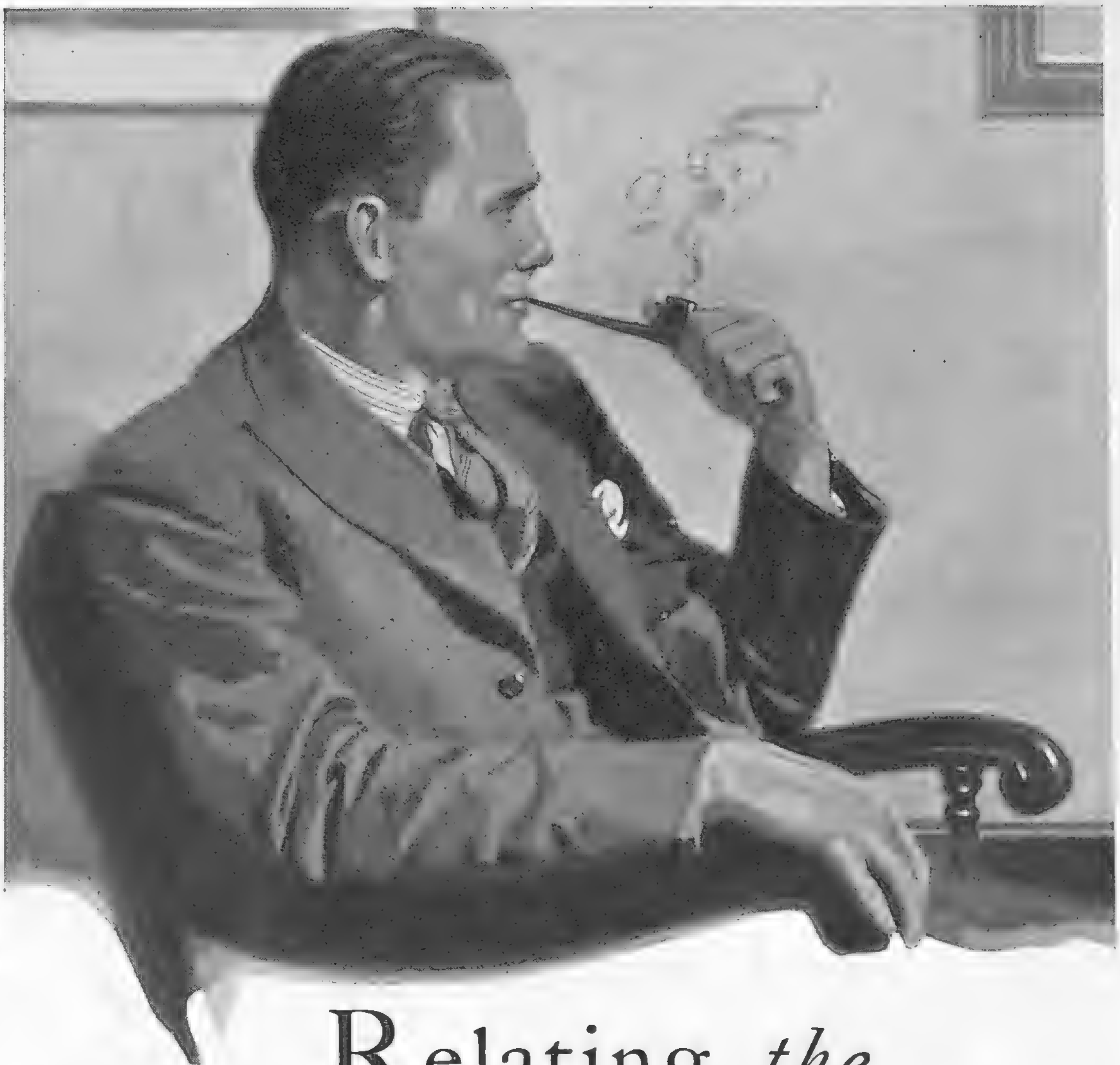
THE recruiting of the next generation of shock troops for prosperity puts them into a strange battlefield! Here is a recruit in a famous biscuit factory

Courtesy of Messrs. Peek Frean

DR. EDMOND LANDAUER, Graduate in Science and yet started as a simple workman. From practical experience he created a chain of mills which incorporate his theory of "absent management" — in practice

A TRAGIC amount of time, enthusiasm and money are wasted every year by industrial misfits . . . in men, women and methods. But especially men, women, boys or girls who are taken on for jobs for which they have no aptitude and from which they are either fired or in which they remain, clogging the machine and suffering the very real tortures of the square peg in the round hole . . . every year hundreds of keen workers are sacked or spoiled and left with embittered minds and enthusiasm blunted. Not only that (though that seems enough), the casual regarding of labour as so much "h.p." or steam pressure costs too much money. The Public Utility services dare not regard their human material that way, the big commercial enterprises dare not so disregard their vital human factor . . . and in the last few years our progress

(*Continued on page* 83)



Relating *the* *Mysterious* Circumstances of *Doctor* Whitehead's First Case

POISON! Jack Whitehead was standing in the darkened room by the bed of his distinguished patient, looking down on the wasted yellow face of Sir Frederick Bennett, when this terrible thought crossed his mind, and the terrible word almost crossed his lips. But it must be confessed that horror was not his predominant emotion. He felt as a man might feel who, walking as he believed on an easy road, had suddenly found himself falling over a precipice. And just as thoughts of his past life might flash through the mind of such a man, so did the events and circumstances which had led Jack Whitehead to his present position present themselves in a rapid panorama before his disturbed brain.

Jack Whitehead was young, clever and good-looking. He had had a remarkably successful career at St. Luke's, where he had gained every possible distinction. Encouraged by the universal praise that had been his portion, he had married, with the rashness of youth, very shortly after taking his medical degrees, a Miss Nancy Ross, a charming girl who, like him, was practically penniless.

After a very brief honeymoon spent in Cornwall he was now earning a few guineas as locum tenens for old Dr. Mackenzie before setting up in London.

He had applied for the post in answer to an advertisement and had obtained it, thanks to some glowing testimonials, without difficulty. It was his first independent work as a doctor, for of course as a house physician his views were criticised or confirmed by men of vastly greater experience than his own. And now he was alone, with no one to share the responsibility for a decision of vital importance. The life of the patient, his own reputation, and the future happiness of his darling Nancy—all might be at stake. The difficulties were increased by the fact that he was quite unknown not only in this important country house, but also in the whole of this remote Western district. Nancy and he with their modest luggage had indeed only arrived on the previous day. He had expected to be introduced to the patients who had to be visited, but Dr. Mackenzie, who was very anxious to depart for his beloved Aberdeen, had declared that such a course was quite unnecessary.

"I've sung your praises already, my boy," he said with a laugh, "and told them how lucky they are to have you to look after them for six weeks instead of old Andrew Mackenzie."

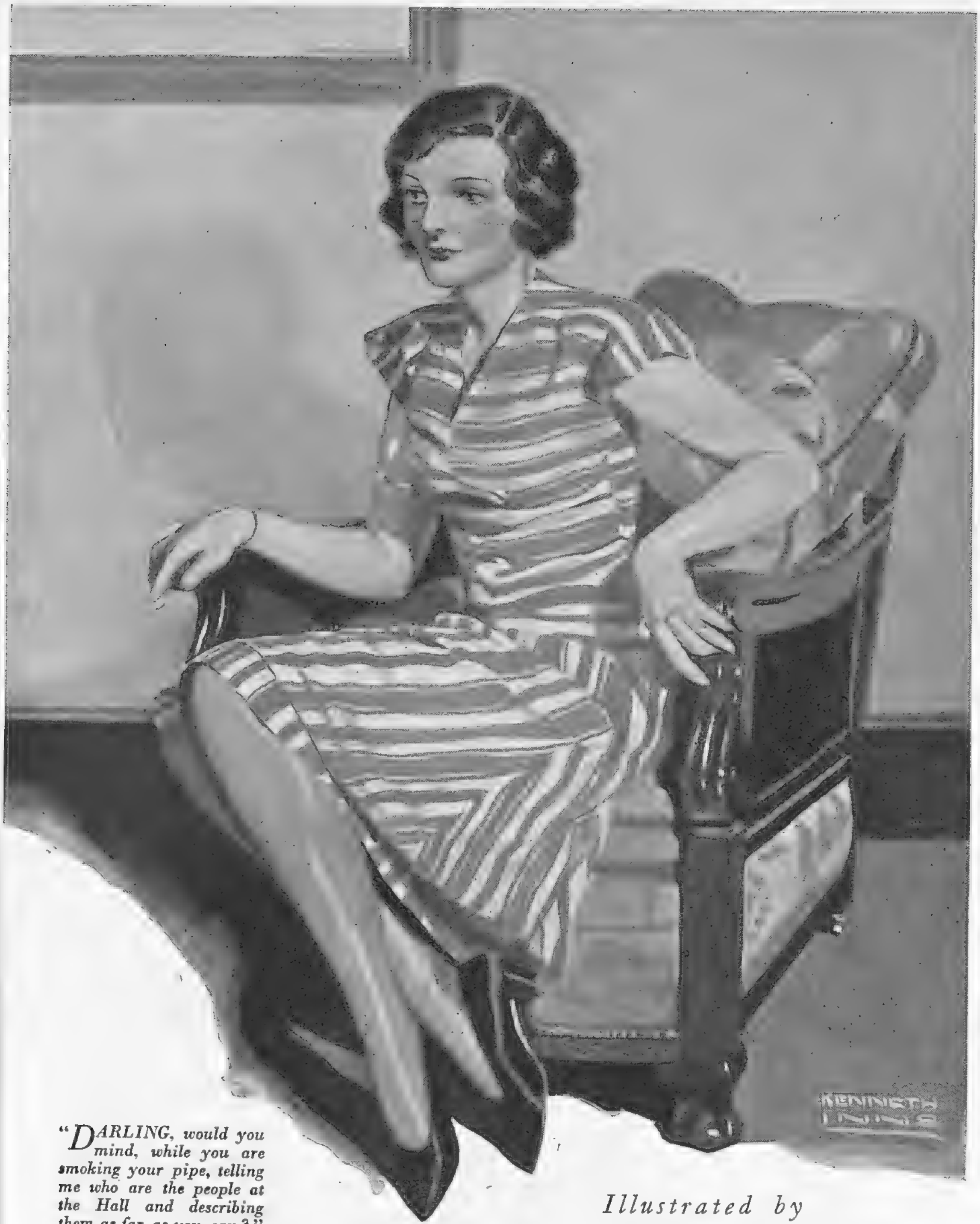
"But how about the treatment which you have been giving them?"

"You'll find all about the cases and the medicines I've been administering in my book, and I've written out a list of all the patients you are to call upon."

The case-book was, in fact, unusually detailed, and after Dr. Mackenzie had gone, with a hearty handshake, Jack had spent a couple of hours going carefully through the medical history of every patient in the list of "Chronics," while Nancy, after unpacking, had been somewhat impatiently waiting for him to join her in a voyage of exploration in the quaint and lovely village.

ALMOST his first visit had been to the most important and interesting case on the list, a patient whom Dr. Mackenzie had been attending for some months.

Sir Frederick Bennett had spent most of his life in the East, where he had earned much distinction and a retiring knighthood. He had been treated by the doctor first for dyspepsia and then for neuritis. He had had queer sensations in the limbs and had complained of cramp and of pain in the eyeballs.



"*DARLING, would you mind, while you are smoking your pipe, telling me who are the people at the Hall and describing them as far as you can?*"

Illustrated by Kenneth Inns

By Ormond Greville

His case did not in the beginning seem to be very serious, but he got no better. Dr. Mackenzie had made a note which suggested the presence of bacterial infection picked up in the East and had suggested a visit to a celebrated expert on Eastern diseases in London, but the patient had apparently declined to go.

Jack did not feel satisfied with the diagnosis, for he thought there were some puzzling facts in the notes. And now as he stood by the bed and looked at the brown emaciated face with eyes almost closed, the possible solution rushed into his mind. All he had read of arsenical poisoning seemed to clamour for utterance. He had the sense to close his lips tightly, knowing that for the time at least he must be silent as to his suspicions. The need for reflection was obvious.

Scarcely knowing what to say, he turned to the beautiful lady who was anxiously watching his face and said:

"Don't you think, Lady Bennett, it might be better to have a nurse?"

At that moment Sir Frederick, who had seemed completely indifferent to all that was going on, slightly opened his eyes and directed a glance at his wife.

"Oh! I hope that doesn't mean that you think Sir Frederick is very ill," she said, clasping her hands together with agitation.

"Well, it seems to me to be a case for careful professional nursing, Lady Bennett."

She looked very distressed, and, leaning over the bed, murmured: "What do you say, Freddy? Of course if the doctor thinks it wiser, you had better have a trained nurse."

"I could not have a better nurse than you, dearest," he said, "but you must be getting quite worn out. However, do exactly as you think best."

He pressed her hand, which she had placed on his, and shut his eyes.

If it was a case of poison, was this lovely woman the poisoner? With a feeling of horror and dismay Jack Whitehead felt that if he did not leave the room at once, he might lose his head and say something which he might bitterly regret.

"Think over my suggestion," he said. "I will return this afternoon with some medicine and some specially prepared food. Meantime I think Sir Frederick is not likely to have any more attacks of pain, but he had better not have anything to eat till I come."

Jack bowed himself out. Downstairs he found himself in a large well-furnished hall with a number of persons who asked him questions about the patient which he parried as best he could. One of them, he thought, with a renewed feeling of horror, might be the poisoner, unless it was the wife, and he stored up his impressions of all of them for consideration when he had got away. He was shown out by Sir Frederick's secretary and a Malay servant. He got into the little car and drove himself away.

WHEN Jack Whitehead got home the first words of his wife, after a warm greeting kiss, were "What's the matter, darling?" And in a very few minutes he found himself telling her of his terrible dilemma.

"You see, dearest," he said, "whatever I do may be wrong. I dare not take tests, analyses and so on, and do nothing more, for if I show my suspicions in any way the poisoner—that is, if I'm right in my diagnosis and there is a poisoner—may either stop giving the poison or may administer a fatal dose and trust to my cowardice to say nothing."

"Why cowardice?"

"Because at present I can't be certain and the poisoner probably knows it, and if I should make a ghastly mistake and accuse one or some of the inmates of that house of a horrible crime when in fact there has been none, or none that can be proved, my reputation is gone, and all my hopes of success and fame—and happiness for you, darling, as much as for myself—will be jeopardised even if they do not completely vanish!"

"But what course do doctors generally take when they have these suspicions? For they do have them from time to time, don't they?"

Jack made a grimace. "I'm afraid," he said, "they lie low in the majority of cases and, in our medical phrase, they watch the case—till the patient dies."

"And after that?"

"After the patient's death? Well, you can divide the doctors into two classes: the reasonably courageous who refuse to give a death certificate on some excuse or other so that a P.M. follows; the less brave who certify death from gastro-enteritis or some tosh of that kind. It's from the actions of the first class that most of the poisoners are found out, for the P.M. may result in convincing evidence of death from poison."

He paused a moment and then added: "But there's a still more courageous class of medical men who contrive to frighten the poisoner and to save the patient, at any rate for a time. Of these heroes we never hear, and they get no reward, except perhaps the feeling that they have done their duty."

"There's no doubt, I suppose, about the doctor's first duty?"

"Not the faintest. His duty at all costs is to save the patient's life. But you must all the time remember that the doctor only has suspicions while the patient is still alive."

"Yes, I see that; but, Jack dear, there are suspicions that sometimes approach certainties. Isn't that your case with Sir Frederick Bennett?"

Jack Whitehead hesitated a long time. He lit a cigarette with deliberation, and looked steadily at the clouds of blue smoke which he puffed out, as if he could find there the answer to the question. At last he said:

"God help me, the answer must be 'Yes!' I wish to goodness I could say otherwise."

"Well, then," said Nancy, "at any cost you must do something, just as if I didn't exist. What are the possible alternatives?"

"I remember vaguely a lecture dealing with this very subject which I heard when a student. As far as I remember the lecturer, who was a very eminent toxicologist, said you had four choices—you could tell the police, or the patient, or a near relation, or, finally, the poisoner himself, the last being the method I've already mentioned."

"Let's take them one by one. What about the police?"

"In most cases it's not a possible solution at all. Take the present circumstances: what could the police inspector do if I went to him with my story? He would ask me first if I was prepared to charge anyone and, failing such a charge, whom I suspected. And when I tell him that I don't suspect any particular person, and that I'm not even certain that there is a poisoner at all, what will he do? Probably he will consider I'm a fool and will do nothing. It's clear he can do no good by inquiries of the inmates of the house without something more to go upon, and such inquiries would disclose by inference that I have suggested that someone in the house is a potential murderer."

"Then what about telling the patient?"

"Well, he's generally too ill to be told of such a terrible suspicion. And, moreover, it's a curious historical fact that the victim, especially if he's a man who is being poisoned by his wife, flatly declines to believe a word of it. I could give you half a dozen instances . . ."

"Then how about telling a relative?"

"That is sometimes possible. It was done, I think, in the Maybrick case, but too late. It can't be done here, for so far as I know the only relatives are the wife and a nephew, and either of them may be the poisoner."

"And that fact, I suppose, makes the last expedient impossible? You can't terrify the poisoner until you've found out who it is."

"You've said it." He paused and then said, "There's, of course, the usual refuge of the G.P.—to call in a specialist, a respectable old gentleman of sixty or more, and to let him share the responsibility. But the nearest one is a long way off, and before he comes the patient may die. By the by, I'm going back this afternoon with some invalid food which will at least be free from arsenic."

He gave directions as to its preparation when the maid came in to announce that lunch was ready.

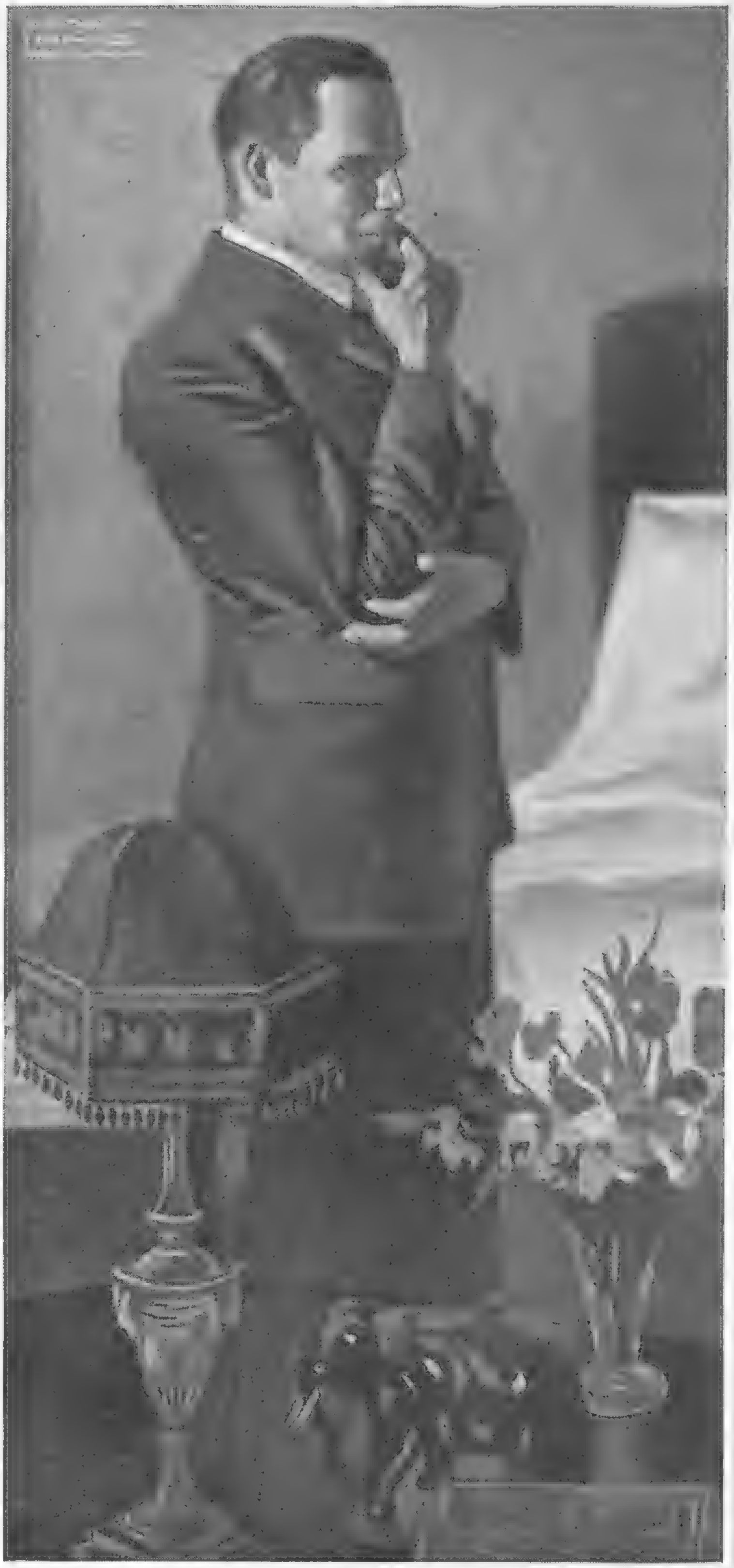
After a hurried and unsatisfactory meal, for they were both absorbed in the Bennett problem, Nancy said:

"Darling, would you mind, while you are smoking your pipe, telling me who are the people at the Hall and describing them as far as you can?"

"Well, I'm a jolly bad hand at describing people, but I'll do my best to enable you"—he laughed grimly—"to spot the poisoner."

"Please begin with the patient and his wife."

"The patient looked to me, so far as I could see him in his darkened room, a very distinguished old man. There's even now a look of power in his drawn and yellow face, as if he was accustomed to command. But I couldn't get him to talk, and it seemed to me that he wasn't interested



SHE gave a half sob, and with a strangled voice: "I too want in his condition and didn't particularly want to get well."

"And the wife?"

"She is a young woman; I think, a second wife. Perhaps she's about thirty. I never know with your sex, especially in a bad light; but she's certainly a good-looker."

"But what sort of good looks, Jack? Is she large or small, fair or dark? And how is she dressed?"

"She's dark; Italian looking, I should say; she has lustrous dark eyes with black eyebrows and umber shadows beneath them." He hesitated and added, "Now I come to think of it, she had a beautiful figure, and she seemed to be rather nervous and agitated."

"And her clothes?"

"Search me," he said with a laugh. "I haven't the smallest ideas about her dress, except that she was adequately clothed."

"You poor boob! You ought to have taken in every detail. Adequately clothed!" Words failed her.

"Well, I hadn't much time, and I didn't dare look very closely at anyone."

"Then the nephew. What was he like?"

"Tall, thin, light brown straggly hair, nondescript eyes, breathed through his mouth, and I suspect him, at any rate, of adenoids. I can't remember anything else about him."

"Who else did you see?"

"Oh, there were several others. There was the companion to Lady Bennett—a buxom, competent sort of body, perhaps the housekeeper. I didn't suspect her of anything."

"Very likely to be the poisoner for all that. Next please?"

"There was Sir Frederick's private secretary, a tall, good-looking man, perhaps five and twenty, with dark eyes and rather long wavy dark hair. I'm afraid the sort of film star person that women describe as romantic and fall in love with at first sight and who men almost always loathe. I thought he was as detestable as that fellow Mainwaring whom we met on our honeymoon, who had the impertinence to make love to you."

"Nonsense, Jack!" she said with a blush. "Besides, Mr. Mainwaring was quite charming. But don't let's get away from the point. Who else is in the house?"

"Servants. A deferential, very quiet butler; a footman whom I couldn't describe at all—just a footman; a Malay valet or something of the kind, and I suppose three or four female servants and a cook whom I never saw."

"A Malay valet? That's unusual!"

"You see, Sir Frederick has spent his life in the East, and probably brought home with him his body servant."

"Aren't they pretty useful poisoners out there?"

"So it is said, but what could be his motive?"

"We don't know enough about these people to be able to guess at motives."

"That's true enough. You know as much now as I do about all the inmates of that accursed house. Who do you think I ought to attempt to accuse or to frighten?" Jack rose and knocked out his pipe.

There was a long pause, and at last Nancy said, "It can't be done in that way. Is there no other course except those we've discussed?"

"Yes, there is one more," was the reply, "but in this case it's very difficult; it's to get the patient away from the whole crowd of them and to see what happens then. But, of course, the patient's consent must be obtained, and I doubt very much from what I saw of Sir Frederick whether he would agree to go."

"You must try it, darling. It seems to be the only thing to be done."

"I think I must. I can put up a story of competent nursing being essential. The hospital has a good paying patient department. I could telephone to them."

"Yes, and if they can take him, get them to send an ambulance for him this afternoon. You must bluff them all up at the Hall."

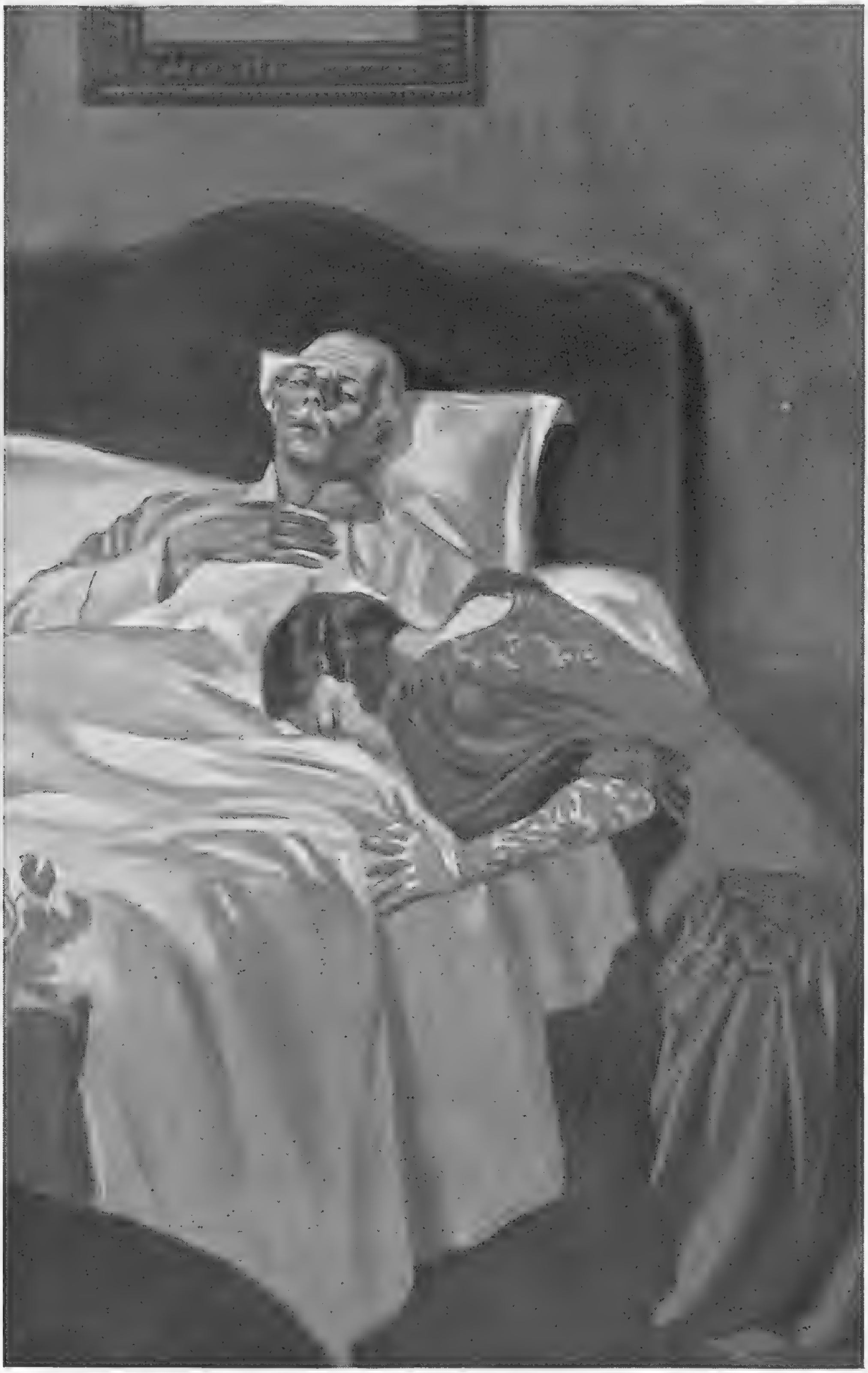
"I shall want a nurse to come too."

"Is that necessary?"

Jack hesitated a little and then said, "You see, I don't want the wife to offer to accompany him. You never know . . ."

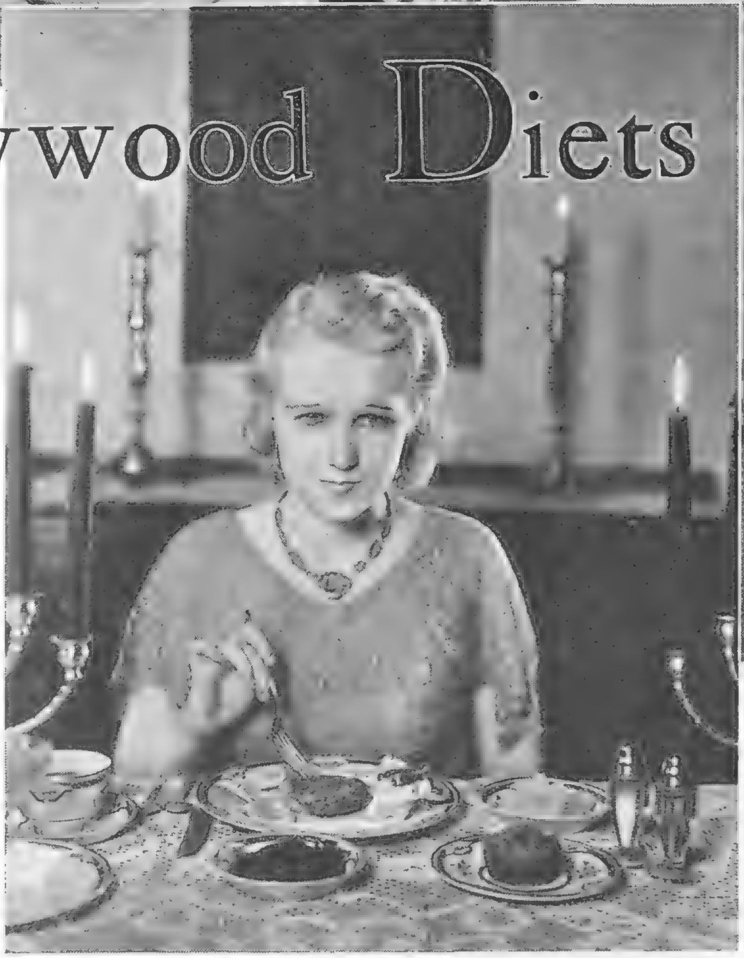
"The nurse is only wanted for the journey, I suppose?"

"That's (*Continued on page* 106)



her face down on the sheet, she added in
to get away from this unlucky house"

When Hollywood Diets



THE chef at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios shows some of the dancing girls at that studio how he prepares a Chef's Salad. It consists of cold cooked meat with French dressing, served in a big bowl, with lettuce and mixed cooked vegetables

Left: ANITA PAGE has learned the best way to eat so that hunger does not follow, and still keep slim

By Margaret Chute

WHERE figures mean fame, diets of every kind will be found. During the years I have spent in Hollywood I have been told of foods that take off or put on weight, until I am almost dazed with their magnitude and the arguments advanced in favour of each diet.

Some film actresses wage a perpetual battle against excess flesh; others fight frantically to add poundage to their far too slender forms. Constance Bennett is among the latter; she has always been too thin, and at one time it was difficult for her to wear evening dress on the screen, as her lack of flesh made any bare-back costume rather unbecoming to her. Advised by experts, she has been drinking milk, cream, hot chocolate with cream, honey with milk, eating foods cooked with rich sauces, vegetables saturated in butter, chocolates, cakes, pastry—in short, the entire list of delectable eatables whose existence helps to make us fatter than Nature intended us to be.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is another star who is inclined to be too thin. On each film she loses ten to twelve pounds in weight and is faced with the necessity for putting back the vanished poundage. Recently she had a harder task, for Cecil B. de Mille insisted that she should gain at least fifteen pounds before she started to act the rôle of Cleopatra in the film he is to direct concerning that famous lady. So Miss Colbert retired to Palm Springs in the desert, where it is hot and any sort of exercise is rather a bore. And there, in two weeks, she put on fifteen pounds: her worry now is to keep those extra pounds.

THELMA TODD, one of Hollywood's loveliest actresses, was once in danger of losing her contract and going back to be a schoolmistress, because she was far too plump. She has worked hard to get her figure to its present slender proportions; and now she keeps herself at the same weight by the simple method of having *one liquid day in every two weeks.* This liquid day is usually Sunday, as that is not often a working day, and it is easier to diet at home than at the studio. A liquid day includes orange juice, grape fruit juice, tomato juice and clear soup. Thelma Todd told me that she starts off with a large glass of orange and grape fruit juice mixed; as soon as she feels hungry she takes more fruit juice, or a big tumblerful of ice-cold tomato juice, with the juice of half a lemon added to it. Hot or cold clear soup for lunch and again for dinner; and plenty of fruit juice always ready to be swallowed when hunger makes itself felt.

VEGETARIAN and fruit-juice days (two in a week) help to keep Madge Evans slim; each Monday and Friday she has only fruit, salads and vegetables, and on those days she does not touch tea or coffee or bread, either toasted or plain. Norma Shearer has one of the most exquisite figures in filmland; she follows the rather strange method of eating her main meal in the middle of the day. Her breakfast consists of fruit juice, coffee, toast or marmalade; for lunch she has soup, hot or cold, grilled or baked meat or chicken or fish—but never both

Top:

FOR those who don't want a solid meal there's always the soda fountain. Peter Freuchen, noted explorer and author, with Jean Hersholt and some chorus girls from " The Dancing Lady," having a cooling drink at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio bar

Right:

CLAUDETTE COLBERT had to put on 15 pounds in weight before playing the part of Cleopatra. This Paramount star is seen on the springboard of her swimming pool just outside Hollywood

Some Details of the Methods followed by Film Stars for Losing or Gaining Weight

meat and fish at the same meal—two vegetables, a salad, and a pudding of some kind, probably a fruit jelly, containing fruit, or a water ice. For dinner she likes a cup of clear soup, some celery, and a large salad, or else two vegetables, with coffee and no sort of pudding afterwards

A TYPICAL fattening diet, as used by Claudette Colbert and Constance Bennett, includes at least four glasses of milk each day. If possible, cream is added to the milk. This milk is taken *between* meals. Three days' meals would include the following dishes, and added weight should certainly result:—

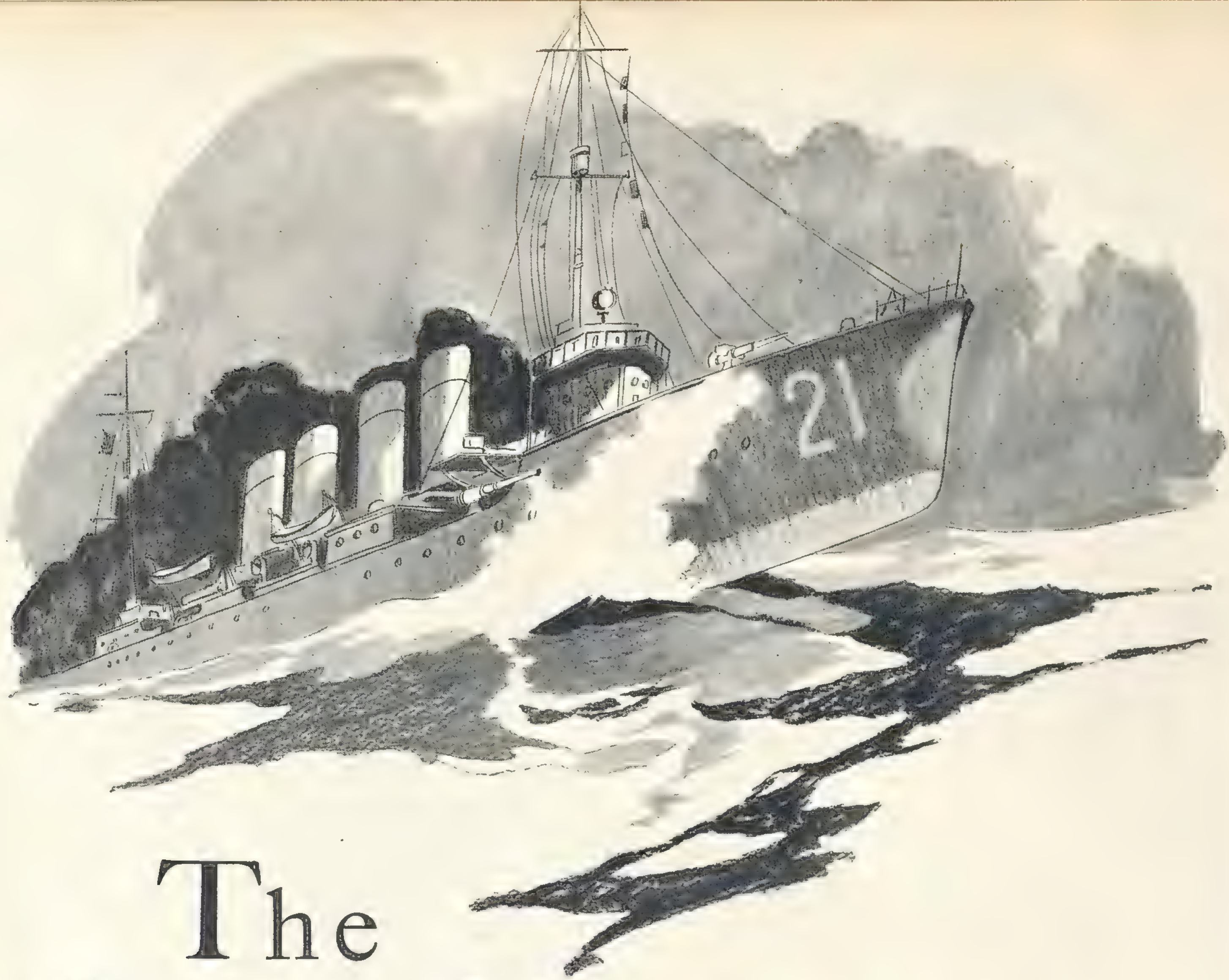
1st Day.

BREAKFAST.

Porridge, with Cream.
Fried Fish.
Bacon and Eggs.
Hot Rolls. Jam.
Coffee with Milk and Sugar.

(*Continued on page* 90)

MADGE EVANS, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, always takes a large glass of milk with her luncheon



The Lost Destroyer

How the "Walgrave's" Sole Survivor played the lead in a great Mystery Melodrama of the Sea

By "Sea-wrack"

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander

THE man seated alone in the palatial office looked up suddenly. Across his heavy, swarthy face there flashed a spasm of fear. He regarded the dial of a curious instrument standing on the desk. Slowly, the circular disc turned to a reddish colour.

"My God!" he muttered. "Already. . . . Nothing must stand in our way."

"Krantz," he hailed, speaking into the mouthpiece, "is that you? What in heaven's name is the trouble?"

"Chief," a guttural voice boomed urgently through the quiet room, "we'll have to sink her. She's seen us, and you remember your last instructions? Nobody must see us. I thought it better to report at once."

A frown crossed the face of the listener.

"What is she? Where is she now? Can you make certain . . . ?"

Again the voice boomed, but now there was in its tone a hint of triumph, of boastfulness.

"Yes, quite certain, Chief, I'll guarantee that. She's coming fast. Estimated speed thirty knots; range a thousand yards; bearing forty degrees green . . ."

The unseen speaker broke off as the delicate microphone accurately registered a thud followed by a sharp crack.

"She's firing! That was a salvo of four inch, quite close! She's just coming on the sights. . . ." Krantz's voice was shrilling with excitement. "In a second now, Chief. I'm giving her two. . . . Ah! there they go!"

The man in the office chair held his breath expectantly, his face, drained of colour, haggard in the light cast by the desk lamp. His eyes stared at the second hand of the watch.

"Now!" he murmured. "Time . . ."

A heavy roar, quickly duplicated, suddenly sounded through the room, vibrating the table fittings. Then silence.

The swarthy face recovered its composure.

"Krantz, Krantz," the now complacent voice spoke again into the instrument, "so you got her! See there are no survivors."

A hoarse laugh came in reply. "Yes, we got her, Chief. I'm just searching round. I don't think . . . no, there's not a trace of a survivor."

"You've done well, Krantz." The speaker chose with care a cigar from a box on the table. "It will be remembered. None of my men must make mistakes. Carry on now and report at the other end according to your instructions. Open the sealed envelope 100 miles east of the Pentland Skerries. Good-bye and good luck."

The occupant of the armchair lighted the large cigar. "A destroyer, eh!" he murmured. "And the very first time. It might have been awkward. But now," the heavy shoulders shrugged, "it is well; there are no survivors and no one the wiser." He laughed, and there was a curious timbre in the sound that a doctor would have found interesting. "That is one back with interest for poor Rudolf."

He rang a bell. Immediately a door at the far end of the sumptuously furnished office opened, and a tall, fair-headed man advanced.

"The Direction Indicator is to be switched on to my private apartments and this"—the big man leant forward and placed his hand affectionately on the instrument on his desk—"this admirable servant is to be switched on to the Control Room. It is working beautifully. If the red disc shows, I am to be informed immediately. The hourly reports, if following ordinary routine, are to be presented to me at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

The young, fair-headed man bowed.

"Very good, sir. I will see that your instructions are carried out."

The older man rose leisurely. "A good start, Boris," he remarked, shedding a little of his official mantle. "Krantz has sunk a destroyer that was nosing round in the North Sea, and there are no survivors."

"A destroyer!" The young man's jaw dropped. "But, Uncle Karl"—Boris Vernok stepped forward impulsively, forgetting for a moment that this strange, powerful man was not only his uncle but his very imperious employer as well—"but, Uncle, surely that is risky. To what nation did she belong?"

"She was a cursed Englander." The swarthy face twisted into a snarl. "Yes, a damned Englander. Good riddance, I say. . . . Murderers of Rudolf, my brother . . ."

The young man's face paled.

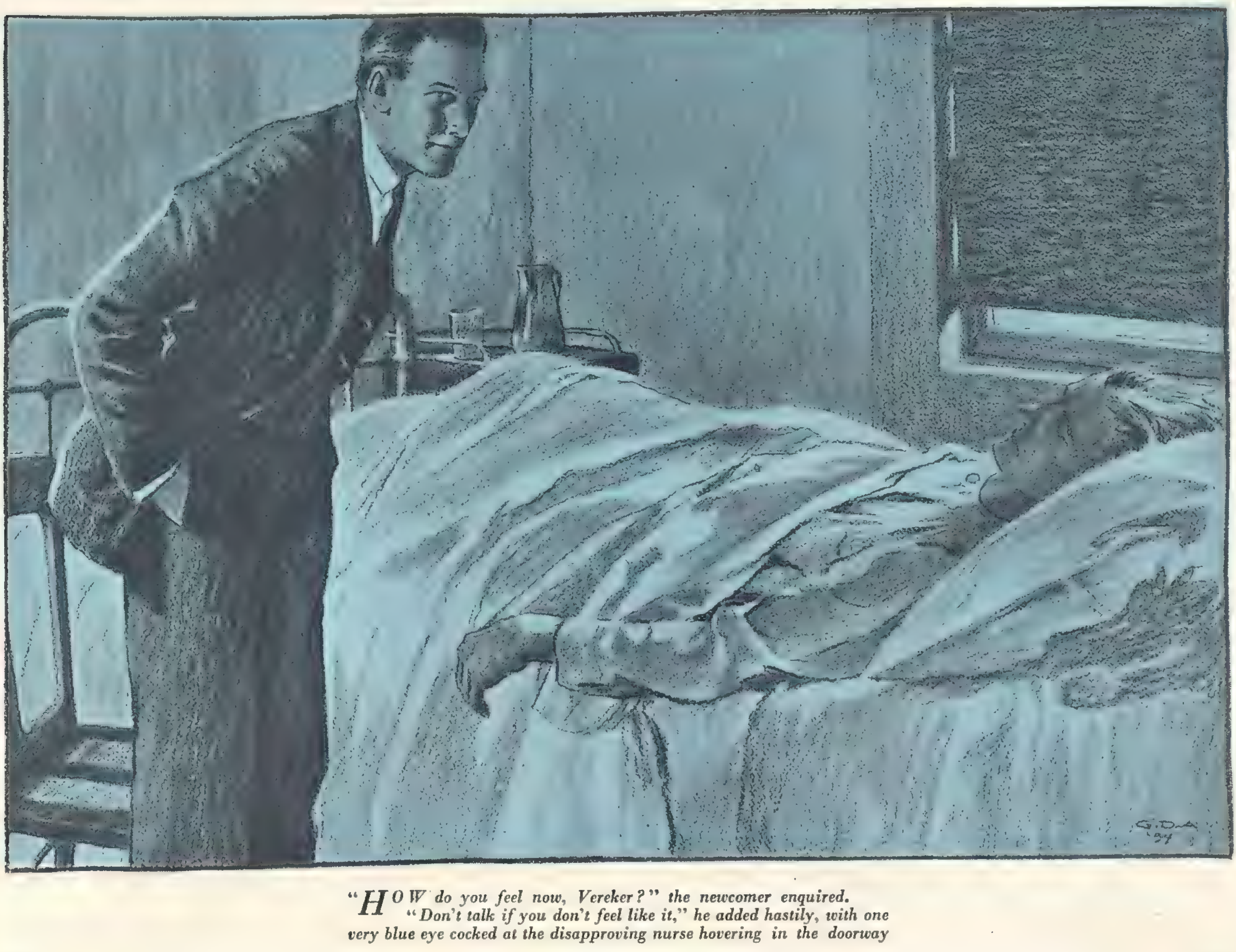
"British!" he muttered. "Ah! it is a bad start. I was, you forget, sir, for many years in England. Their navy is their national pride. They will not rest until this destroyer is avenged. Until the whole matter is cleared up. And in peace time, too. Public opinion will demand it."

The young man shivered, but his uncle took him affectionately by the arm and led him towards the door. "There is nothing to fear," he said with a laugh. "No, nothing to fear," he repeated, patting his nephew's arm. "You see, Boris, there are no survivors. No one left alive who can give an eye-witness's account. For the British Admiralty—trouble of a domestic nature. Questions in their amusing House of Commons. But no information. I grant you the persistent public will want action. People, doubtless, will write to the papers, and there will be an outcry, but no more; for it will remain a mystery of the sea."

THUS it was that on that fateful day in early September Karl Gurminoff spoke with conviction about that amazing sea drama which for many a long day was the principal topic of the hour in clubs, in taverns, and in private houses, but more especially in a dingy old building in Whitehall.

Men recounted the latest rumours with bated breath. But to one man, a heavy, swarthy man seated in his palatial apartments in a big, modern building, who was known to the world as Karl Gurminoff, the millionaire financier, these rumours came as a colossal jest, for he *knew* how the "Lost Destroyer" had come to be lost. But what he didn't know—where both Krantz and he were fatally wrong in one particular—was in the damning fact that there had been one survivor.

WHEN Lieutenant John Vereker, Royal Navy, erstwhile flag-lieutenant and wireless expert, first opened his eyes, he quickly closed them again, for he found the experiment painful. Dizzy and racked in every nerve of his body, he clung to the bunk on which he was lying as a sure refuge in a reeling, chaotic world to which he seemed an unfortunate stranger. But gradually his condition improved, the waves of



"HOW do you feel now, Vereker?" the newcomer enquired. "Don't talk if you don't feel like it," he added hastily, with one very blue eye cocked at the disapproving nurse hovering in the doorway

nausea passed, and he became mistily aware of his surroundings.

His brain slowly assimilated the impression that he was in the tiny messroom of a trawler or drifter. Through swaying curtains, he looked down into a cavity where was a mess table rigged with "fiddles," and over which a brightly polished lamp that hurt his eyes swung in gimbals to the motion of the ship. Opposite, more swaying curtains indicated another bunk. The racing of the propellers jarred the whole after part of the trawler and, putting an uncertain hand to his head, he discovered with mild surprise that it was heavily bandaged, as also was his left shoulder and arm.

A short, stumpy figure suddenly appeared in his line of vision. Vereker regarded it with complete detachment.

"Drink this, lad; it's a coop of tea laced with rum." Thick, gnarled hands mysteriously appeared quite close and John obediently drank the potion. After that he lay down with a sigh and went to sleep. There was something very dependable about the short, stumpy figure and the North-country voice.

The ensuing days passed in a haze. His life seemed to be punctuated by continual visits from the short, stumpy figure with the inevitable "coop" of boiling hot tea which sailed into his vision in the curiously deft clasp of two disembodied mahogany hands.

Five days after he was picked up, the steam trawler *Jane Cunard* disembarked him at Immingham Docks.

A week later he woke up clear-headed and full of curiosity in the quiet comfort of a nursing home in London. And here it was that he received a visit one forenoon from a tall, clean-shaven man whose name apparently was Colonel Robert McInnes.

"How do you feel now, Vereker?" the newcomer inquired, taking a seat by the bed. "Don't talk if you don't feel like it," he added hastily, with one very blue eye cocked at the disapproving nurse hovering in the doorway.

"Oh, I'm all right," the patient assured him. "I suppose you're from the Admiralty, sir?"

McInnes nodded, then his face became grave. "You've had a pretty bad shock, Vereker. In fact, you're lucky to be alive, but for the moment you're not alive. That's why I've come to see you—to prepare the way, so to speak."

"Not alive?" There was indignation in Vereker's voice.

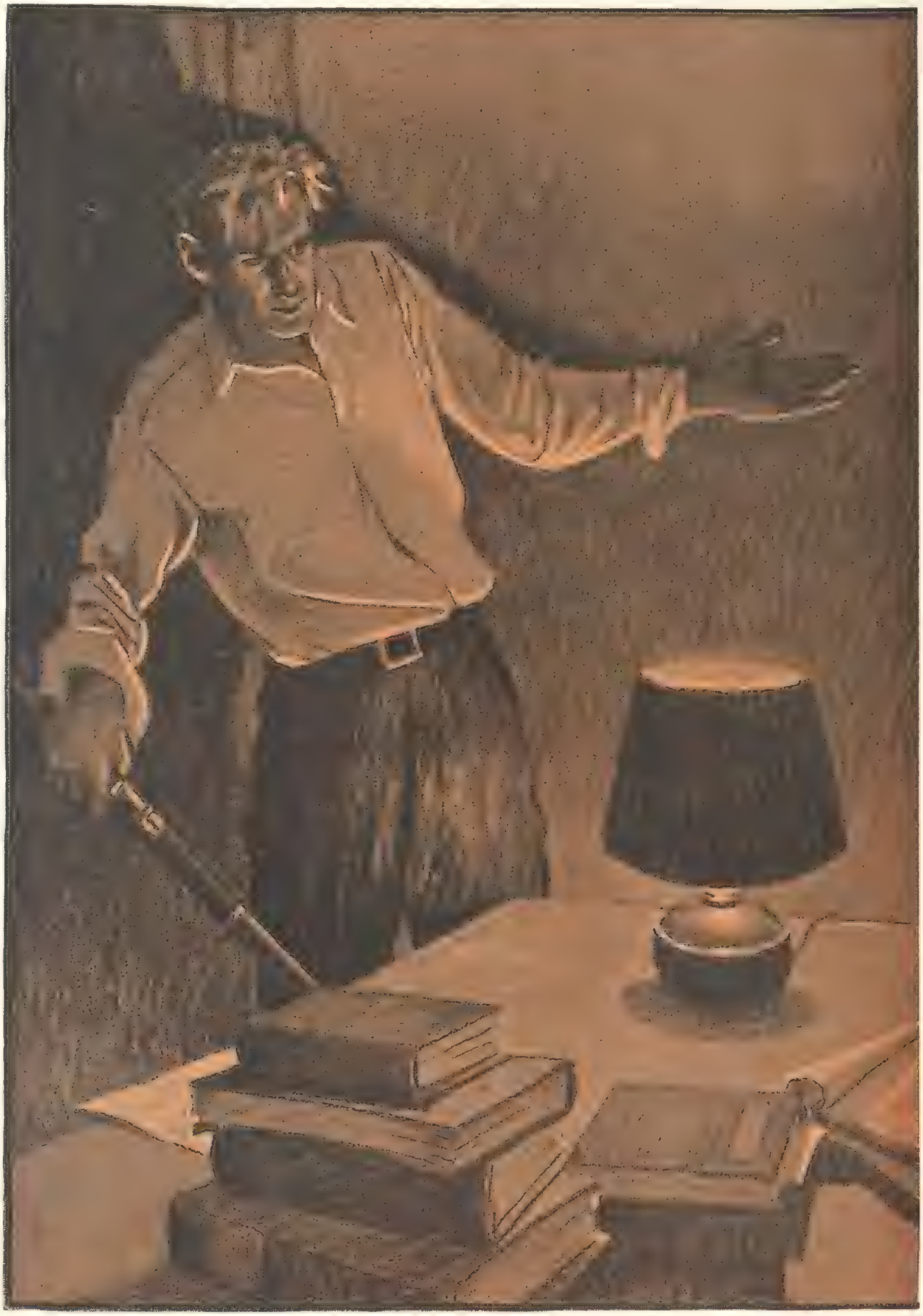
"Not officially. You're the only survivor from the destroyer to which you were lent for special experimental work, but"—the colonel's voice became guarded—"the circumstances in which she was lost are very mysterious and for the present, at any rate, the Admiralty consider it advisable for your own safety, and also to help us in our own investigations, that your survival should be kept dark. It's lucky you were not officially listed, either in the Navy List or in the *Gazette*."

The lieutenant nodded understandingly; then a shadow crossed his face. "I see the idea, all right, sir, and of course I'm in your hands, but it's a bit hard on my people."

McInnes smiled. "Don't worry about them, Vereker. We informed them confidentially long ago, and I believe they are coming to see you to-day. I shall be taking you up to Scotland myself as soon as you're fit. We shall have to hide you for a bit."

"Good old Navy," the younger man grinned. "Father and mother and guardian combined."

The pale, drawn face on the pillow looked better already. The way was being smoothed out by an organisation that has perhaps more in the way of brains and understanding than it is often credited with.



WILCOX, dishevelled and panting in great rifle, plunged into their midst. "You're

The shrewd blue eyes regarded Vereker very circumspectly: "Can you remember anything of what happened?"

John Vereker's dark eyes puckered into a frown as he searched back through realms of nightmare.

"There are bits and pieces, sir," he replied slowly. "I remember being on the bridge and a sudden call to action stations. Then I recollect distinctly we fired a salvo, but I'm puzzled why . . . everything happened in a rush. Then, again, I remember a terrific explosion, or there may have been two; and then I seemed to be soaring away into the air and everything was just pain and blackness."

McInnes listened like an image carved in stone. There was an icy glint in his blues eyes as he leant forward.

"Yes, it was an escape in a million. The trawler skipper said he found you lying in a nest of hammocks and sails. You must have been blown into the air without hitting any obstruction, and you must have had the contents of the sail room and the hammock nettings wrapped round you like an enormous pad."

The lieutenant sat up suddenly. "But what about the trawler's crew, sir? They must know I was a survivor."

"They won't talk. They've got our instructions and understand."

McInnes stood up: a tall, grim figure dressed in well-cut tweeds. The lieutenant looked carelessly at the grouse feather stuck jauntily in the ribbon of his soft felt hat. And as he looked his eyes gradually widened.

The colonel became alarmed. "What's the matter, Vereker? Are you ill? Shall I call the nurse?"

"No, no," the lieutenant gulped, his eyes shining. "*The feather*—" he cried triumphantly, "*the feather*," he repeated, pointing: "it has reminded me. It was a submarine's periscope we fired at. I can see it now, quite close, with its narrow feather of white water . . . then the salvo . . . and the explosion . . ." With a groan he fell back on his pillow. The excitement had been too much. The nurse rushed to his side.

"This is too bad," she said reprovingly to the tall man. "He mustn't be excited."

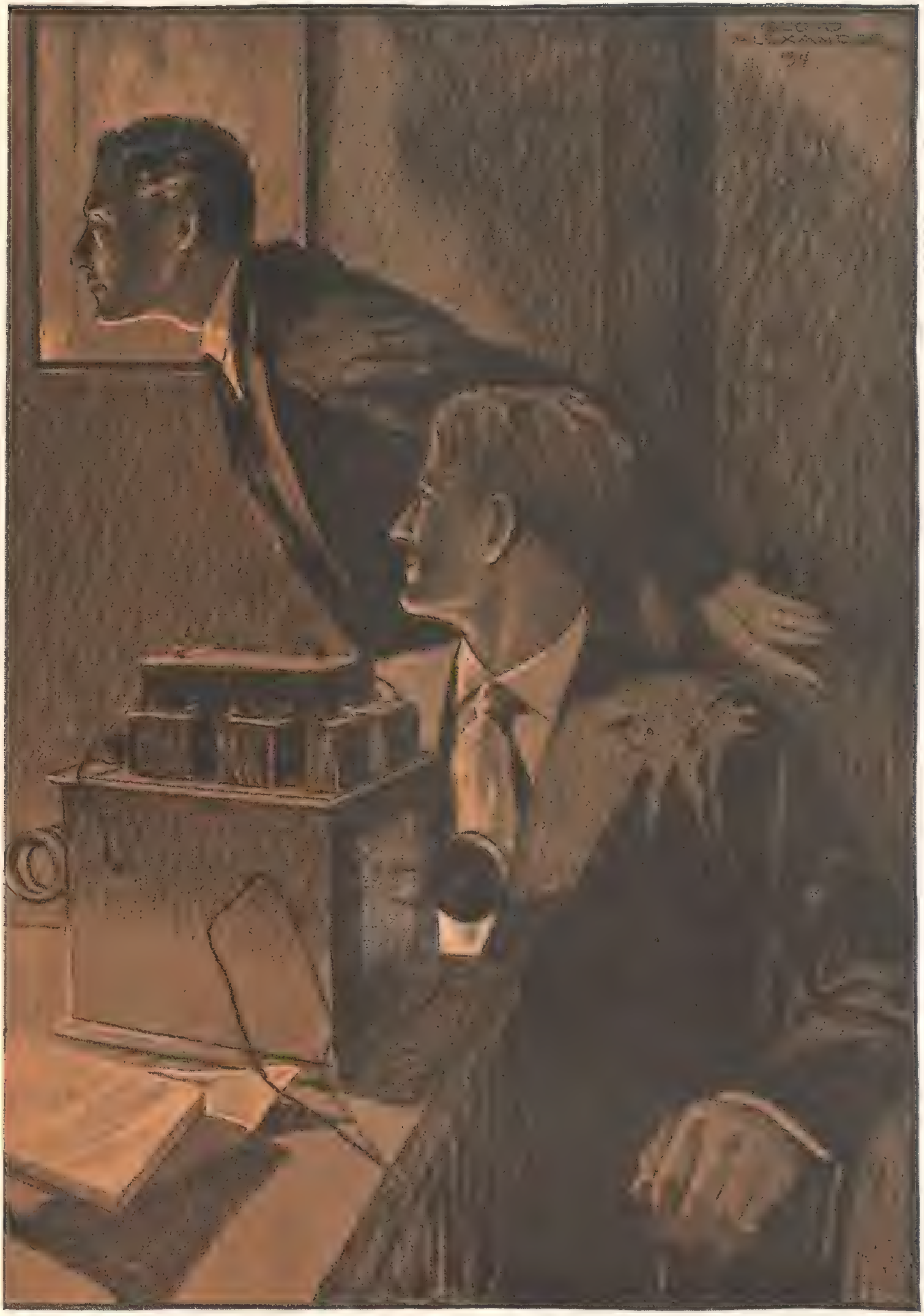
McInnes mumbled an apology and stole out on tiptoe like a penitent schoolboy.

THE case of the "Lost Destroyer," coming as it did in the middle of a barren desert of news, rapidly proved itself to be more than the usual nine-days wonder. Every newspaper burst into its largest flaring headlines, and the roar of indignant voices in print raised a storm that was heard across the world. Not since the Russian Fleet had fired on the North Sea trawlers during the Russo-Japanese war had an incident so inflamed public opinion in peace time. The public demanded in no uncertain voice a scapegoat. Old gentlemen, lined up in queues at writing tables at all the Service clubs, stabbed the heavy notepaper with pens dipped in vitriol, the while their complexions took on a dangerous apoplectic hue that gave fair indication of their outraged feelings.

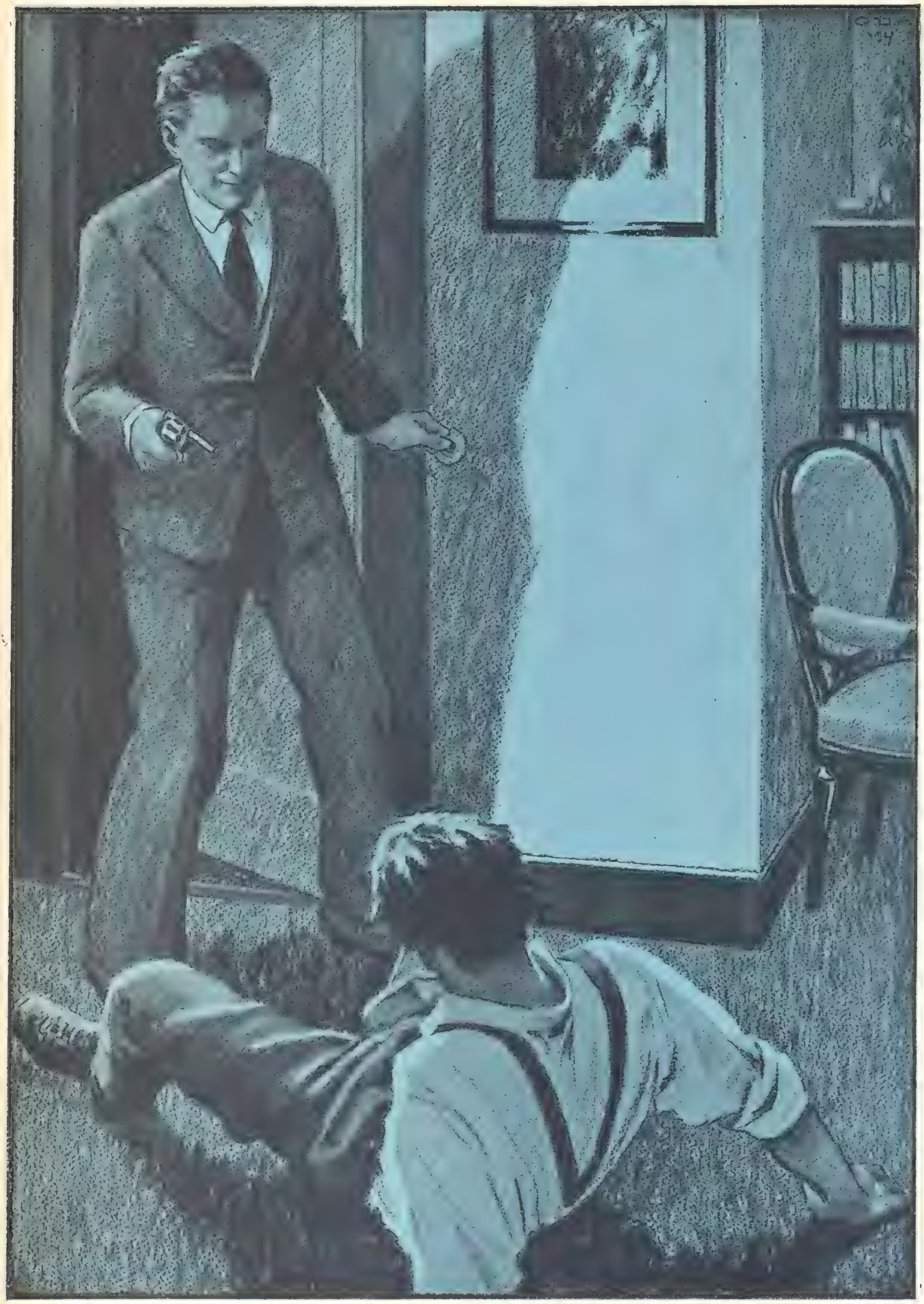
For the trouble was that my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty had not added one word nor subtracted one iota from their original brief dispatch giving the bare facts of the loss of the ship with all hands.

Although most level-headed men gave credence to the carefully fostered rumour that the *Walgrave* had had the misfortune to strike simultaneously two of the old war-time barrage mines, overlooked in sweeping operations, there was a vast body of people who equally firmly believed that some sinister agency must been been responsible for the loss of one of the latest destroyers we possessed.

To John Vereker and Colonel Robert McInnes buying literature at the book-



gasps, his hands still clutching a service ·303 wounded!" the colonel cried, rushing forward



McINNES, *panting, a revolver in one hand, the other hand by the switch, warily observing a groaning man lying full length in the centre of the room*

stall at Euston, many passing remarks gave evidence of the intense interest still felt in the burning question of the hour. And to John, as the secret survivor who was officially dead, it seemed a curious thing indeed to ponder on the results of his wildly rushing down the sedate platform of the Scottish express declaiming that he had not only been on board the ship, but had survived and was now officially dead although he was actually alive. He leant instead against the bookstall, for he was still far from fit, and controlled his reeling senses. A slim, fair-headed young man buying a magazine regarded him with curiosity; then recognition beamed in his eyes and he came forward with outstretched hand.

"Why, by all that's wonderful, John Vereker!" he exclaimed heartily. "How are you, old man: don't you remember me at prep. school—Boris Vernok?"

A tall figure intervened. "Hullo, Bob, found a pal?" McInnes turned a quick warning look in Vereker's direction. "Are you going north, too?" the colonel added quickly. "Bob Vereker and I are going up to Scotland for a bit of rough shooting."

"Bob Vereker!" the newcomer repeated with a smile, "Why it must be your brother who was at St. Denis with me. You're awfully alike, but now I can see that you are much thinner than John."

The lieutenant pondered. "Boris Vernok, why of course," he said, "I remember John telling me about you. You both got your cricket colours."

The stranger's face clouded. His expressive brown eyes, like a spaniel's, flinched. "Yes, cricket," he said dully, and sighed. "How's John?" he inquired.

"Oh, he's very fit. He's in the Navy, you know—in destroyers."

"In destroyers!" Boris Vernok's face paled as he repeated those two words: "In destroyers!," and there was a foreboding in his voice that caused a tiny bell to beat in McInnes's mind, and the tall, impassive man stood quietly by weighing this idle conversation with an attention that is not usually accorded to bookstall encounters.

Later as the two men took their seats in their reserved first class compartment the colonel produced a pad upon which he wrote a brief message, and which he gave to the guard to send off.

As the finest train in the world thundered out through the northern suburbs and settled down to a steady seventy miles an hour, the colonel remained wrapt in thought, gazing out through the window with unseeing eyes. Far away in the depths of his mind there was a tiny flickering light, like a will o' the wisp, which he knew better than to chase; for the uncanny luck to which was often rather enviously ascribed the many successes he had achieved in a far from easy profession was in reality a brilliant gift of intuition and logic combined: a consummate faculty for seizing hold of vital detail.

He leant forward and tapped Vereker's knee.

"That fellow, Boris Vernok, whom you were at school with—do you know much about him?"

The lieutenant looked amused. "Oh, he's perfectly harmless, sir," he said easily. "He was rather a pal of mine. I didn't like deceiving him, but, of course, I see we must be careful. He had no parents as far as I can recollect: both dead." A frown twisted Vereker's brows, for he had only just recovered from concussion. "Boris was in charge of a guardian. A very rich man. Name of Gumm . . . Gunnoff . . . Gumm—something. Blest if I can remember it now."

"Karl Gurminoff?" McInnes suggested.

"Yes, that's the name, sir," John agreed. "Supposed to be fabulously rich."

"He was," his companion corrected. "He's recently suffered very heavy losses in a vast cartel he controls. But I'm getting an up-to-date report on him. That was the wire I sent off at Euston."

"Then you knew all the time?" said Vereker in an amazed voice.

"You haven't read your *Times* yet," the colonel replied tolerantly, and pointed out to his companion a paragraph in the social column recording the stay in London for a few days of Mr. Boris Vernok, the nephew and heir of the well-known Continental millionaire, Mr. Karl Gurminoff.

"Can you remember any more about him, Vereker?"

"Only that he's a curious bird. Lives like a hermit in a huge building in Brussels, so Boris used to tell me. Very keen on science, wireless and so forth." The lieutenant sat up suddenly and his face became animated. "By the way, colonel, that reminds me. Just before the crash, I had some very good results from the apparatus I was experimenting with in the *Walgrave*. I ought really to report to the Admiralty some time."

"Don't worry about that, Vereker," McInnes said reassuringly. "They've fixed up a surprise for you at our destination—something that'll keep you out of mischief."

"I say, that's fine; but I was going to say that a rather curious thing happened just before we were blown up. I got some very peculiar messages through. I was not tuned in on the right wavelength, and I had no time to experiment, but the messages coming through, according to the directional apparatus, were from the direction of Holland or Belgium. They were of amazing strength and of a totally unknown beam."

McInnes listened to Vereker's highly technical conversation with supreme interest, for he also had specialised in wireless when serving in the Royal Marines.

"By jove," he muttered, "this may be of the utmost importance." He sat significantly still. And through his brain there quivered a shock of certainty, while the tiny light, wavering and small before, now glowed like a beacon, guiding his racing thoughts along a path of definite suspicion. "Wireless . . . Karl Gurminoff . . . Boris Vernok . . . In destroyers . . . Staggering losses . . ." McInnes turned to the lieutenant with the light of battle glowing in his steadfast eyes.

"My lad," he said significantly, "I'm afraid our rest cure in Scotland is going to be a failure. We should be going in the opposite direction instead of north. Here," he urged Vereker, protesting and unwilling, to lie down on the seat, and tucked him up with a travelling rug. "Here, you've got to get all the rest you can, and start now."

While the lieutenant slept, McInnes sat brooding in his corner, hour after hour. The swift rush of the train, an irksome crawl to his racing thoughts, now concentrated on action—swift and sure—that might stay the probability of further disaster. But McInnes was too late, as he saw by a glance at the flaring posters when they changed trains in the huge northern city.

"My God!" Vereker breathed as he read the copy of the hastily snatched newspaper. He looked at McInnes with horrified eyes. "Another?" he whispered.

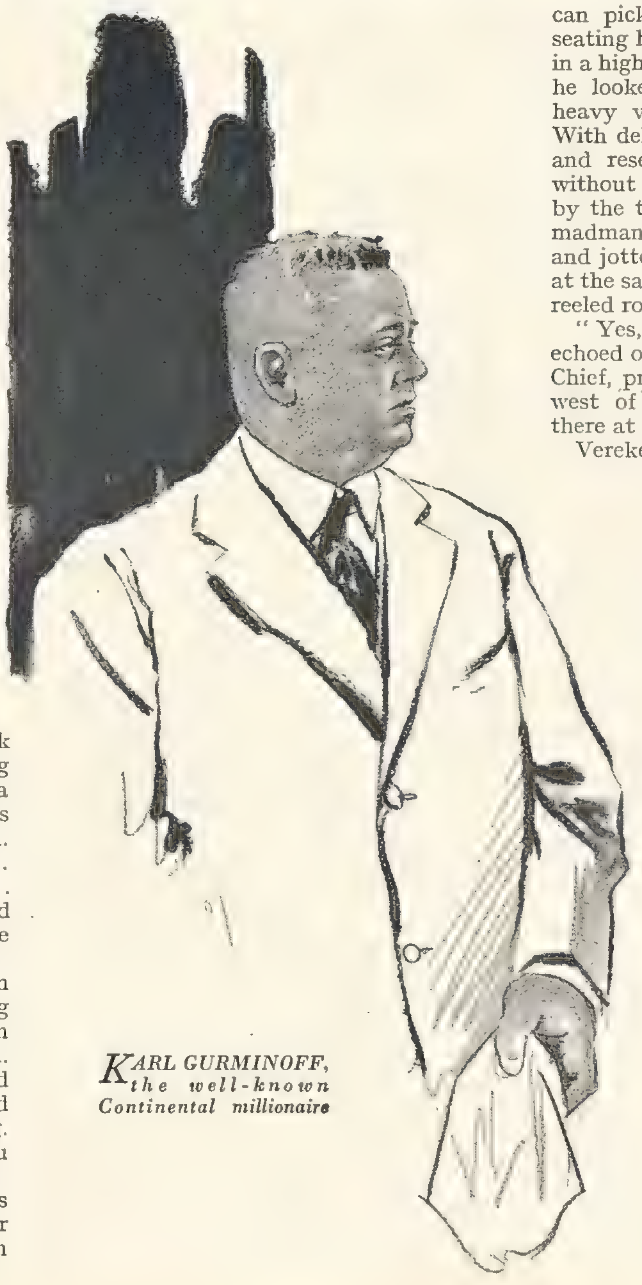
The colonel nodded, and in a curiously soft voice read out the headline

> "MYSTERIOUS LOSS OF FISHERY PROTECTION CRUISER WITH ALL HANDS—OFF FAROE ISLANDS."

Then he took Vereker's arm—the latter was still dazed—and hurried him off. "The sooner we reach our destination the better," he announced grimly.

THE north-west coast of Scotland is pitted and gashed by vast lochs that are in some cases almost large enough to be mistaken for inland seas. The land is wild and desolate; heather-capped moor rolls up in great curves to the craggy, snow-topped peaks and, save for an occasional shooting box or a crofter's cabin, there is little sign of human life.

Standing at the door of the hunting box which had been their goal, McInnes pointed across the still surface of the loch to the distant peak of Ben Earg. "When you've been here a week or so, Vereker, you'll feel like climbing up that fellow. Now come along—I want to show you round." He led the way round to the back and Vereker, following, suddenly stopped in his tracks, his eyes goggling at a wireless mast and aerial.



KARL GURMINOFF, *the well-known Continental millionaire*

"I thought that would interest you," McInnes laughed. "Now come inside and I'll complete the surprise."

A few minutes later the colonel left his patient happily examining a complete set of the new beam telephonic apparatus, identical with the one which he was using when the *Walgrave* had been lost, and for the working principle of which he was responsible.

The hunting box, some four hundred feet up, stood on a kind of miniature plateau; a rough path led down to the beach, where there was a boathouse and jetty, while at the back a rough cart-track disappeared over the brow of the hill, winding its way inland. Except for McInnes's private servant, who had been there to greet them, the two were alone.

After dinner that evening, McInnes explained to his younger companion his scheme to test out the theories he had already formed, for in this plan Vereker's invention would play a leading part. The lieutenant in turn showed the colonel the technical side of his set.

"I'll start right away, and see if I can pick up anything," he announced, seating himself in front of a large dial set in a highly polished container. "Hullo," he looked at McInnes warningly, as a heavy vibration shook the instrument. With delicate fingers he continued to set and reset several tuning knobs. Then without warning the big room was filled by the tones of a foreign voice. Like a madman, the lieutenant grabbed a pencil and jotted down row after row of figures, at the same time watching a needle which reeled round a compass-like indicator.

"Yes, Chief," eerily the foreign voice echoed out and around the room. "Yes, Chief, present position is 30 miles north-west of Cape Wrath. I expect to be there at 2 a.m."

Vereker looked inquiringly at the colonel: "Dutch?" he whispered.

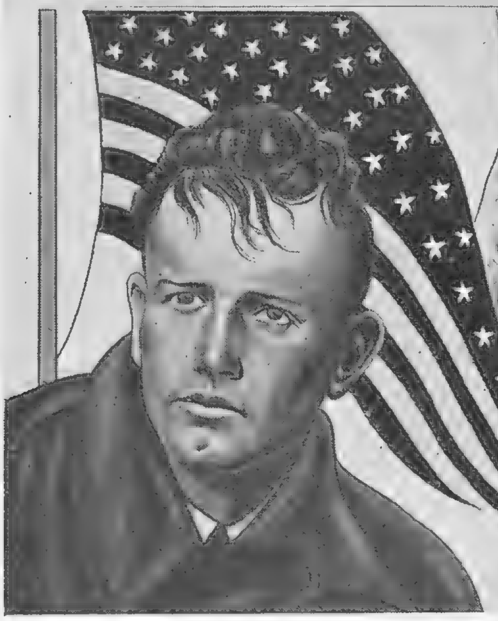
"No." McInnes shook his head decisively. "German, and uncultured." He gripped the other man's shoulder, for the voice continued—and now there was a hint of anger in it.

"I know I'm late, Chief, but you know why. I was delayed off the Faroes." McInnes's grip tightened on Vereker's shoulder. "Yes, I remember," the voice continued sulkily, "at midnight to-night and the new call sign is K for Krantz 937. I'll get there as quickly as I can and turn over your new orders to Henley. Good-night, Chief."

The voice stopped abruptly, and before its tones had died away McInnes was across the room pressing the bell. He turned to the lieutenant with little flashes of excitement rippling his usual calm.

"That's a fine bit of work, Vereker," he said. "It's confirmed my theories. We've got to (*Continued on page* 94)

THE MARCH of



Are you sure this is Lindbergh?

BALTIC
SEA
MEMEL
RUSSIA
Kurische Nehrung
Kurisches Haff
?

If someone should open this Window . . .

SUPER
CINEMA
GARBO

The B.B.C. is kind to Cinemas

Things They've Just Told Me

THE rumour that Charles A. Lindbergh is **not Charles A. Lindbergh** seems now to be definite with the revelation that his name is Manson . . . . A film drama school includes a course in **falling downstairs** . . . . High-Up of one of the big railways places the odds against passengers **meeting death** at 150,000,000 to 1 . . . . Test-tube babies, much in the news these days, are not news at all: parthenogenesis dates back to the 12th century in Arabia . . . . Many a fly-by-night estate agent who sold a dud marshland for a quick hundred is now finding, to his immense regret, that he sold a **gold mine**: turned into parking grounds, they frequently net £20 to £40 a week from the "6d. for 2 Hours, Shilling All Day" rates with a 25-shilling-a-week boy as the only operating expense . . . . I hope some of the **"old families of England"** have profited from this advertisement in New York: "Special Sale of Old Books from the Libraries of the Old Families of England," though I doubt they ever heard of the sale . . . .

Does the extreme leniency shown the Switzes bear out the hint we made in our May issue that the **spy case was a hoax**? . . . . What a **marvellous advert.** the Safety Posters mentioned under column Press Agents for Death would make for a motor oil firm: "Give All Your Time to Driving With Our Oil" . . . . Hitler's power as self-appointed Drama Censor of the World has now spread to Czechoslovakia, where the anti-Nazi play **"Races" has been banned** and all caricatures of Hitler, Goebbels, *et al.* have been forbidden from showing in Prague . . . . What's happened to the match that was good for **300 lights**? Kreuger is said to have suppressed it, but now that he's dead . . . . ? The Garbo-Mamoulian **elopement** is now officially recognised as one to benefit "Queen Christina" . . . .

Welcome these hot days would be the Hollywood slot-machine which, on the insertion of a shilling, delivers a **block of ice** wrapped in drip-proof cellophane . . . . Russia is at last producing free-from-propaganda films regularly, with "The Marionettes" and "Lieutenant Kije" the **current hits** . . . . Unemployment Figures: 2,000 cats are on our Government Pay-roll at a shilling each as official **mousers for Crown docks, barracks,** etc. . . . . **Dillinger's** official "income" for the last year, as disclosed by Washington Department of Justice, was 826,323 dollars, derived from 23 banks. Needless to say, this does not include income tax deductions. . . . .

Hot Spot Of Europe

JUST twenty years ago this month a picturesque but typical little Balkan town named Sarajevo, as typical as any match in a box of fifty held quietly in the palm of Europe, was struck a violent blow: the Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated: the match flared, the fire spread, the World was at war.

To-day there is another such match: the picturesque but typical little Baltic port of Memel in Lithuania. But whether it will be struck, as Sarajevo was struck, depends on Great Britain—a dispatch has just brought it to light again. A simple dispatch that Nazi agitators were running into trouble with Lithuanians and that the League was appealed to—but a dispatch that held enough "story" behind it to cause one of our newspapers famed for its foreign news to devote an entire leading article to it.

Local Colour

Lithuania, which has had more changes of government than France in the dozen years of its freedom from Russia, is like the highly coloured shifting scenes of *opéra bouffe.* There are three principal stage sets: Vilna, Kovno (the capital) and Memel. They are much alike in their wretchedly paved streets, in their three-language signs (though it is bad form to talk Russian now), in their hawk-eyed little black-coated financiers selling money on corners: the *bourse noire,* highly illegal and highly profitable; in their old Russian isvostchiks or horse-cabbies tippling vodka and donning their tall caps to the domes of the Greek Orthodox Church, in their filmed-up shop-girls and old-lady pretzel vendors, in their ancient jazz for returning from funerals, and their incessant political jabbering in the indoor cafés.

But underneath this "tourist show" lie the political hopes that major powers always bury in buffer states. In Lithuania the hope that has been uprooted at the moment is the advancing need of Germany to turn Memel into a profitable Baltic port for herself. Memel could be more important than even Danzig, but Memel has remained comparatively dead and undeveloped for the very wise reason that Lithuania knows the moment she does develop it her freedom may again be jeopardised. Now with Russia, Poland and Germany all watching the valuable land between them, Germany's recent "agitation" may be construed as "sounding" for laying a "mine." Complicated as this situation is, foreign observers will watch Memel during the next few months.

Best Things Are Free?

AN amazing argument and explanation in favour of the Fewer and Duller Programmes policy of the B.B.C. has just come to me from one of the biggest film men in the country.

Let me give you two quick pictures of the background to this argument:

1. A de-luxe super-cinema. Eddie Cantor. Deep, luxurious chairs, ultra-modern indirect lighting adding glamour without detracting from concentration, uniformed attendants snapping smartly to salute, magnificent lounges like a West End club. In a word—a marvellous show!
2. Home. The wireless: An Inquiry Into the Unknown, followed by a solid hour of Bach fugues. Desperate, you start for the super-cinema, when suddenly, miraculously, you hear Eddie Cantor's voice right here, on your own wireless! Sophie Tucker follows! Florence Desmond, George Robey, Sir Cecil Hardwicke! Amazed, you take off your hat, you put your half-crown back in your pocket.

Is It a Dream?

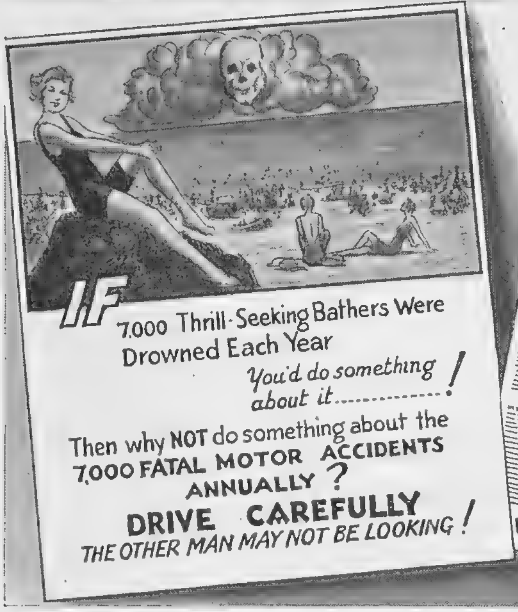
Fantastic as this seems, it is exactly what happened the night the Command Performance was broadcast from the Palladium: 75 per cent. of all regular theatre and film-goers put their money back into their pockets and stayed at home! *Seventy-five per cent.!*

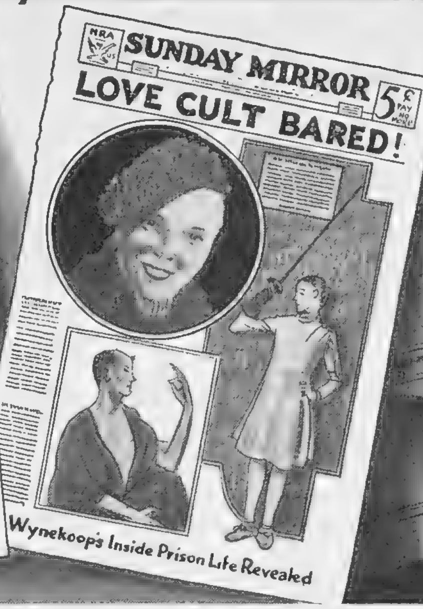
"A month of entertainment like that from the B.B.C. and Show Business would go bust!" But following the film magnate's words came the most amazing part of this argument: "It is not too much to believe that the low level of wireless entertainment is a matter of deliberate withholding of shows which might jeopardise the tremendous investments in Show Business!"

And truly when one considers the amazing mushroom growth of super-cinemas throughout England, the argument is all the stronger: 1,500 of these "palaces" have been built in the last five years. They cost as much as £350,000 to build, while their operating expense averages £1,000 a week. Gaumont-British have £20,000,000 invested this way in 350 theatres. It is at once obvious what a death-blow the B.B.C. could deal.

But in reply let me ask one question to conclude: What about the millions of pounds invested by listeners in annual licences? What about the millions of pounds invested in radio sets, tubes, etc.? We do not ask that Show Business lose *its* investment, but on the other hand is it unreasonable to ask that *we,* the public, get some real return on our investment?

TIME: By Wilson McCarty


IF
7,000 Thrill-Seeking Bathers Were Drowned Each Year
You'd do something about it..............!
Then why NOT do something about the 7,000 FATAL MOTOR ACCIDENTS ANNUALLY?
DRIVE CAREFULLY
THE OTHER MAN MAY NOT BE LOOKING!


NRA SUNDAY MIRROR 5¢

LOVE CULT BARED!

Wynekoop's Inside Prison Life Revealed

If 7,000 Thrill-seeking Bathers drowned each year . . . ?

Press Agents For Death

IT must be obvious, since the publication of the facts about the circumstances of the 7,000 road deaths of last year, that all the angry letters and articles suggesting various ways to reduce the motoring toll are more or less irrelevant to the main issue of making people constantly conscious of the necessity to use care on the high roads.

For most of the suggestions which advocate a 30 m.p.h. speed limit are refuted by the record that 62 per cent. of all fatal accidents in which speed could be estimated occurred when the motorist was going between 10 and 20 miles per hour. Similarly the magnificently ingenious (and entertaining) proposal for tests with some sort of film which reproduces road hazards meets a blow in the cold fact that out of 7,821 drivers involved in fatal accidents, only 59 were inexperienced with the type of vehicle they were driving, and only 346 had held licences for under six months. Finally, to those objectors who claim that the motorist is the greatest danger to life to-day comes the irrefutable evidence that in 3,807 fatal accidents in built-up areas, pedestrians were the sole or main cause in 2,179 cases, and the motorist the cause in only 852 cases.

Would This Help?

The question of saving life on the high roads thus reducing itself to a problem, not of imposing speed limits or compulsory driving tests or other regulations, but to what Sir Malcolm Campbell calls the most dangerous road hazard of all—namely, *thoughtlessness and selfishness*—it seems to me the most important step we could make would be to discover some way of making people more thoughtful of the dangers of motoring. And this is the idea behind a proposal which has just been made to the Ministry of Transport which I regard as the most sensible plan yet.

It is to put up posters of the type I reproduce here all over the country: at petrol pumps, at garages, at cross-roads.

"If 7,000 thrill-seekers were drowned at your beaches each year, you'd do something about it—then why not stop the road deaths too?" one of the posters says. "If 7,000 lives were lost on our railways each year . . ." another begins. "If 7,000 men were killed in the mines each year, you *would* be wild—yet mining is more hazardous than motoring," a third one says.

Posted all over the country, no "careless motorist or pedestrian" could forget his responsibility.

You need not read To-morrow's Paper

Do You Speak Journalese?

NEWSPAPER readers—that is to say, the majority of people—must frequently pause in wonder at the changes that are coming about in our Press.

In the place of the cautious, dignified announcements on which we were brought up, we find in to-day's paper:

1. *Such "slanguage" as we never used*: where the finest aviator is referred to as an Ace Flyer, the director of a great financial house as a Capitalist Big Shot, statesmanship as Hush-Hush Propaganda, foreign dictators as Big Boy of Italy or Big Boy of Germany.
2. *Such familiarity with the great as we never dreamed of*: where the real power behind French politics, for example, is exposed to us as the arms-manufacturing De Wendels, or where the true nobility of an actress kissing her mother is reduced to a publicity stunt for her next film.
3. *Such "personalising" of news-names as we previously regarded as both irrelevant and immodest*: where Karl H. Jones, winner of Olympic High Jump, must be "personalised" by some such pat "low-down" as "big, blonde, lanky High Jumper Jones eats spinach, takes his 72-year-old aunt to the movies."
4. *"By-lines" or signatures to "stories" from cricket to a foreign revolution*: where the "story" is given glamour by being written by someone with "a name," so that you feel you are getting more for your penny from *this* paper than from that.
5. *More and more brief, spicy items from abroad*; items which the editor knows are intrinsically unimportant, but which give the reader the illusion the world is spread out neatly before him and *he* stands wise above it.

The Source

America is the obvious pattern from which we are cutting our modern journalism. Masters of the mass-mind, our circulation-mad newspapers have found their methods immensely profitable. In most offices to-day you will find the latest copy of *Time*, the American news-weekly magazine which is parent of the "big, blonde High Jumper Jones" type of characterisation above; while above I reproduce a page of a New York newspaper of the still more advanced type which we may copy in the future: tabloid in size, in vivid colours, it tells most of its news in pictures, the letterpress being made up of headlines, comic strips and gossip columns.

Expensive . . . But now She's spending her Money here

Capital Comes Home

I HAVE just read a report and received a banker's conservative estimate that over 50 per cent. of British capital that has been heretofore invested abroad is now being invested in British industries. And the thought strikes me that this is very good news for the future of British employment; for if half of the vast sums which were previously sunk in developing foreign governments, foreign railways, foreign building schemes, foreign power plants, foreign theatres, foreign manufactures and foreign colonisation is now being turned into similar enterprises within our own shores, it seems inevitable that British workmen will benefit from capital coming home.

But a point about this optimistic report that has an unusual feature is the case it makes for Capital.

One of the Communist precepts is that capitalism is dangerous because the capitalist invests his money out of his own country: he sinks millions into electrification of the Ukraine or over-developing rubber in Africa for his own profit, when it is the British workers and not the Africans who most need the employment his capital could give. Capitalism has poured untold millions into India, where a handful of Englishmen profit, while thousands of workers at home lose their jobs to cheaper Indian workers, the anti-capitalists declare. And hence, they conclude, let us abolish private capital; let us put that money into the State, where it will be invested at home for the benefit of our own workers.

But now the revelation comes that that is just what is being done with capital; it *is* coming home. Partly because foreign developments have reached a temporary saturation point, partly because the future is too insecure, and partly, we may honestly believe, because the need to develop within our own shores—from the manufacture of paper to the building of 100 new towns—has become a pressing issue in everyone's mind.

If You Haven't Got Any Capital—

For those who doubt the above allow me to report the latest way to beat the depression: going into a cheap restaurant, you obtain a cup of boiling water. This is gratis. You then take it to the table, where you freely add tomato ketchup, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper and, if it's that sort of restaurant, a good helping of some of the free "oyster crackers" on the table. You then sit down to enjoy a good tomato soup!

Scribble Fingers

Sending *Old* Ships *to* Sea *in* Bad Weather *is* a Dangerous G*ame*

SHELBURNE sat stiffly on his straight-backed chair and waited to hear why exactly Mr. Mudros had sent for him.

Mr. Mudros, the only surviving partner of the wartime shipping firm of Mudros, Smith and Patten, sat at his flat-topped desk and idly scribbled figures on a slip of paper.

His large, plump face was pale. He was too fat, Shelburne thought, too soft, too unhealthy. He ate too much. He took too little exercise. Perhaps he drank. And why not? He could afford to drink. What else had he to do with his money?

Mr. Mudros raised his head. His small dark eyes, set in pouched lids, were apprehensive and, it seemed, even more alert and watchful than usual.

" So you see how it is, Captain Shelburne? " he said.

" Not quite, sir. It's difficult to make ships pay at present, I know," Shelburne said.

" Impossible, not difficult."

Again Mr. Mudros wrote.

Shelburne sighed. He wondered how much longer he should have to wait. And, by Heaven! wouldn't he ever stop that dam' scribbling of his? A queer trick, that! Always, to hide his thoughts, perhaps, he scribbled.

The afternoon was cold but fine. Through the closed window the sky showed clear and pale above the houses opposite. Gusts of wind whistled about the building. From the street there came the noise of motor cars and lorries and drays. A steamer's whistle hooted and then was silent, so that once more the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece was audible. A coal dropped from the fire into the grate. Heavy footsteps passed the door but did not stop.

Mr. Mudros ceased his scribbling.

" Captain Shelburne," he said, " listen. If I run my ships I shall go bankrupt. Nothing is more sure than that. If I lay my ships up I lose more money than I can afford. Also, good men are out of work. I have done my best." He paused and frowned at his desk. " Can you suggest any way I can make those three ships of mine pay? "

" I'm afraid not, sir," said Shelburne.

" The shipping business in this country is at its lowest ebb. The truth is, Shelburne, we can't compete with the Americans, the French, the Germans or the Italians. I have some figures here that frighten me. What did I make out of the *Hollington's* last trip to the River Plate and back? "

" I couldn't tell you, sir, but I have a letter here from a friend who is Captain of one of Park and Dawson's cargo steamers." Shelburne took from his pocket a bulky wallet from which he extracted a folded letter. " He says, sir, that he's heard from the firm that they don't know how they're going to carry on. I thought, maybe, you'd just like to see——"

Mr. Mudros took the letter, which he laid on his desk.

" Shelburne," he said, " for six months I have been losing heavily. The *Hollington* is due for her next survey in the spring. I'll have to pay out thousands of pounds to recondition her and satisfy Lloyd's and the Board of Trade. Her engines are terrible. Her boilers are worse."

Shelburne leaned forward and said:

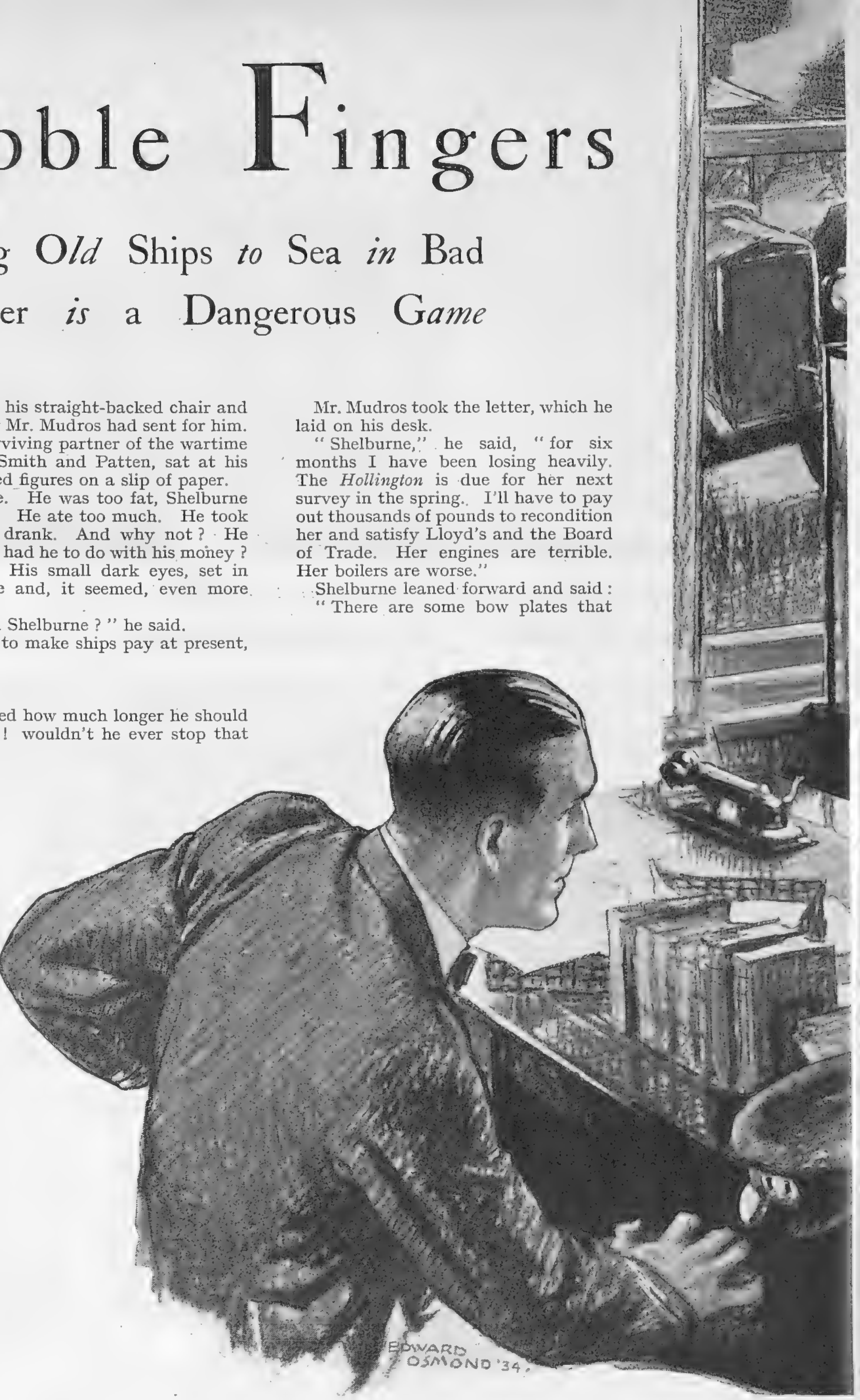
" There are some bow plates that need looking to, sir. Last time we were in dry dock——"

Mr. Mudros raised a hand.

" No, Shelburne, please. You needn't tell me. There's the rudder as well, probably."

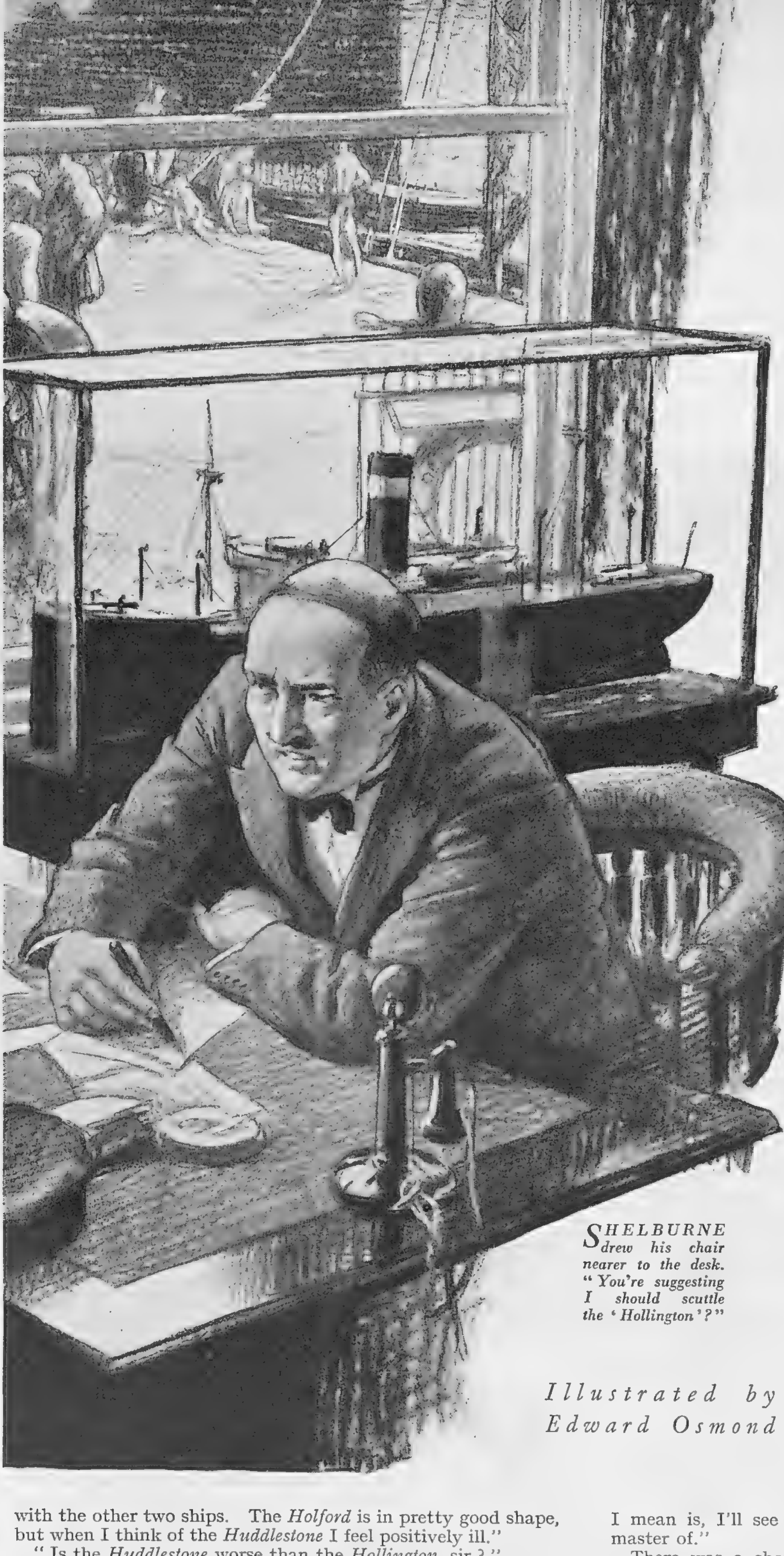
" There is, sir," said Shelburne. Once again he searched among his papers.

" Let me go on, Shelburne, there's a good fellow. Suppose I sell the *Hollington*! What do I get for her? Ten thousand pounds. Twelve. Extremely unlikely. Who'd buy? Not even the Greeks. I might as well give her away, but who'd take her? The way I look at it is, I'm ruined. It's the same



A Tragedy of the Atlantic

By W. Townend



SHELBURNE *drew his chair nearer to the desk. "You're suggesting I should scuttle the 'Hollington'?"*

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

with the other two ships. The *Holford* is in pretty good shape, but when I think of the *Huddlestone* I feel positively ill."

"Is the *Huddlestone* worse than the *Hollington*, sir?"

"That would be impossible, but as bad—nearly."

Shelburne was despondent. Even though a bachelor, he had no wish to be out of work.

"It's a predicament, certainly, sir."

He watched the podgy fingers scribbling figures.

"The *Hollington* at the bottom of the sea," said Mr. Mudros, "would actually be a load off my shoulders. She's worth more sunk than afloat, naturally."

Shelburne quoted the old sea saying:

"A ship on the rocks is worth two on the stocks."

"It's a suggestion, anyway," said Mr. Mudros.

"Not my suggestion, sir," said Shelburne quickly.

"You said——"

"No, sir. I did not say. I quoted."

Shelburne was firm.

Mr. Mudros studied his sheet of paper, now almost entirely covered with writing. Idly he wrote his signature. Without intention Shelburne read the name: *George Cumberland Mudros*; and was ashamed for having read what was not meant for him to see.

"Afloat, then," said Mr. Mudros, "the *Hollington* is worth, say, ten thousand pounds. At the bottom of the sea she would be worth"—the dark eyes in their pouched lids were cruel and cunning—"much more. There might be something to be made out of the cargo, too."

"Whose cargo?" said Shelburne sharply.

"Mine, perhaps. I don't know. Shelburne, suppose the *Hollington* were to sink, you wouldn't lose by it."

Shelburne drew his chair nearer to the desk.

"You're suggesting I should scuttle the *Hollington*?"

By no change of expression did Mr. Mudros betray his feelings. He showed neither surprise nor resentment.

"I prefer," he said, "to say that if the *Hollington* should sink I'd be willing to give you five hundred pounds."

Shelburne uttered a shout of laughter.

"Is that all?" he said.

"You want more, eh? I could manage a thousand, if——"

"No, I don't want more. What I mean is, I'll see you damned before I sink any ship I'm master of."

There was a short silence: the calm, Shelburne thought, before the storm.

Mr. Mudros frowned and threw aside the paper he had been scribbling on and drew his cheque book out of a drawer.

"Shelburne," he said, "we're men of the world, you and me, ain't we? What are you worrying about? The underwriters! Hell! Who cares for underwriters?"

"I won't sink my ship," said Shelburne.

Mr. Mudros looked old and exhausted and frightened. He opened the cheque book. "Shelburne," he said, "be sensible. A thousand pounds. Think!" He waited. "Two hundred down and the balance——"

"I'll not sink my ship."

Mr. Mudros let his cheque book slip from the desk to the floor. He reached for another sheet of scribbling paper and began to write, his dark eyes narrowed to two slits. Shelburne saw that he was writing his name: *John Reid Shelburne*.

"Why should you sink your ship?" said Mr. Mudros.

"You asked me to."

"I did not."

"You did."

"Captain Shelburne," said Mr. Mudros, "I won't have you accusing me of things I—I didn't mean. You've been drinking, haven't you?"

"You'd say it, wouldn't you? You ask me to sink my ship for five hundred pounds, and when I refuse you talk big about not meaning what you did mean. You're crooked, Mr. Mudros, and you're scared I'll talk."

SHELBURNE, stuffing the letter Mr. Mudros had not looked at back into his wallet, saw the point of the pencil being slowly drawn through his name and knew that the *Hollington* was no longer his.

"Captain Shelburne," Mr. Mudros said, "I object to the way you talk to me. I think it would be as well if we parted company. Perhaps I shall lay the *Hollington* up. Perhaps I shall sell. Perhaps I shall continue to run her."

"You're getting rid of me because I refuse to scuttle my ship."

"I'm getting rid of you because I don't like you."

Shelburne grinned.

"I wouldn't work for you," he said, "if you were the only shipowner left in the North of England. You're a crook."

Mr. Mudros put his hand to his mouth, as though to stop his thin lips from twitching. He said softly:

"Shelburne, if I hear of you talking about me, saying I asked you to sink the *Hollington* for the insurance, or any damned lies like that, I'll bring an action against you."

Shelburne rose to his feet. He stood and looked at Mr. Mudros in a daze.

"The cashier will pay you your money to date."

"The mate, Mr. Jackson," Shelburne said, "would make about the best Captain you could get for the *Hollington*." He thought then, how strange it was, how hard, that Steve Jackson, who had married Mary, the girl he himself had loved, should have his ship also. "Only," he said, "you needn't think he'd scuttle the *Hollington* any more than I would."

"When I want your advice, Shelburne, I'll ask it."

"Jackson's honest. Not a bad thing having an honest man for Captain. He won't cheat you behind your back."

"Maybe in a month from now, Shelburne, you'll wish you were back with me and not tramping the streets, hunting a ship."

"Why, you fat crook, I'll have a ship within the week."

Mr. Mudros chuckled. At the door Shelburne turned and said for the second time:

"A ship within the week. Do you hear me, Mudros?"

As it so happened, his boast came true.

NIGHT had fallen. The lights of New York were reflected in the black oily surface of the North River. A glittering ferry boat went swiftly past the ship moored alongside the dark pier. A cold wind was blowing and snow threatened.

Shelburne stood once more on the lower bridge of the *Hollington*. He looked about him in the darkness and involuntarily he sighed. He wondered whether it were possible for any man to return to the ship he has once commanded and not be forced to fight against a feeling of sadness or regret. He tapped lightly at the door of his old day room. A well-remembered voice said:

"Come in."

A broad, red-faced young man in his shirt-sleeves rose to his feet as Shelburne entered and grabbed his hands.

"Johnny!" he said. "Whatever brings you here?"

"I'm up at Weehawken with the *Portpatrick*. Didn't you know I had the *Portpatrick*, Steve?"

"I never heard. My gosh! Johnny, I'm glad to see you. Take your coat off and sit down. I'll get you a glass."

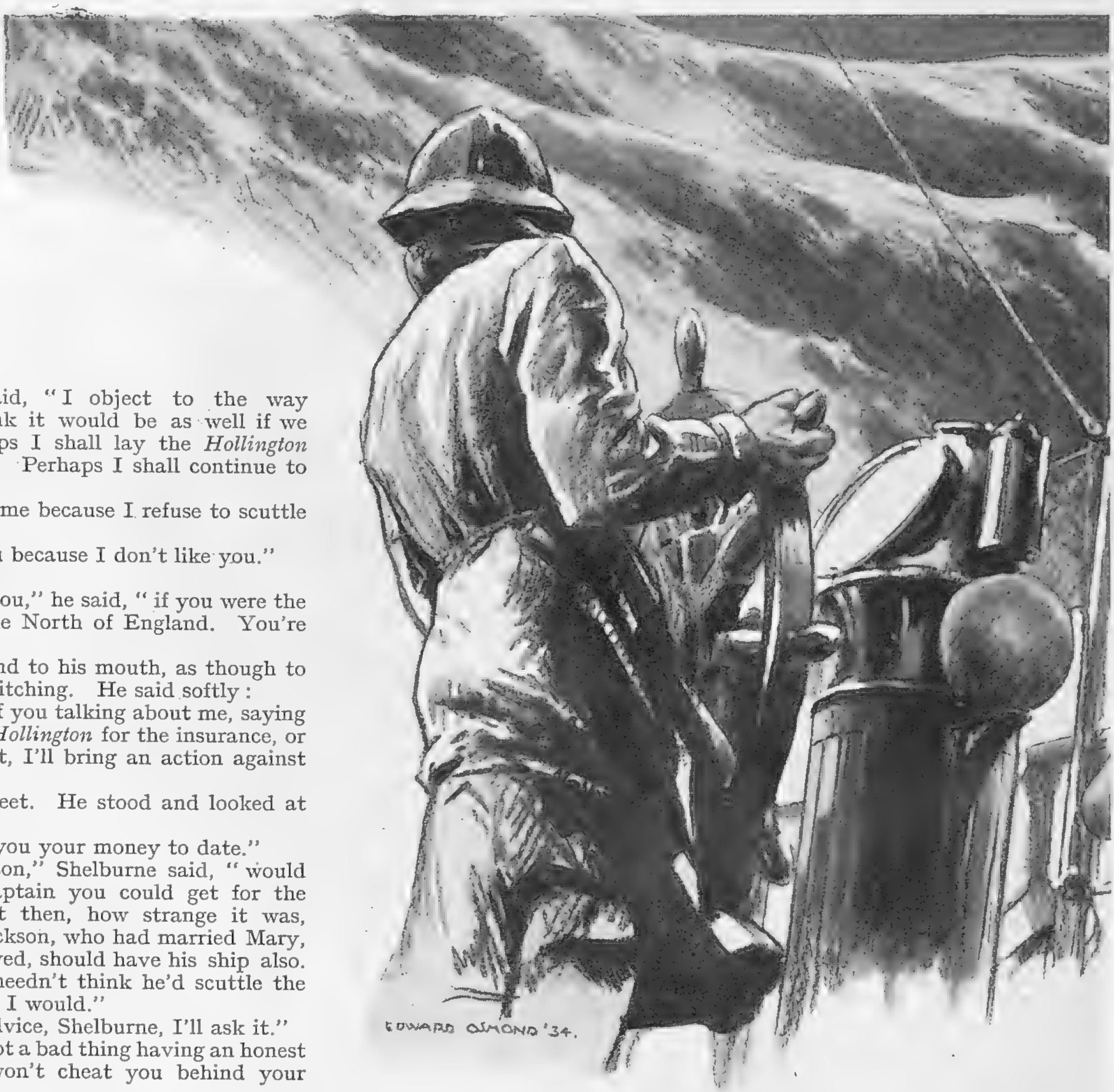
They sat and talked and drank their whisky and smoked.

"And you've got the old crowd, Steve?" Shelburne said.

"Everyone of 'em, except for a new second mate. All the engineers are still on board and the steward, the bos'n, chips and the donkeyman. We've got the same old cook."

"His duff as heavy as ever?"

"Just."


EDWARD OSMOND '34.

They laughed and then were serious. Shelburne said:

"Steve, tell me: how's everything?"

"Fine. The biggest surprise I ever had in my life was getting the ship. I'd gone home in a hurry—Mary had just had her third baby the week before—you remember, don't you?—when a wire came telling me to take over the *Hollington*. I tried to get in touch with you, Johnny, but you'd vanished. I asked where you were, but nobody knew."

"I was at Hamburg," Shelburne said, "where the *Portpatrick* was loading." After a while he said, pretending an indifference he could never feel: "How's Mary? Is she well?"

"Mary's wonderful. She wanted to know why you never came to see her. She said you were quite a stranger and she wondered whether you were cross with her or offended."

Shelburne shook his head and smiled.

"Of course not. Getting on with Scribble-Fingers?"

"You bet. He's not a bad sort, really. Bit of a worry-gut, but kind-hearted. He gave me the ship, he said, because he knew I wanted the money, being married and all that, though he'd had in mind, he told me, someone older. By God! he saved me. The extra money's come in damned useful!"

"I'm glad you got the ship, Steve."

"I wouldn't have if you hadn't quarrelled with Mudros."

"Did he say what happened?"

"Not exactly. He hinted things."

"Did he say I'd been drinking?"

Captain Jackson looked embarrassed.

"I didn't believe him."

"No. Well, it doesn't matter. Mudros didn't like me. I didn't like him. He fired me and said I'd not get another ship. I said I'd get one within the week. I was right. I hadn't walked a hundred yards before I met the superintendent of the firm I'm with now, old Captain Fraser, looking for a Captain to go over to Hamburg that afternoon. The Captain of the *Portpatrick* was dead. The mate was in hospital. There wasn't another man available. Luck, eh! If the mate hadn't been sick he'd have got the job. That's life, though. One man has good luck, another bad. One man loses a ship, another gets a ship."

"Yes," said Captain Jackson, "I was lucky, too. I was afraid the *Hollington* would be laid up. Mudros can't be making much money out of her, anyhow."

"Quite the philanthropist!" said Shelburne.

There was a knock at the door and the old chief engineer entered. Shelburne shook him by the hand.

"Mr. Macey," he said, "I'm delighted to see you."

"I'm delightit to see ye, Captain Shelburne, tae."

"Drink, chief?" said Captain Jackson.

"Aye, I dinna mind if I dae."

"How are the engines, chief?" said Shelburne.

The chief engineer's lean, sallow face was serious. He took the pipe from his mouth and stared solemnly first at Shelburne, then at Captain Jackson.

"I'm no' lukin' for'ard to crossin' the Western Ocean in the month o' February," he said.

Captain Jackson grinned.

"Johnny," he said, "outward bound you'd have thought it was June. The chief kept saying we'd catch it before we were through, but we didn't."

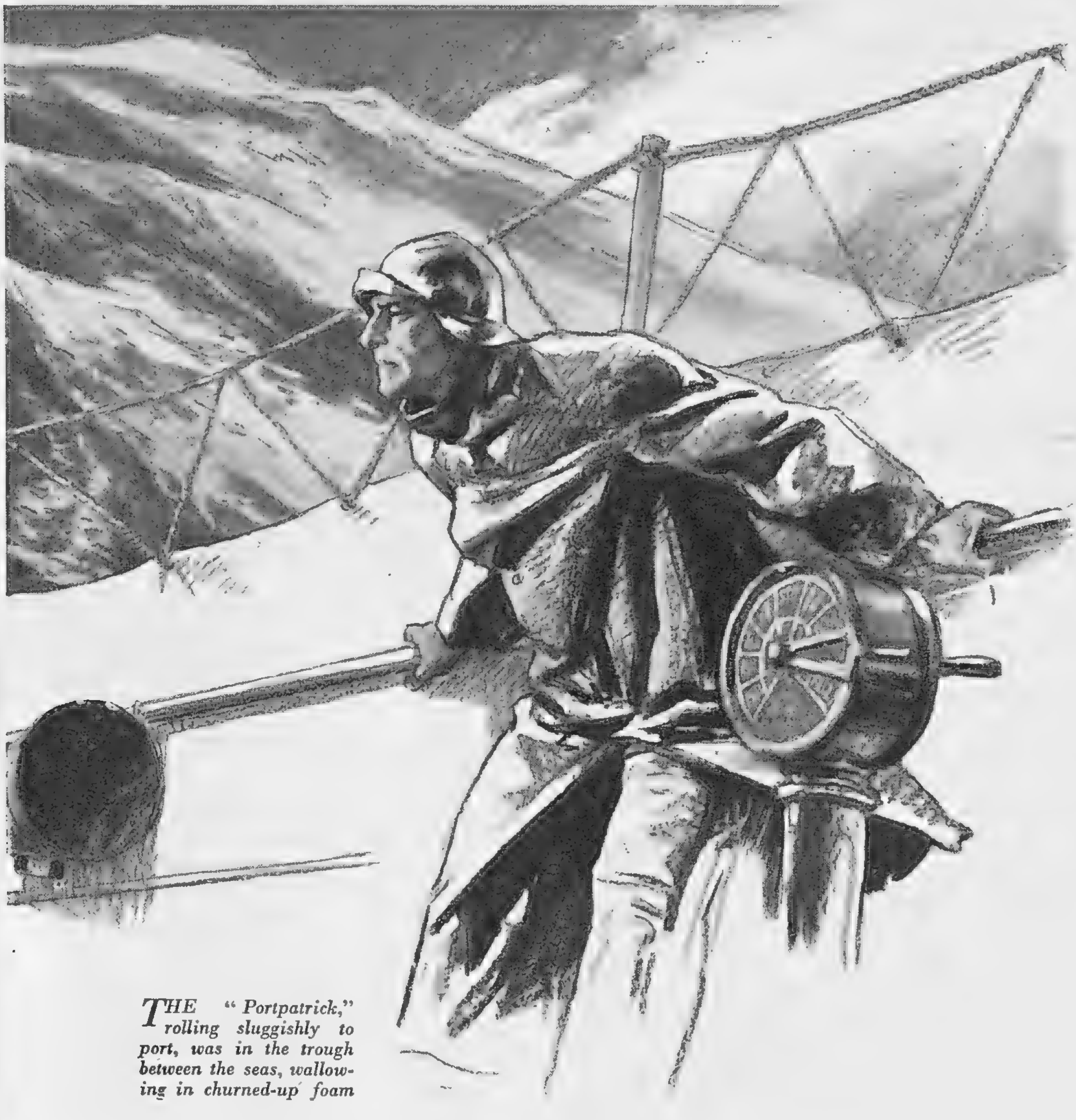
"There's the v'yage hame yet, Captain Jackson." The chief engineer turned to Shelburne. "Ye askit aboot the engines. If I were to tell ye what they wantit daein' to them, ye'd ca' me a liar to ma face. An' the b'ilers! What in the warl' auld Mudros was daein' not ha'in' them seen to when we were hame, I canna imagine. I tellt the super. The super tellt him. I ken fur a fact he tellt him. Captain Shelburne, if we reach England safe an' soond, I'll leave the sea. I've had a' I want. We'll ha'e bad weather gaun hame an' I'm afeart what wull happen."

"We'll probably have the best February crossing we've ever known," said Shelburne. "Where are you bound for, Steve?"

"London river. And you?"

"Liverpool. Maybe we'll be in touch crossing over."

"Aye," said the chief engineer, "mebbe ye wull. I ken yin thing, Captain Shelburne. I'd like awfu' weel to ha'e auld Mudros in the engine-room wi' me the next twa, three weeks."


THE "Portpatrick," rolling sluggishly to port, was in the trough between the seas, wallowing in churned-up foam

FOR the past forty-eight hours the *Portpatrick* had been running before a heavy sou'-west gale which showed little sign yet of moderating.

Shelburne, confident that his ship was as safe before the wind as hove-to, stood on the bridge and gazed with composure at the great masses of water, league upon league, like ranges of hills, topped with white foam, that swept past and the dark grey clouds that were so near the surface of the sea. Not even the heaviest of clothing was a protection against the wind. Neither oilskins nor rubber boots kept out the wet.

The mate, a hard-faced man of middle age, always of uncertain temper in bad weather, hauled himself up the ladder. Shelburne turned and glanced at him, standing by the second mate's side, clinging to the wooden rail with both hands.

"Hatches all right, Mr. Clarke?"

"Yes, sir, the hatches are all right." He added: "They are so far, sir. I couldn't guarantee what would happen if we pooped a sea, all the same."

"I don't suppose the *Portpatrick's* pooped a sea in her life. You're better off here, Mr. Clarke, than in many a ship twice the size."

"I don't say I'm not, sir. Other ships are having a much worse time than us, I'm sure."

"The *Hollington* is for one," said Shelburne. "I've been in touch with them ever since the day before yesterday."

"Your old ship, sir, isn't she?"

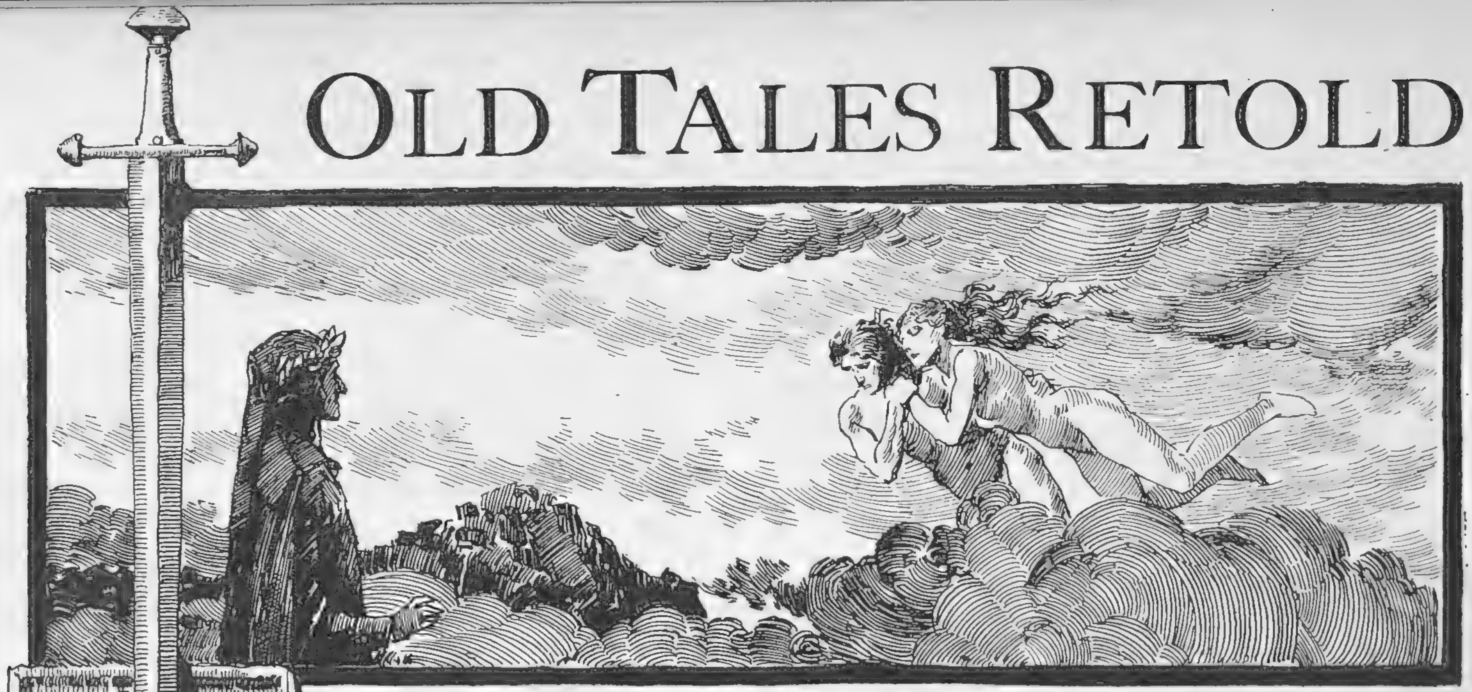
Shelburne nodded.

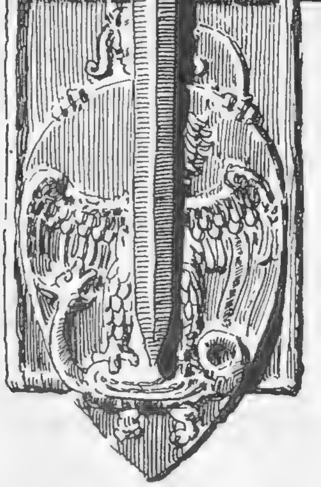
"I ran into Captain Jackson in New York," he said. "Well, Sparks, what is it now?"

The wireless operator, wearing

(*Continued on page 78*)

OLD TALES RETOLD





"Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire
Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd!"—DANTE

Paolo and Francesca

Written and illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

TOWARDS the second half of the thirteenth century the town of Ravenna—that shuttlecock between the battledores of battle wielded by Pope and Emperor with Europe as their court—emerged into the reign of peace.

Rimini, after decades of vacillation, had declared for the Guelphs and joined Ravenna against the Ghibellines.

Old and redoubtable Malatesta da Verrucchio, Potentate of Rimini, had at last stretched forth the hand of friendship to Guido III da Polenta, Governor and Captain-General of Ravenna.

Malatesta had given proof of alliance to his ancient enemy: he had sent his son Giovanni, called sometimes Gianciotto, at the head of an armed force to help Ravenna against the Traversari, and the battle ended with the complete destruction of the common foe.

But alliances sealed only with blood seldom endure. So, to cement the new-made bond, a marriage between the two families was proposed—the typical marriage of the aristocracy, the marshalling of two coats of arms oblivious to the desires, the passions, the humanity, and the souls of those that bore them.

Ambassadors had been the sole means of communication between the two houses, the heads of which had never met.

One day Maestro Toldo, the adviser of Guido, came with a concrete proposal. Guido, already advanced in age, received him with conventional courtesy, stretching forth his frail old hand to the obsequious kiss of his faithful servant. At the notary's request, the room was cleared for the audience. Master and servant took their places at the long centre table.

The councillor's unctuous insinuations opened the discussion: "Greater fortune could not befall Ravenna than peace with the Malatesta. All the world knows the people of Verrucchio, who have given to the State great warriors, princes of the Church without number, limitless wealth. Above all, they are blessed with the protection of His Holiness the Pope."

The old man acknowledged each point with a nod.

Maestro Toldo continued: "The sons of the old Malatesta are four: Giovanni, Malatestino, Paolo and Pandolfo. Of these, Giovanni is the heir apparent. He would lay at the feet of Madonna your daughter the possessions of Rimini, the wealth of the Rocca at Gradara, and with the time he would add to your protectorate Cesena, Faenza, Cervia, Civitello, Forlì. Doubtless one-half Romagna will bend the knee to the house of Polenta. A great man, Giovanni—a real leader of men. Already King Charles has made him Vicar of Florence, and . . ."

Here the old man interrupted him. He tapped his right knee significantly. "You mean Giovanni the Lame?"

Silently, with downcast eyes, Maestro Toldo assented.

There was a long pause. The wrinkles in Guido's face gathered and re-formed like a pool of water stirred at its depths. He rose from his chair and asked: "Does my son, Ostasio, know anything of this?" Another silent affirmation on the part of the councillor. But Guido still seemed uncertain, and he ordered Ostasio to be brought before him.

A few minutes later a handsome young man, in rich attire, entered the room. He exchanged a quick glance with Maestro Toldo as he stood before his father. Guido asked him if he had ever seen Giovanni.

"Yes, sir. I saw him when he destroyed the palisades and the barriers between Sant Agata and the Porta San Mamante—when the Anastagi were massacred. I had a good view of him."

"Was he on horseback or on foot?"

"He was on horseback, and was covered with steel from head to foot, but that armour must have sheathed a man of an even finer temper. Maestro Toldo knows him well: he can enlighten you further as to his character."

THE crafty notary well knew that the boy was averse to presenting to his father too decided an attitude. He went straight to the point. "I quite appreciate your lordship's hesitation, but as I have always served your House with fidelity, I will lay before you frankly the drawbacks of the position"—he laid a bony finger to his forehead—"and also the way to overcome them."

"Giovanni Malatesta is not the handsome, golden prince of every maiden's dream. He is ugly, thick-set and clumsy. He is lame and his whole appearance inspires terror rather than romance. . . . *But it is he who holds in his hands the future of Romagna.* He will crown . . ."

Again Guido interrupted—his mute, muttered question addressed as much to himself as to the notary. "How can we ever persuade Francesca to accept such a man? It seems almost a human sacrifice, of which the victim is the dearest and most beautiful thing I possess. How can anyone picture that angel of beauty and innocence coupled with that ogre? Besides, Francesca is a true Polenta: she will rebel against anything and anybody—even against the authority of her father."

Ostasio took his father's hand and recommended him to hear what Toldo had to say; and the notary, who had anticipated the every reaction of his patron, continued patiently to demonstrate that, if they were anxious to embrace the alliance with Rimini, it would be wise if Madonna Francesca did not meet Giovanni before the contract was signed; the marriage could take place by proxy; one of the Malatesta brothers could represent Giovanni, and escort the bride to Rimini. For instance, Paolo was so handsome, both in mind and person, that it seemed incredible that he and Giovanni were sprung from one parent stem, so antithetical were they.

The old man was overwhelmed by the perverse ingenuity of this forerunner of Machiavel, while the notary, affecting indifference and examining his nails, continued: "It will be advisable not to acquaint Madonna Francesca with the fact that the marriage will be performed by proxy. Time and good-will on her part will make all things to run smooth."

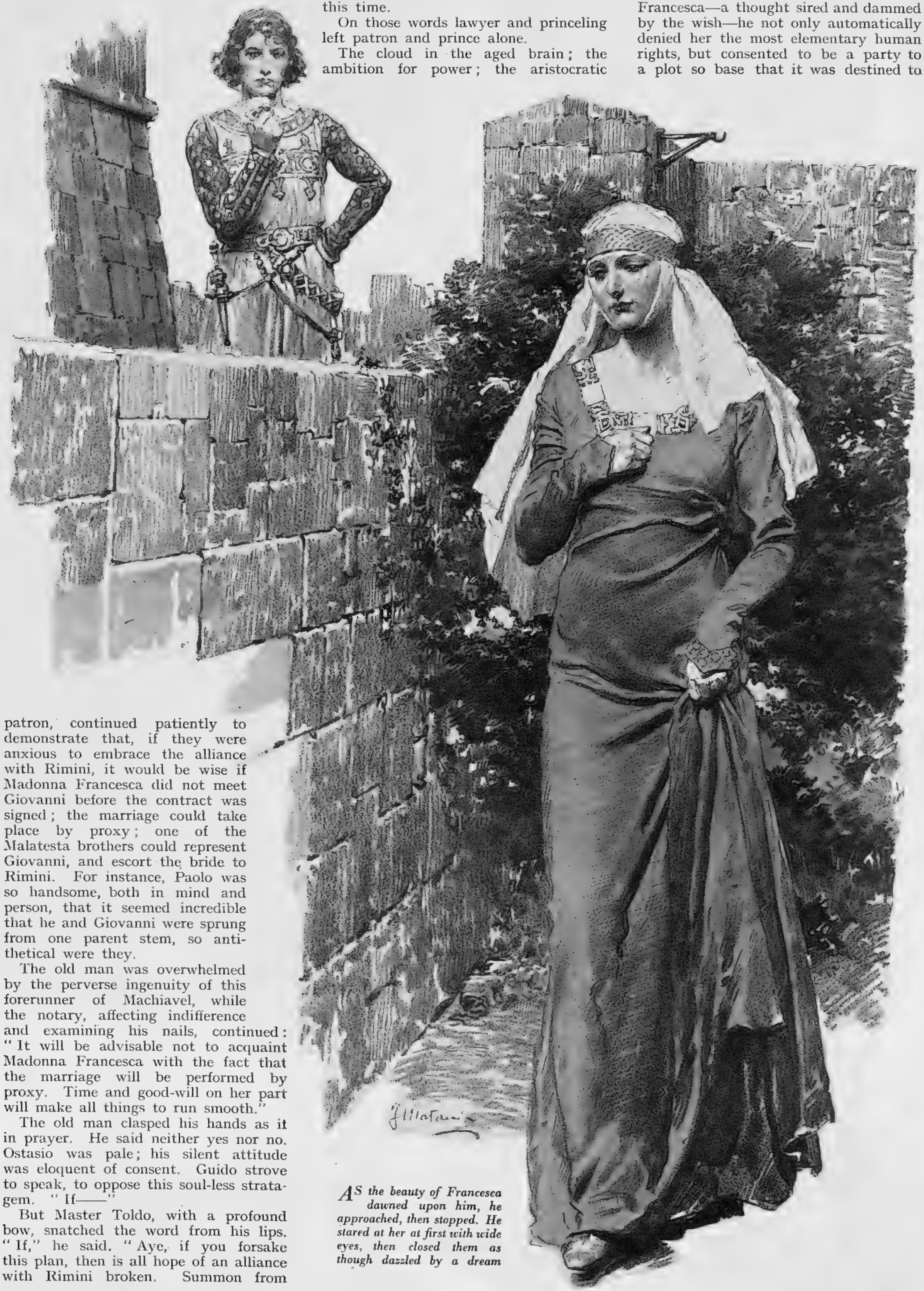
The old man clasped his hands as it in prayer. He said neither yes nor no. Ostasio was pale; his silent attitude was eloquent of consent. Guido strove to speak, to oppose this soul-less stratagem. "If——"

But Master Toldo, with a profound bow, snatched the word from his lips. "If," he said. "Aye, if you forsake this plan, then is all hope of an alliance with Rimini broken. Summon from your cellars your arbalisters, that you may be ready when the people of Verrucchio begin anew the horrors of war. For they will not stay their hand this time.

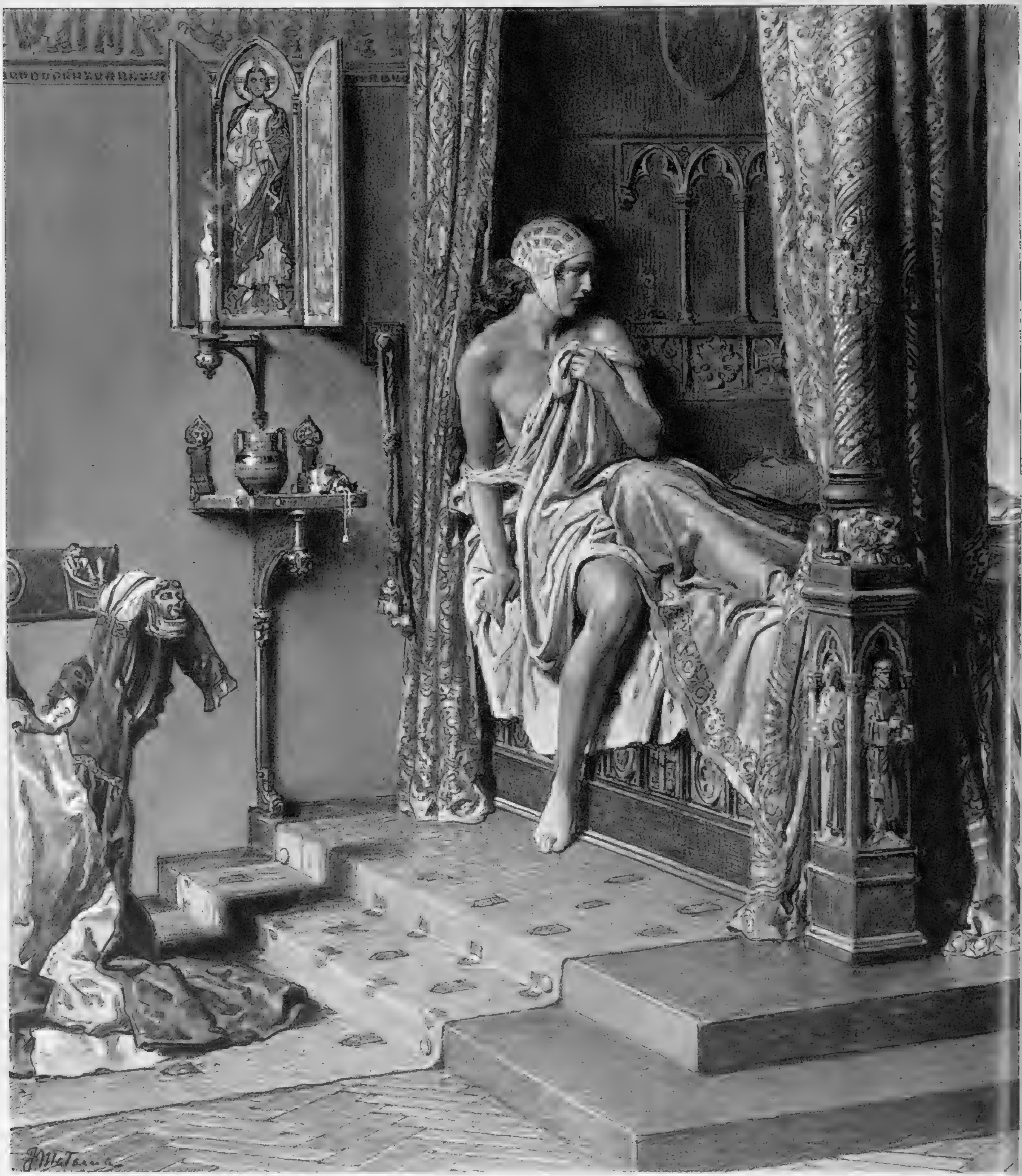
On those words lawyer and princeling left patron and prince alone.

The cloud in the aged brain; the ambition for power; the aristocratic tradition, all combined to gain the upper hand of Guido's humanity.

Thinking only that he was preparing a brilliant future for his beloved Francesca—a thought sired and dammed by the wish—he not only automatically denied her the most elementary human rights, but consented to be a party to a plot so base that it was destined to



As the beauty of Francesca dawned upon him, he approached, then stopped. He stared at her at first with wide eyes, then closed them as though dazzled by a dream



SHE was awakened suddenly by the noise of the curtain-rings running along the pole of her bed. She turned—to a thick-set man with a heavy jowl, with fierce grey eyes, with a faint smile on cruel lips, with unequal shoulders, and

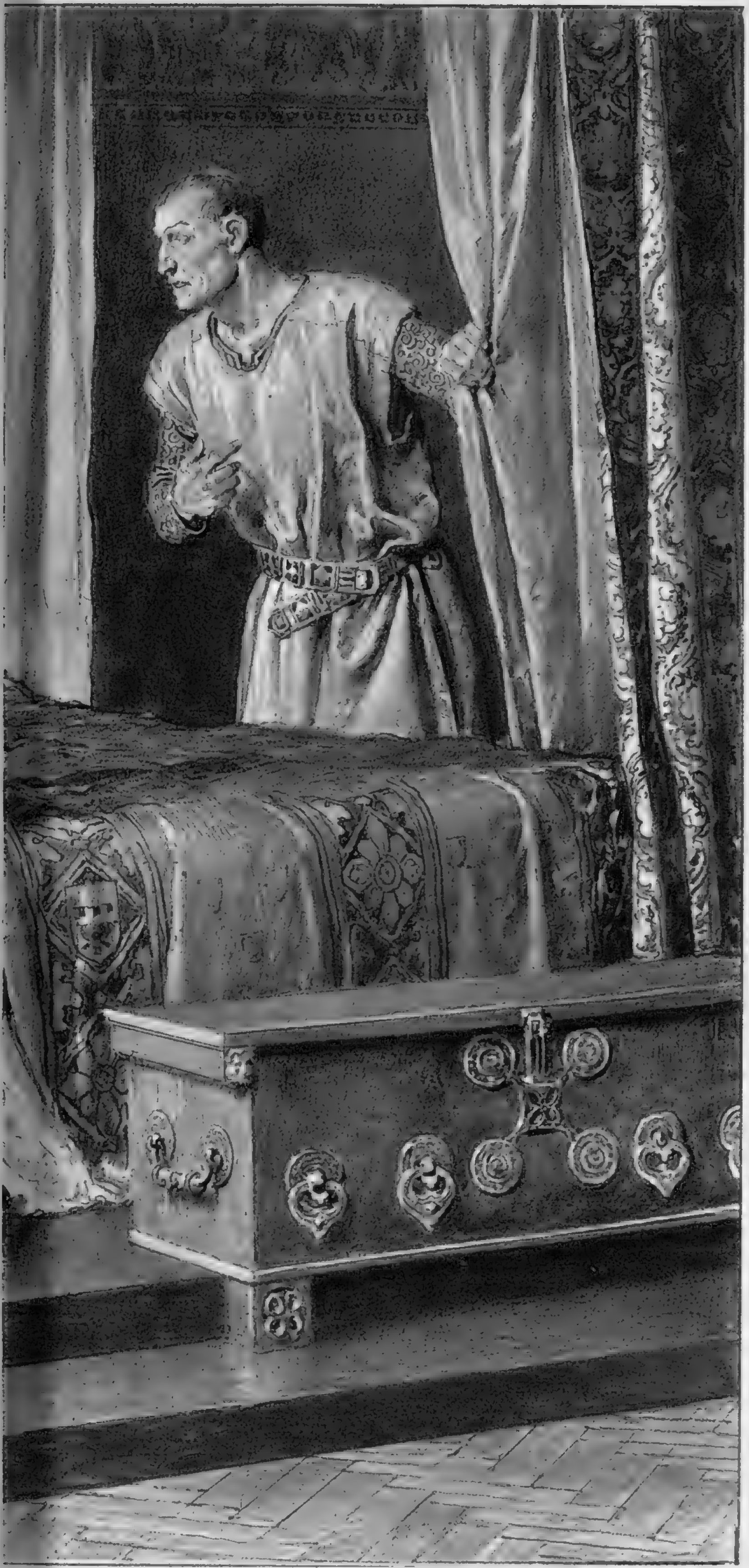
remain a hideous blot, not only on the escutcheon of Polenta, but on the pages of history.

The secret was well kept: it did not leak out. The only news that spread was—that Madonna Francesca was going to marry one of the Malatesta, who would shortly come with an escort to sign the contract and to fetch the bride.

THE castle was rigidly guarded; strict orders were issued against the possibility of any stranger entering its precincts. Errant troubadours, story-tellers, merchants, hopeful of profit at best, entertainment at worst, were chased away or kept in custody for fear lest an indiscretion might put Francesca on her guard.

"*What would the bridegroom be like?*" That was the predominant question, not only in the mind of the beautiful daughter of Guido, but also in the minds of her ladies-in-waiting and her maids.

A wedding of this import was the concern of all. The great day dawned—but without the glamour that everyone anticipated. No heralds, no trumpets, no festivities, no tournaments, no public functions. The family of Polenta adopted an air of mystery, for which no one could give a plausible explanation. Owing to the vagueness of the replies, Francesca ceased to question. Her state of mind was indescribable. She was silent and perplexed. In spite of the traditional custom, her proud nature was reluctant to accept anything



see a man standing by the side of her bed: brutal hands gnarled with the use of steel

that was not preferred by her own will and chosen by her own taste.

She constantly compared herself with those happy country-girls whose poverty made them slaves *only so far as their work was concerned*, but who in their private lives enjoyed the freedom of selection, who fell in love first—and married after.

The advanced education that she had received had developed her poetical instinct to a high degree and had given to her a full appreciation of the integrity of her own personality. By the time she reached the verge of the great event, she had matured a plan of open rebellion if her impression of the man did not accord with her ideal.

With this determination in her heart, she obeyed all the instructions she received; she kept herself secluded in her apartments until she was called. The tension of her nerves reached breaking-point when she heard the arrival of a retinue of cavalry as they swept over the cobbles of the courtyard—the horses to the stables: the men to the castle.

FOR nearly two days Malatesta was her father's guest before Francesca caught a glimpse of him.

It was towards sunset when two of her ladies rushed into her room, radiant and too excited for coherent speech.

"Come, come, Madonna Francesca."

"We have seen him."

"He is handsome as the blessed St. Michael."

"Come, Madonna Francesca."

"Happy the lips to touch that mouth."

Coldly Francesca arose. "Are you sure it is he?"

"Yes, Madonna, it is he, Malatesta, your betrothed. *Paolo il bello* (Paul the Fair)."

The girls, oblivious of etiquette, took their mistress by the hands and pulled her towards the door. Under the portico they collided with another group of maids, also coming to fetch Francesca. On every lip bubbled eulogy of the visitor, eulogy couched in the high-flown phrase, the ecstatic rhetoric, of the thirteenth century, the Age of Faith.

Pale of face, Francesca descended the stairs leading to the garden. Paolo, she was told, was strolling behind the low wall. In a moment he would reappear from behind the base of the tower.

The maidens left their mistress and gathered together under the portico, where they stood motionless—a group of living statuary frozen into momentary immobility.

Francesca stood by a rose tree, and, gathering the rioting blooms in her slender hands, buried her face in their crimson fragrance. . . . The slow rhythm of oncoming footsteps roused her . . . she turned. . . .

She was face to face with Paolo, the predestinate lover with whom her name is linked throughout the history of immortal love.

As the beauty of Francesca dawned upon him, he approached, then stopped. He stared at her at first with wide eyes, then closed them as though dazzled by a dream.

It is strange that one has to fill pages and pages of description in order to describe what happens in the human mind in a flash. In those few seconds Francesca remembered all that she had suffered: her uncertainty; the various probabilities pictured by her imagination during the everlasting sleepless nights; the tragic monstrosities that she had constructed in her dismay and fear; the rebellion for which she had prepared every word; the penalties for her presumption in opposing the age-hallowed infamy of aristocratic tradition she had rehearsed, the curse of her father, the shadow of the convent, all the coercion that lay in the power of a princely parent of the Renascence.

But the mephitic mists of imagination faded in the sunshine of Paolo's smile.

He said but one word, hesitating, interrogative. "Francesca?"

Her eyes still on his face, she bowed acquiescence; then broke the stem of a rose, stripped it of its thorns, and offered him the flower.

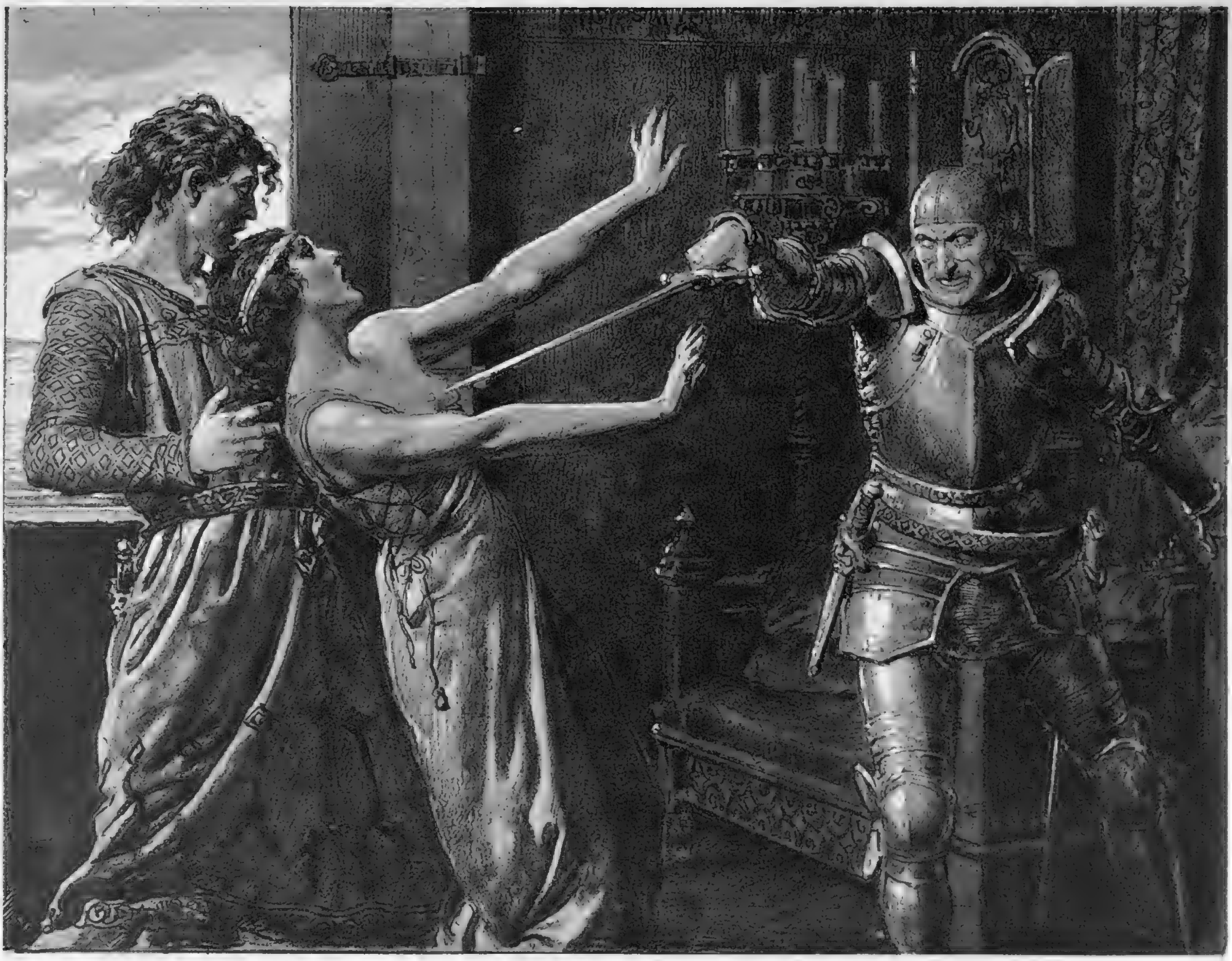
He took the hand that held the flower, pressed it, closed his eyes again. His grasp grew tense. The strong grip thrust into her palm the thorns she had not yet thrown away. She endured the laceration of her delicate flesh—true pain of pleasure—smiled at him, and went away.

The rose is in truth the prototype of love; instrument at once of agony and joy. But they speak true, those broken idealists we call cynics, who say, "There is never a rose without a thorn."

As she reached the portico, her maidens flocked round her again. She spoke no word. She wanted to be alone. The faint smile of joy too great to be borne was on her lips. Tenderly she kissed them all, and gently thrust them from her. She fell on her couch, sobbing, laughing, shaking—culminating reaction after her days of apprehension.

THE next day Francesca was called into the great hall. Her maidens had tired her, decked her in the gems her family had treasured from the Byzantine era. Her eyes burned, but she asked nothing, saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing: she moved through the pageant as in a dream.

Maestro Toldo met her on the threshold of the hall. "Salutations, Madonna Francesca. By God's grace I am to act as notary in the union of two great names, names that



THE thrust aimed at Paolo with all the skill of the practised warrior and all the violence of rage met Francesca's tender heart

for centuries have blazed like beacons on the shores of the Adriatic, names now to burn in splendour like the single sun, shining throughout Romagna. Amen."

Few people were present. Paolo stood apart beneath the ogive window like the hero limned in the stained glass. On a long carved table was stretched the parchment to be signed. Guido was not there: his signature ran, black and sinister, already at its foot. Without wasting time Master Toldo read the list of the dowry and the bare formulas, omitting many lines, he said, for brevity.

No one looked at the other. When Paolo was called near the table and a quill was handed to him, he signed with an unsteady hand. Francesca's signature also wavered—but it was not with shame *she* trembled.

Master Toldo, the principal in the undertaking, left to Ostasio the task of drying the written names and sealing the ribbons, while he escorted Francesca to the door.

Before leaving the room she stretched out her hand to Paolo. He bent and kissed it. His fingers were cold as ice, but to her that chill was the frore upon Hekla—snow-sheathed mountain of the burning heart. As she re-entered her room, her maidens were busy filling coffers, caskets and chests with her belongings.

In the courtyard of the castle the men of the escort harnessed the horses and drained a stirrup-cup with the garrison of Polenta.

The farewell was an ordeal for everybody.

Francesca took with her only her old nurse. Despite that privilege, the old woman was in tears—infected by the plague of sobbing that heralded the departure of the only idol to whom they all had devoted their care and their lives.

Little presents and souvenirs filled the hands of Francesca: others were hidden in her luggage, to surprise her on her arrival.

The parting from her father was a heartbreak. Even for this sacred farewell Ostasio and Master Toldo remained with them. They cut short every spontaneous expression; they measured every word with a jealous parsimony, as if they had orders to allow so much and no more. They led the old man away lest he disclose, in his guilty misery, while yet there was time, the base deception they had contrived.

Paolo was not there. He was never there. Perchance he was busy packing. A moment and the jewel of Polenta, enshrined in a coach and surrounded by a host of armed men, at the head of whom rode Paolo, was on her way on the riband of the road that bordered the Adriatic to Rimini.

THE magnificence of the apartment prepared for the bride surpassed anticipation. The new maids obsequiously repeated their names several times, so that Madonna Francesca could remember them. She was taken round the castle, its martial aspect deriving from its ubiquitous armouries—trophies, weapons, banners. She saw little and cared not at all.

The disappearance of Paolo was her predominant thought, nor did she dare to ask where he was. Her father-in-law had sent from Gradara a welcome borne by gorgeous jewels; Malatestino and young Pandolfino—the cadets of the house—were the only ones to greet her of the people of Verrucchio.

Late at night, the crowd of Ravenna was still shouting to see the bride, while Francesca was left alone in her great marriage-bed, fragrant with sweet-scented herbs. Unseeing, her eyes followed the legend of Tristram and Iseult portrayed with tragic aptness on the frieze that encircled the vast bedchamber.

Strange position! She was the wife of a man she had seen only twice, with whom she had exchanged but one word.

Where was he?

So passed the first hour, so the second, so the third. The silence was absolute but for the tireless, monotonous threnody of the sea. Once or twice she fell to sleep, but awoke each time to astonishment at her surroundings—and her situation.

The big window grew lighter, the greenish light of the Adriatic horizon intensified until, at last, slumber overcame her, and her long eyelashes lowered to drowse upon her cheek in peace.

She was awakened suddenly by the noise of the curtain rings running along the pole of her bed. The full morning light shone in her eyes. She turned—to see a man standing by the side of her bed: a thick-set man with a heavy jowl, with fierce grey eyes, with a faint smile on cruel lips, with unequal shoulders and brutal hands gnarled with the use of steel.

She passed her hands across her eyes to brush away a frightful vision. But the vision was material.

"What do you want?" she breathed. "Who are you?" The man watched her expression of terror with obvious dismay in silence.

She asked again, "Who are you?" and in saying that she instinctively backed out of bed, pulling with her sheets and clothes.

"Stay." Intentional sweetness failed to modify the natural harshness of his voice. "I am Giovanni Malatesta, your husband, the happiest man since Adam."

Francesca, half in and half out of bed, was spellbound, paralysed. It must be a nightmare.

"You are my lawful wife, married by proxy because urgent other matters have detained me. Have they not told you? Paolo was my representative, the chief of the escort, and—a signature. Nothing more."

Even the stony heart of Giovanni quailed at those last words. For the first time, he was afraid to tell the truth. For the first time, he felt the cowardice of his behaviour, but, as with great Julius when he crossed the stream that ran but a step from his house, the Rubicon, the die was cast: there was no going back.

He left the room, and Francesca saw his distorted figure drag its stiff leg through the door.

Francesca was overwhelmed. She crushed the knuckles of her hands between her white teeth, to stifle her sobs, desperate, endless, hopeless. How long she wept she did not know, but, when she put her head out for a breath of air, she saw her faithful nurse at the foot of her bed.

They looked at each other, and the nurse, understanding the unvoiced question of her mistress, shook her head. "I did not know until one hour ago," she said. "I swear it on the Holy Heart of the Virgin Mary, on your own life dearer to me than the salvation of my soul. I knew nothing."

Francesca stretched forth her naked arms and drew the tear-stained wrinkled cheeks to her own.

FOR days plans, desperate and absurd, flashed through the mind of the betrayed girl, but none were feasible, nothing possible. For days she clung to the belief that her father also had been betrayed—but when the parchment with the signature of Guido was shown to her, she lost all hope.

Paolo had disappeared. She knew that he was with Guido di Monforte fighting at Cesena. She was alone and the master was Giovanni. Giovanni was her lord, her husband; Giovanni was the terror of everyone, even of the men with hands as hard as the hard wood hafts and helves of the axes and lances, maces and swords they wielded incessantly.

He was the arbiter of her destiny, he was the gaoler of her life, and Francesca the bride became gradually obedient to her fate.

But fate is guided by the human heart even more than by the human will.

Paolo returned, strangely altered. He was pale and worn; he had lost his redolence of the joy of life. His first meeting with Francesca was a sorry skirmish of sarcasm on her part and bitter remorse on his.

Once or twice he lost control of himself and confessed the horrible struggle that had destroyed his peace of mind. He described the danger against which he had flung himself in the hope of ending the life that was a misery to him—slashing, killing, fighting an easier battle, thrusting at last at a visible enemy—but he came out unscathed.

So grave was his state of unrest that by the time Francesca stopped reproaching him further she, the victim of unspeakable treachery, became the consolation of the man who had been its principal instrument.

With the passage of time her conversations with her brother-in-law fell on the noble and beautiful things of life—music, literature, philosophy, history, poetry. He proved a charming singer, a fine musician. He knew a young man from the family of the Alighieri who promised to become a great poet. He even gave her a few *sonetti* to read—signed *Dante*.

Paolo revealed himself the very antithesis of his brother. For him, dressing well was an instinct; so was his accessibility to every delicate thing of life. His masculinity was free from coarseness; his strength only a delightful pressure without a sharp edge; he was quick to understand the most refined subtlety.

He was the classic ideal of the *parfait* knight, to enslave a noble woman of the *moyen âge*.

The frequency of his military expeditions obliged Giovanni to stay away a great deal. Those absences became a plausible reason for his brother to entertain his wife. But the time soon came when these meetings lost their serenity. Their conversation became more and more dangerous, like the flight of the moth round the flame. Just to see each other was the crying need of their lives. Once together, they felt the edge of the abyss from which they had not the strength to withdraw: into whose depths of perilous delirium they had not the courage to fall. A momentary touch, and they caught their breath: a brush of their clothes, and their hearts stood still.

Every argument on which they embarked was a cloak of falsehood to cover the truth breaking out of their souls.

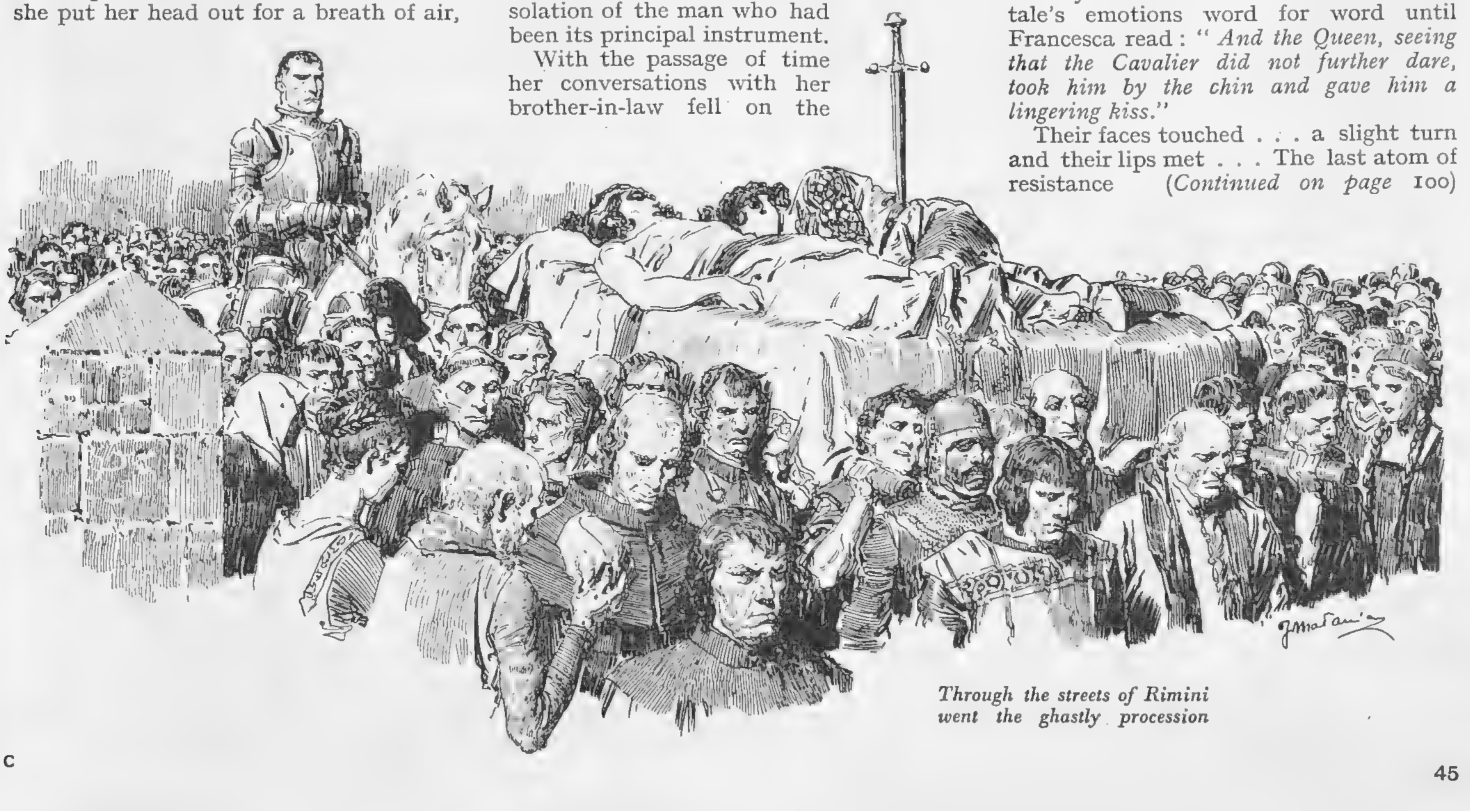
ONE day she made him kneel down and ask mercy from God; the blasphemy had escaped from his mouth—he had said "I love you." Long was the struggle, but it had only accumulated the strength to the impetus of their passion.

Later they were both bent over a book, reading the story of Lancilotto dal Lago. The suavity of their two voices pronouncing antiphonally—strophe and antistrophe—the expressions of love of the protagonists, Galeotto and Ginevra, was, in reality, uttering in cadenced music words diabolically suited to themselves.

They followed the *crescendo* of the tale's emotions word for word until Francesca read: "*And the Queen, seeing that the Cavalier did not further dare, took him by the chin and gave him a lingering kiss.*"

Their faces touched . . . a slight turn and their lips met . . . The last atom of resistance

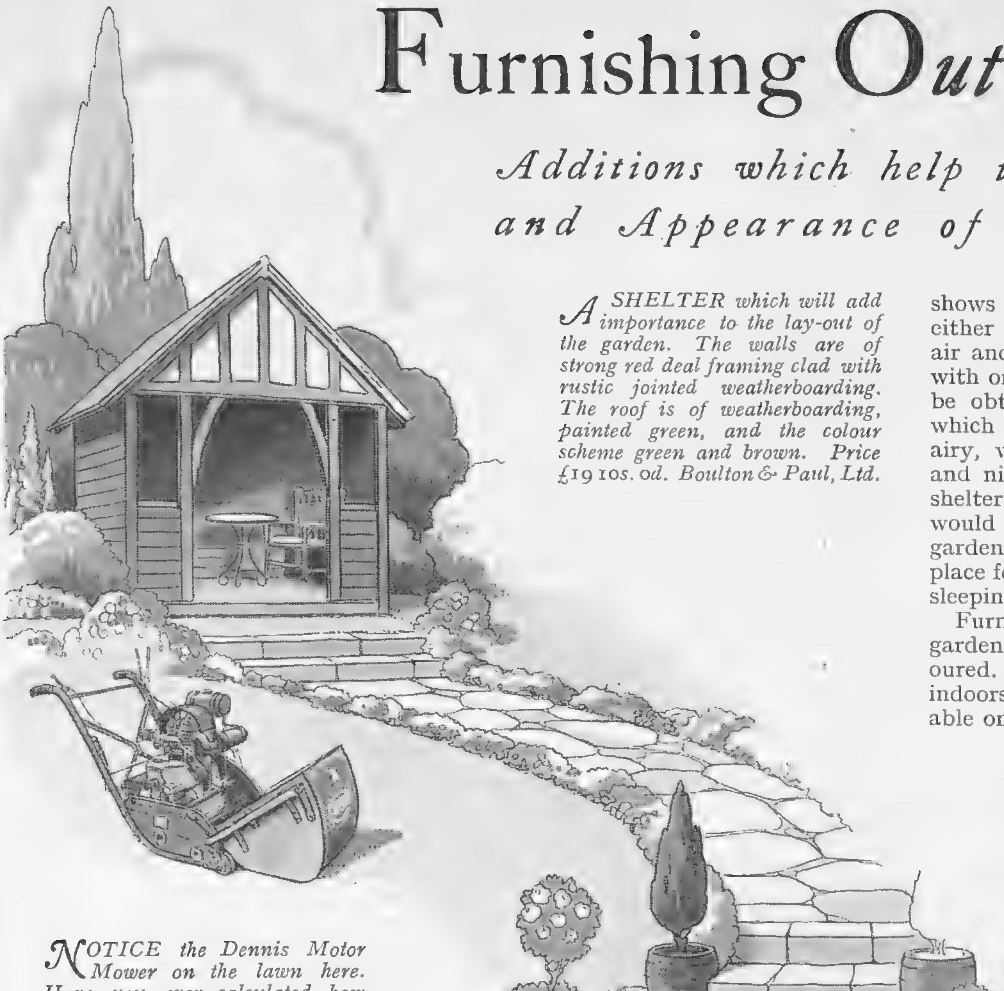
(*Continued on page* 100)



Through the streets of Rimini went the ghastly procession

Furnishing *Out* of Doors

Additions which help to the Comfort and Appearance of the Garden



A SHELTER which will add importance to the lay-out of the garden. The walls are of strong red deal framing clad with rustic jointed weatherboarding. The roof is of weatherboarding, painted green, and the colour scheme green and brown. Price £19 10s. od. Boulton & Paul, Ltd.

NOTICE the Dennis Motor Mower on the lawn here. Have you ever calculated how much in garden labour you can save yourself in this way?

QUITE as important as knowing what to grow in the garden is knowing how to live in it. Gardens that are kept to look at and not to walk and talk and eat and sleep in ought to be as dead as Victorian parlours which were only used on Sundays; but they're not.

We know it's all very well to talk of keeping in the open in this climate, but at the same time we could spend far more leisure than we do out of doors if gardens were only more comfortable.

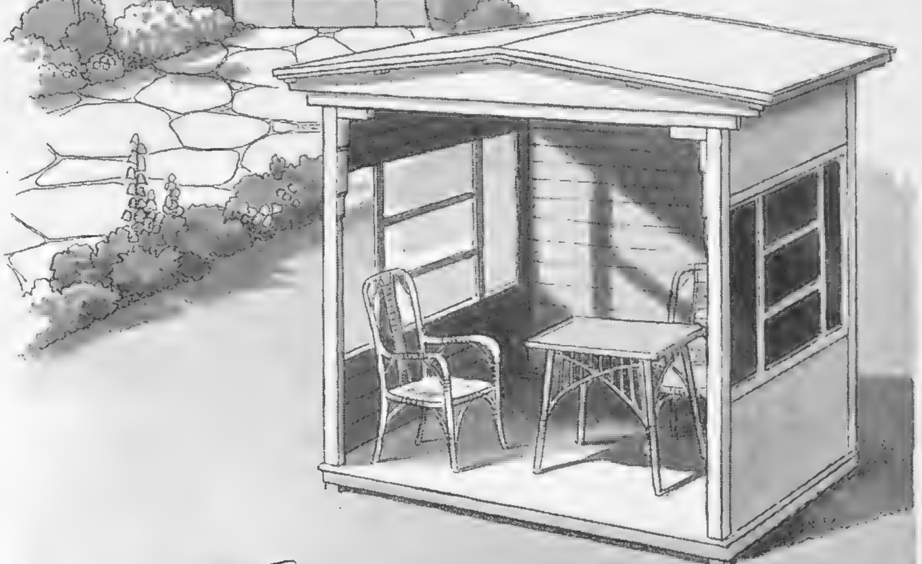
It's entirely our own faults if summer houses are associated with spiders and rustic timber that flakes off into the tea. What could be more essential, after all, for the cool summer days so typical of this climate than a shelter from which to enjoy the sun and the flowers, whilst protected from the chilling winds that now send us scuttling indoors?

Sewing, writing, reading, eating—even sleeping—could be enjoyed in the open if only our gardens were better equipped for the purpose.

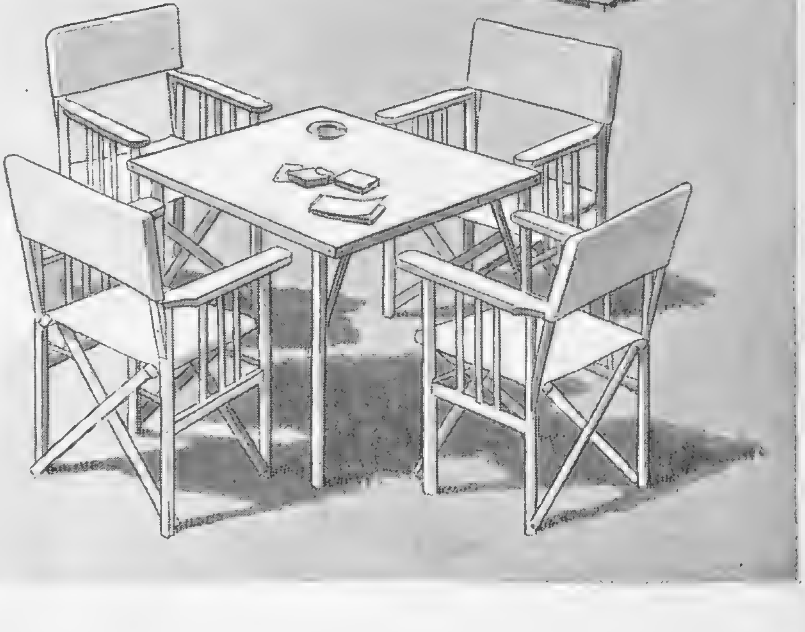
And what if the garden *is* small? All the more reason for having an airy retreat, surely, where one can shelter from neighbourly glances. If, more especially, the shelter is a revolving one, it is possible to catch every glint of sunshine as well as to avoid the slant of every enquiring gaze.

Modern garden shelters are very complete affairs. Look at these illustrations. One shows a shelter with two large windows on either side for admitting the maximum of air and sunshine. This shelter can be had with or without revolving gear and can also be obtained with half glass folding doors which enclose the front, making a perfect, airy, weatherproof retreat for cooler days and nights. The other illustration shows a shelter of rather different design. This one would look particularly well at the end of a garden walk and would be a very pleasant place for meals, or an admirable shelter for a sleeping baby.

Furniture for the summer house and garden should be simple and brightly coloured. The bridge set would be useful indoors as well as decorative and comfortable on the lawn for garden meals.



YOU can live in the open if your garden has a shelter which admits the maximum of air and sunshine. Here is a soundly constructed shelter of well-seasoned timber with large windows. As you see it here it costs £10 10s. od. Boulton & Paul, Ltd.



AND finally some furniture for garden occasions. Painted wood frames and velvet covering in either white, black or colours make this set a charming asset. Price £5 9s. od. complete. From Sibyl Colefax

Helps *for the* Summer Home

DO not dismiss this shredding machine too lightly — it is a great help in preparing salads, minces, purées, potato crisps, sandwich fillings and so on. It is 29/6, post free, and worth it. Easiwork

DON'T spend hours fiddling to make perfect little curls of butter. This gadget will produce them in a moment. Price 1/6. Easiwork

GOODNESS knows, summer brings expenses enough, what with a thousand and one purchases incidental to the warmer season, but if anyone can point to a more deserving cause than that of lighter housework during the out-of-door days—well, let them point.

To those who prefer making puddings to making merry outdoors this will seem to be a thoroughly frivolous theme. Actually, it is a perfectly serious one, based on a sober economy campaign. " A minute saved is a minute gained," and why not ?

Now look at the things illustrated on this page. It may seem a far cry from sunshine to a shredding machine, but actually there's a very vital connection. This gadget is one you cannot appreciate until you've seen and worked it. It costs 29s. 6d., but then you get a lot for your money.

At the same time, price is not always an infallible guide to usefulness. Notice the potato chipper on this page. No self-respecting kitchen can afford to be without this ingenious gadget, which costs only 1s. 9d.

And then there are the egg timers which do away with the need for loitering in the hot kitchen.

Really, the world is full of these useful gadgets, if you only know where to find them.

THIS ingenious gadget chips potatoes before you can say "knife!" One stroke slices a whole potato. Only 1/9. Easiwork

HERE'S another discovery—an aluminium whistling egg saucepan. It won't matter if you are upstairs when this goes off; you still hear it. Price 4/6. Easiwork

MEET the newest coffee pot. It prepares coffee scientifically and without trouble. Summer breakfasts will be much improved if you add this to your shopping list. Price 7/6. Easiwork

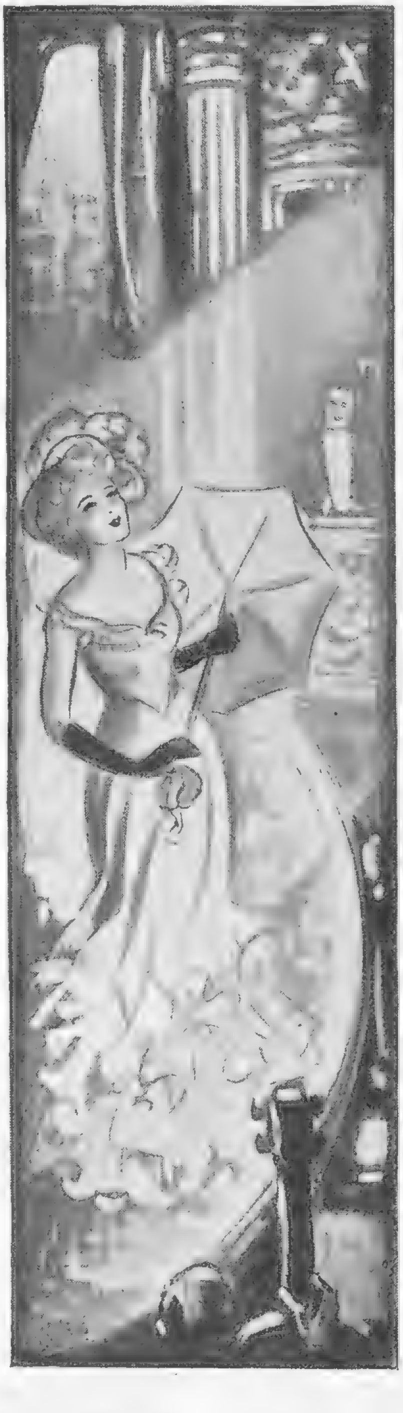
The Old-Timer:

The
as

BESSIE TURNER tried to get through the crowd that had been waiting there for over an hour. The King was coming! She wanted to shout to them, "I'm going on to-night." But that was a secret.

Every year, for years, Bessie Turner had longed to appear at the annual Command Performance at which Variety displays itself before the King and Queen.

Before the war, at the first performance of all, she was nearly chosen. When the first pick was made from all the stars, and one of the brightest of them all was left out because she wore male attire, of which the Queen did not approve, and another was unexpectedly banned because—well, you know, she "said things"—at the last moment, too, Bessie Turner's name was omitted.



There was an act too many, and so she had to give way. Then for over twenty years she had waited, waited until there seemed no hope.

Before the war, her song, "The Roses Will Always Bloom, While You Are In My Heart," had been whistled by every boy in the street. And ever since, when she appeared, the gallery had called for it. Boys no longer whistled, nowadays. Whistling had gone out. Perhaps it was because there was nothing for them to whistle.

Anyway, they do not do it.

But year after year went by, and Bessie Turner's hair went grey, and then white. Her stardom was over.

Now and then, she got a job in some cinema. For a while she toured with a lot of veterans, reviving memories of the old days, making the young wonder what it was all about, but forcing the older ones in the house to yell every tune and hum every chorus.

She managed to keep herself. Anyway, her family was grown up. And, now, she was alone to the end of her life, she knew that, so long as she could sing a note, nothing would give her such joy as going on the stage, to hear always from the back of the house the cry of "Roses." It meant that she had to sing her old song. It meant that she was still remembered.

Her voice was a bit rusty. But the old ones did not mind, and the young ones liked to sit by the older generation, anyway, wonder what all the fuss was about, and think "What nonsense they applauded in Father's day!"

And then, joy of joys! It was incredible. They called her up, one day, and said, "We want you for the Command Performance."

"We want an old-timer," said the management. "You come on at the end and sing one verse and a chorus of 'Roses.' Put on a plain dress."

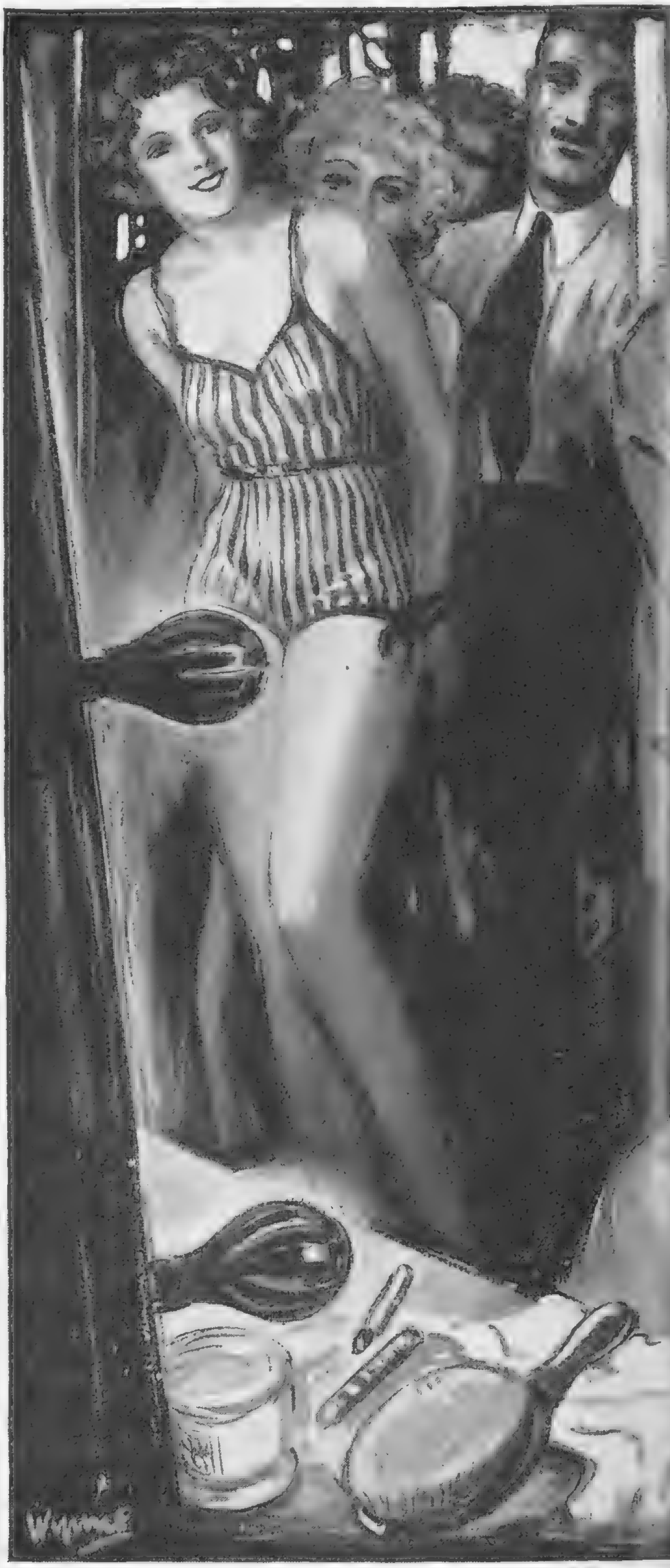
It was not much of a compliment, perhaps, to be brought on as a has-been.

Her name was to be a surprise. Nobody was to know. When the band had played, she was to be announced as a sample of what used to be, and used as a contrast with all the syncopation and the rush.

"And, mind, you do not tell anybody," she had been cautioned.

"WHY, it's old Bessie," she heard, from somewhere in the crowd.

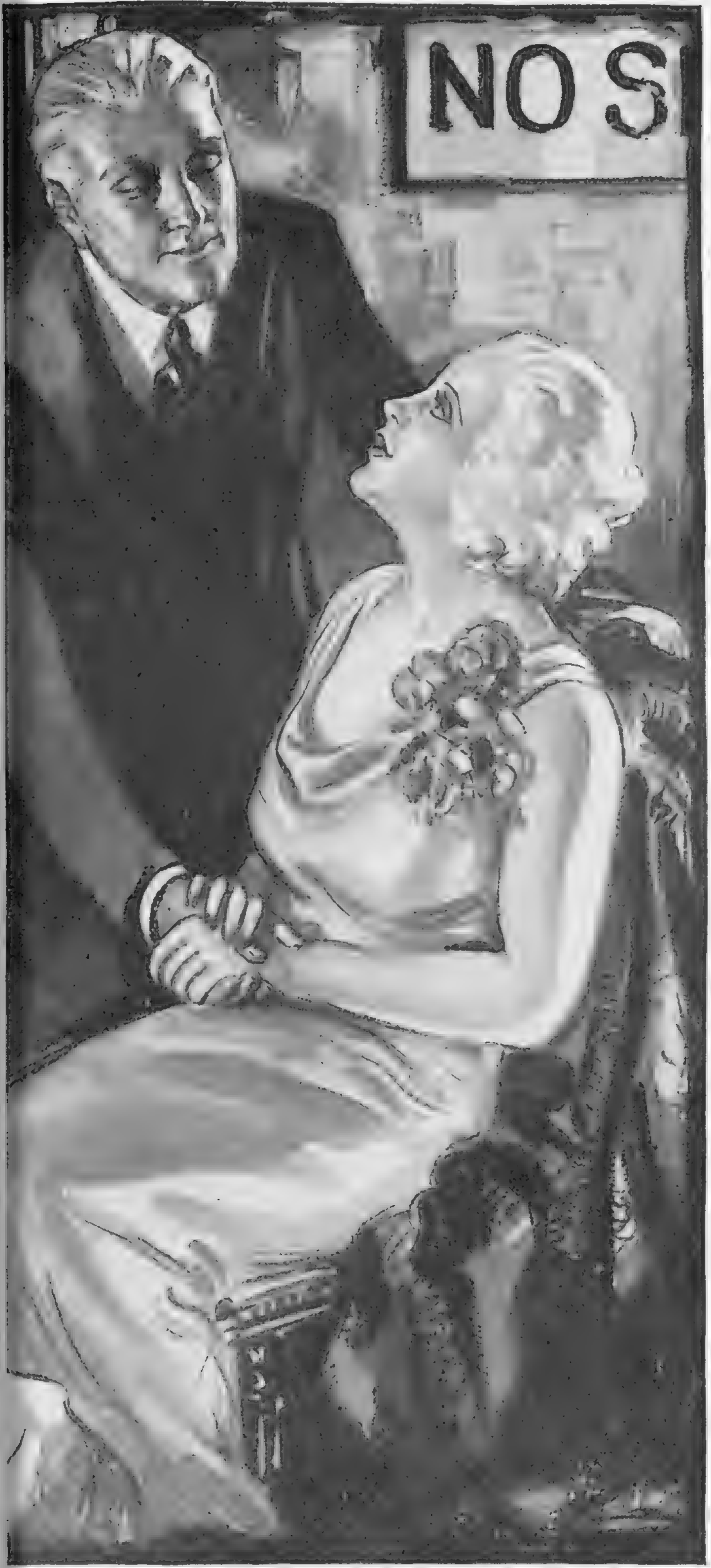
And the phrase, "Old Bessie," went along.



AND then she saw in front of her
girl," he said. "What a reception you

Command Performance the background for a Sentimental Story

By Hannen Swaffer



. . . Billy! "Bessie, you were fine, old got! You can still knock them cold!"

Illustrated by D. Ll. Wynne

" Bessie who ? " asked somebody.

" Why, Bessie Turner," someone else said. " I remember her as long ago as the Old Mo."

Even then, they would not let her through. The police were holding back the crowd. The King was expected every moment. . .

Then the cheering burst out—and the hats came off. And the crowd went away. " The King has gone in ! "

AT last, she got behind, where there were a score of dramas going on.

There was an American act boasting, " I don't care a cuss whether I appear before the King and Queen or not," but carrying, all the time in his pocket, a cable from his wife, ecstatic with joy in Brooklyn because he had cabled her that he had been " commanded." They merely said things like that. It was to hide their fears.

There was a concert artist who had just been served with a writ for alimony. It was the only address his wife knew. For she knew, as all the world did, that while his lodgings were unknown, he had to appear that night before the King.

THEN there was a new Italian act, which had only arrived the night before, lost its baggage on the railway in France, and wearing, now, hired evening dress. One of them even wore a white shirt borrowed from the manager, a half-soiled one, worn the night before.

Standing near the wings were the children belonging to a Chinese tumbling act, staring out, through their long slit eyes, looking frightened, as indeed they always did, when the head of their troupe stood near. They did not seem to know who the King was, and what it was all about. Nor did any of them know her. " Old-timers " didn't belong to their lives. . . .

Then not far away was John Mubbo, the famous Yorkshire comedian, arguing, protesting.

" If I have to cut that gag," he was saying, " I cannot show."

" But it was cut after your rehearsal this afternoon," an under-manager replied. "Why, the Queen would faint if she heard that."

" But I tell you it is my whole act."

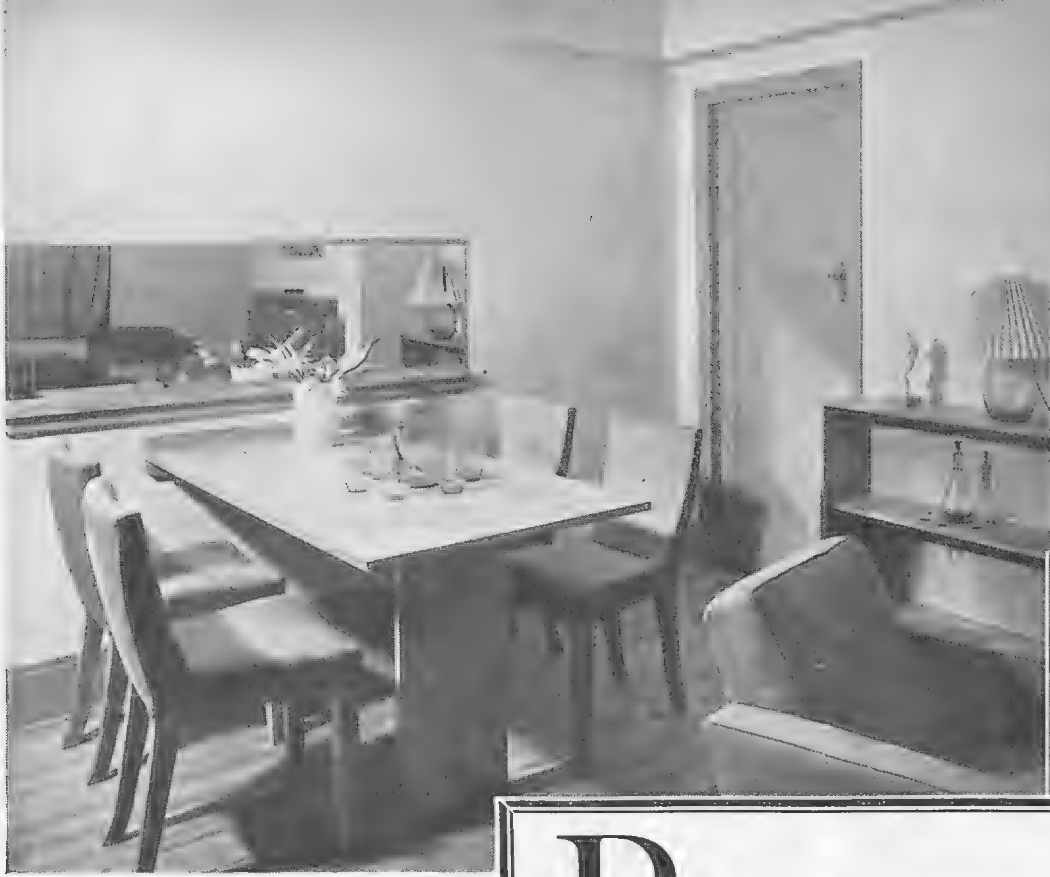
" If you start that gag, the curtain will come down."

There did not seem much place to be in, except just near the wings.

The big film star brought from a picture just produced by a kindred management had the star dressing room, of course. So the top-of-the-bill turn, who was in the usual week's programme, had to move somewhere else.

" You dress along with the dancing troupe," Bessie was told.

(*Continued on page* 121)



THIS collapsible dining-table was created by Maurice Adams especially for the two-purpose room. Though adequate for seating four people it is simple to dismantle and to fold flat against the wall

(Below)

THE smallest of kitchen-dining-rooms adjoins the bed-sitting-room pictured here. Through the open doorway a glimpse is seen of the built-in dining-trestle and forms. At another end of this small room, cooking apparatus is installed and politely veiled with chintz

Planning a Two-Room Home

The smaller town apartment —its decoration and equipment

By

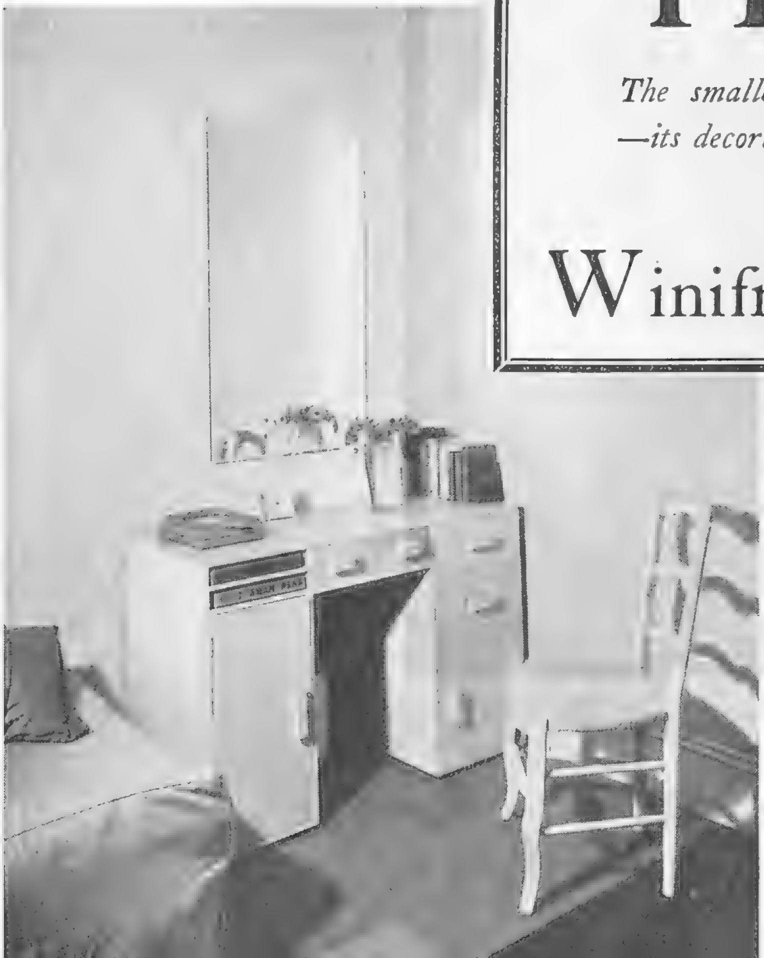
Winifred Lewis

THIS is about the type of small apartment which choice or circumstances is making a typical feature of our time. One room and a kitchen—the kind of abode which represented to our grandmothers the lowest ebb of fortune and which, to our enlightened selves, describes the maximum of sane efficiency.

Perhaps we live in the country and need a diminutive apartment for use in town. Modern conditions, in fact, frequently shape themselves in such a way that this type of place commends itself as a permanent residence. The whys and wherefores are not the concern of this article, however; its purpose is to discuss the planning and equipment of a tabloid home so that comfort is ensured at a cost commensurate with its size.

Everywhere that modern blocks of flats are making an appearance, apartments specially designed for this type of living are included. Their disposition and equipment is, of course, scientifically planned. Not a fraction of space is wasted and the tiny kitchen which adjoins the main apartment is a triumph of elimination. Any large room, however, can be adapted comfortably so long as lighting, heating and water are available at convenient points.

As the problem of space is a pressing one, it is as well before attempting to furnish a room of this kind to consider what essential furniture can be included in the background, as it were. Built-in cupboards are an indispensable feature of the all-purpose room, since they encroach so little upon floor space whilst providing hiding places for the innumerable trifles whose virtues are not in their looks. Cupboards of plywood cost very little to build and in most cases the outlay is justified by the fact that



DESK, dressing or writing table and fitted canteen—whichever you will. A piece of painted furniture designed for use in the smallest type of flat. By Burak they dispense with the need for items of furniture which would otherwise be essential.

Should a large window be situated in a central position, for instance, a built-in cupboard fitment of plywood, height about two feet from the ground, can be built along the wall on each side and under the window. This provides a wide, useful shelf for books and ornaments, if any, while the cupboards underneath—flap-fronted ones for economy and convenience, please—will accommodate china and glass and quantities of equipment usually relegated to a sideboard. The fitment should be painted to match the walls and ought to cost no more than a pound or thirty shillings if the right man and materials are employed.

A fitted wardrobe cupboard for clothes is another necessity. This can be snugly fitted into a recess, where a suitable one presents itself, or even into a corner. This again can be a very inexpensive undertaking if one is content with painted wood which, in most cases, is adequate and which, when painted to match the walls, mingles with the background and helps still further to subdue the bedroom character of the apartment.

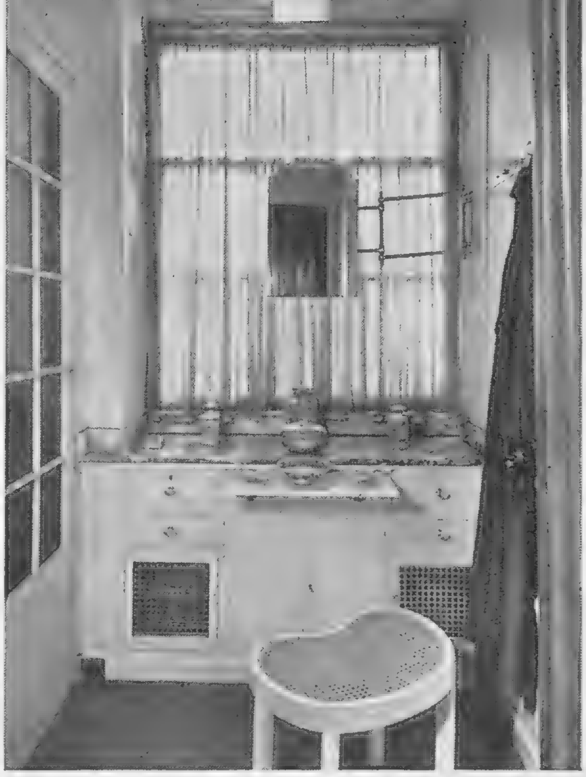
The bed itself has two missions in life. The first to be comfortable and the second to be totally unlike a bed.

The divan with a fitted cover is perhaps the most practical choice when the question of expense has any weight, otherwise a bed of the kind illustrated is charming and "different."

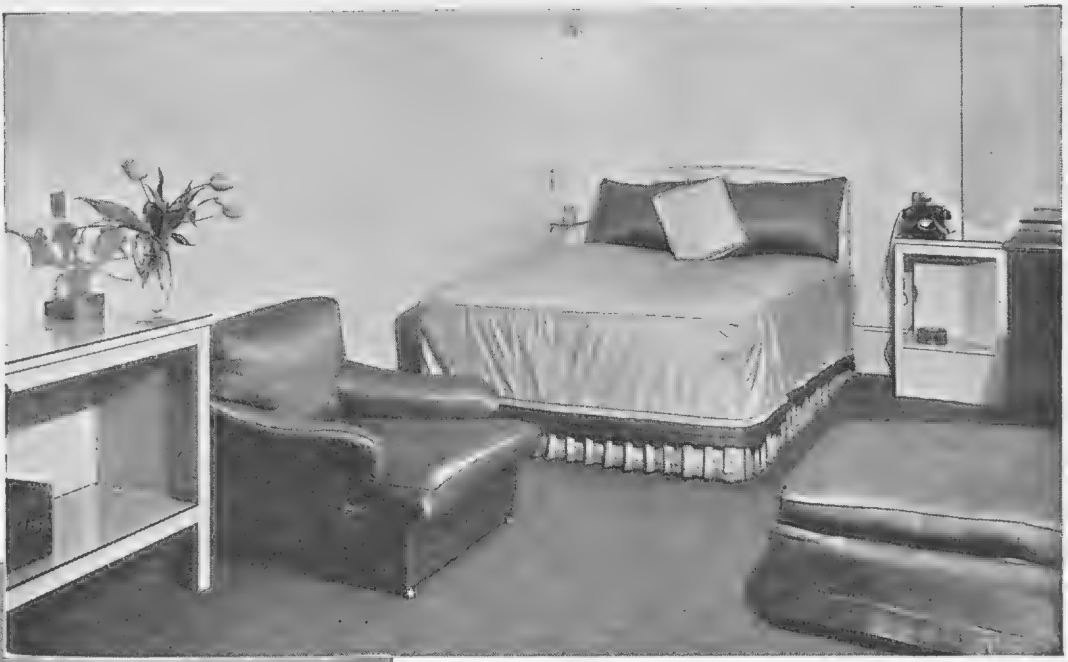
A table suitable for dining, yet easily dismantled when meals are over, is a comfort in the all-purpose room. If the kitchen adjoining is large enough, a painted trestle table with forms on either side is a convenience for taking breakfast and snack meals which one prepares oneself. For more formal occasions, a dining-table like the one illustrated should do. This will seat four people with ease and folds against the wall after meals.

Bridge chairs of the folding variety, painted to match the scheme, are worth their weight in gold when a crowd gathers—as crowds have an inveterate habit of doing in small quarters—these can be produced from their cupboards in a trice and, in another trice, the company is seated.

The kitchen itself will probably be required to serve the purpose of a bathroom, though this is by no means to be recommended as a practical arrangement. Taking one's morning bath simultaneously with the frying of the bacon is not an arrangement to be anticipated with joy, but if space can be found to partition off a corner for the bath the trouble and expense incurred will be well repaid.

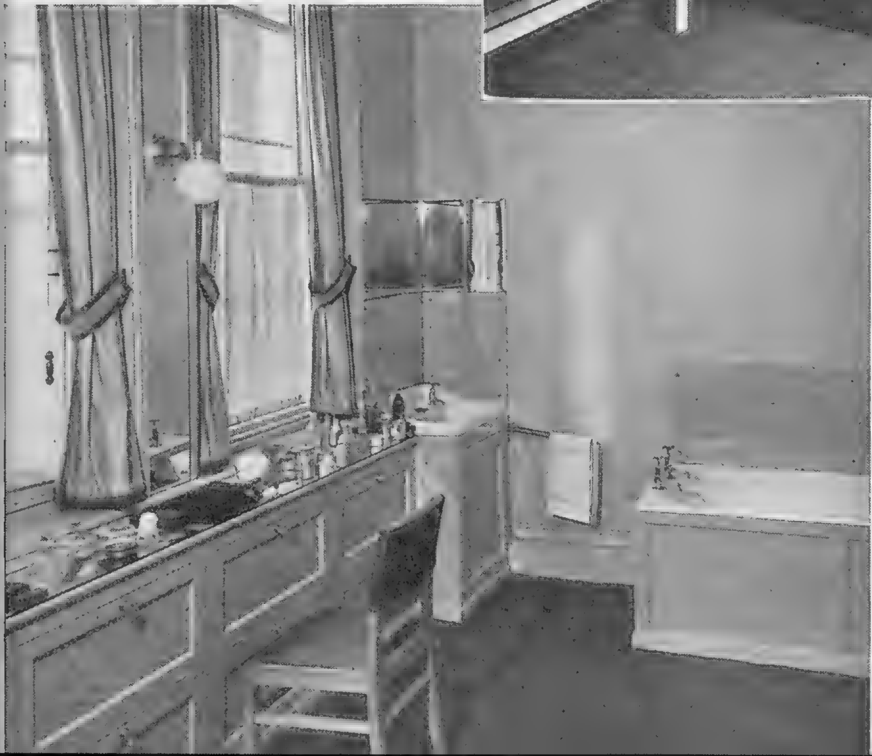


A PORTION of the larger room was partitioned off to form this dressing and bath-room. The window is utilised as a dressing-table and has flap front drawers as well as a built-in radiator. The bath is at the near end of the room



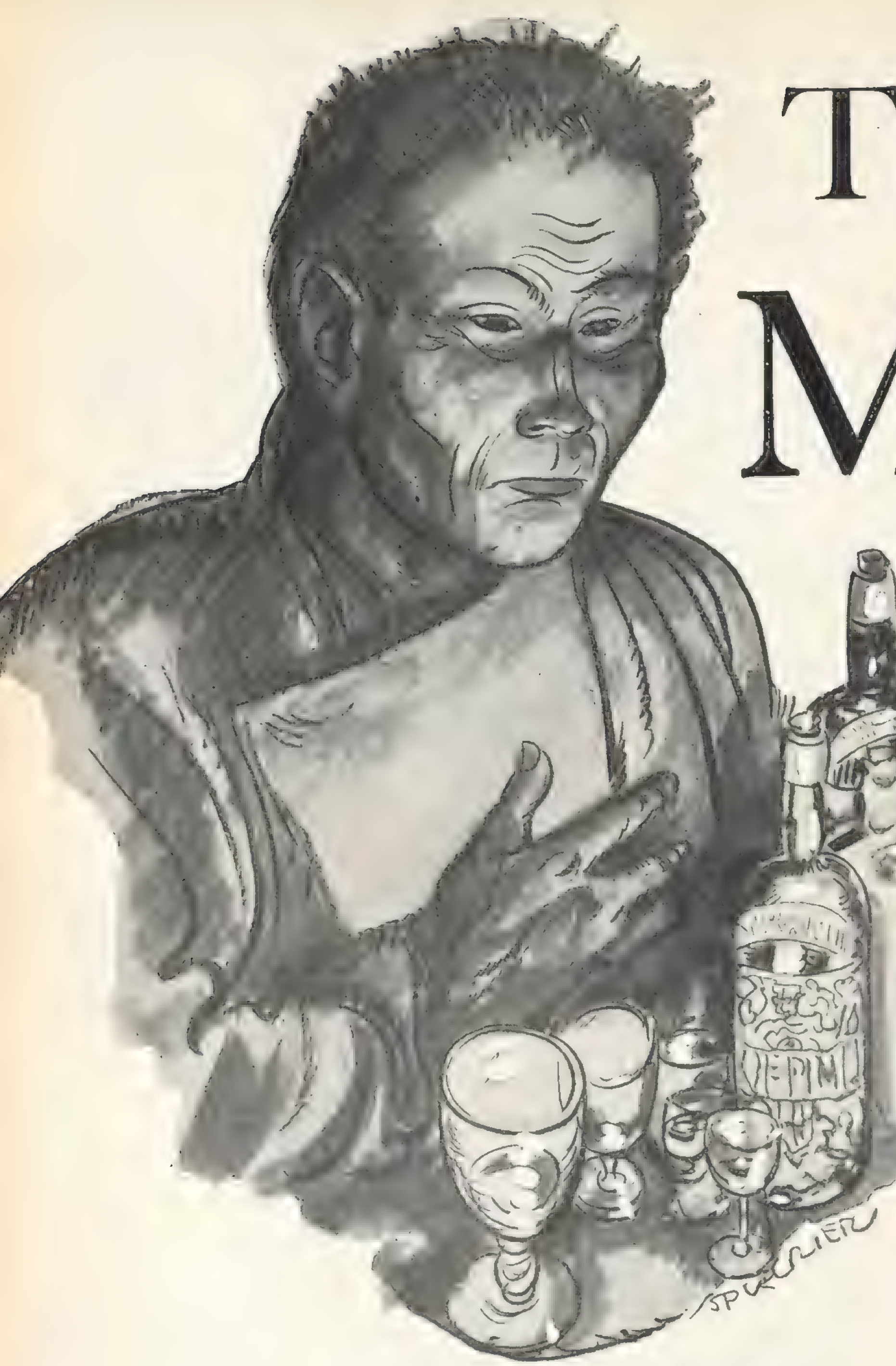
A TWO purpose apartment designed for a business woman by Schrijver. Walls and built-in cupboards are of palest pink, the bed has a tailored cover in glazed chintz of two shades of pink. Day pillows and chair covering are peacock green

(Below) *ANOTHER aspect of the room on the right, showing the built-in bath, hand-basin and cupboard accommodation. Pink plate glass frames the bath and basin*



The £100 Mandarin

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



ONLY a glint within the slits revealed that live eyes watched everything

“A DIRTY Chink, that's wot 'e is!”

This seemed to be the general impression of Foo Wong, General Merchant, of Addis Ababa in Abyssinia. But what did that matter when one was thirsty after hours beneath an African sun, and the “General Merchant's” store was the only place that provided one with unadulterated liquor? Moreover, the epithet never worried Foo Wong. He lived with a yellow mask over his face. Only a glint within the slits revealed that live eyes watched everything.

“A dirty Chink, yes, but he's the one fellow who'll allow a white man to get drunk like a gentleman.”

Such was the modified description of Foo Wong given by that monocled wastrel, Doctor Timothy Andrews. Andrews, after a brilliant career at Cambridge, had aspired to become a Harley Street specialist. He now lived in Addis Ababa for reasons best known to the police, if somewhat misty to himself. And whenever the rumour went round that Doctor Timothy Andrews was seated in the private saloon of Foo Wong, officials at the British Legation heaved a sigh of relief. They knew he would be safely drunk for a week.

Certainly it was liquor that seemed to be the chief commodity sold by the “General Merchant.” It may have been some obscure joke that caused Foo Wong to build a pyramid of yellow soap tablets on his counter, and also encourage customers by displaying a bunch of very green bananas dangling fantastically from the ceiling. But no one was ever known to buy soap or bananas. The usual order was:

“Double brandy, quick!”

“Quick as 'ell” was Foo Wong's inevitable reply, as unemotional as a wireless announcer.

A yellow hand passed the glass to a trembling white hand. Neither person would run the transaction by the ghost of a smile. Drinking was a serious business in the saloon of Foo Wong.

It was three days before Ras Tafari was crowned Haile Selassie I, King of Kings, Lion of Judah, Elect of God and Emperor of Ethiopia, that I allowed myself to be led to the saloon of Foo Wong by an American who had spent five years searching the Abyssinian wilds for platinum.

“I guess Foo Wong has the only real treasure worth finding in this go' darned country,” said Dwight Jefferson. “A half-hour in his joint takes me back home to a lil' place I knew in Kansas City. But there weren't no Chink there, no sir.”

So it came that I gazed upon the yellow mask that called itself Foo Wong, General Merchant. I realised that those eye slits had photographed me in one glance as clearly as the finest astigmatic lens in studio light. He leaned forward, the blue slop that covered his cat-like body displaying its grease stains.

“I tink you like my whisky, mister,” he almost whispered. “You t'ly?”

“I'll try it,” I said.

And the yellow hand pushed the glass forward.

“Meet Doctor Timothy Andrews,” growled Dwight Jefferson. “A helluva feller when he's sober.”

“But to-night, thanks to the mail that has just arrived, splendidly drunk,” replied Andrews, fumbling for his monocle in order to view me. His trembling fingers gave up the search. “What's brought you to this place?”

“A coronation,” I murmured.

“Good Lord! Have they given up crowning people in Europe? Anyhow, mine's another double brandy.”

Almost before the sentence was finished, Foo Wong had materialised with the drink. Then the man returned to his idol-like pose against a row of bottles arranged in paradisaical fashion on shelves.

“See that fellow?” said Doctor Timothy Andrews, pointing a dramatic finger.

“What feller?” asked Jefferson.

The doctor continued to point, but raised his glass with the other hand, and swallowed the contents at a gulp.

“You don't mean the Chink?” added Jefferson.

“I do. I do mean the . . . er . . . Chink,” drawled Andrews. “Let me tell you, Jefferson, that the Chink, as you so vulgarly term him, is a fellow of consequence.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes. He's a mandarin. A one hundred pounds—or five hundred dollars,

A *Bedraggled* Cockney *Girl* staggered across *the* Saloon; behind *the* Curtain a *Panther* crouched *against* the Tin Chest

By W. J. MAKIN

have it your own way—mandarin."

"Say, but the doc's gettin' sober," warned Jefferson.

"Ask the Chink . . . Ask him!" ordered Andrews.

We both swivelled round to where the yellow mask and the blue slop stood watching us.

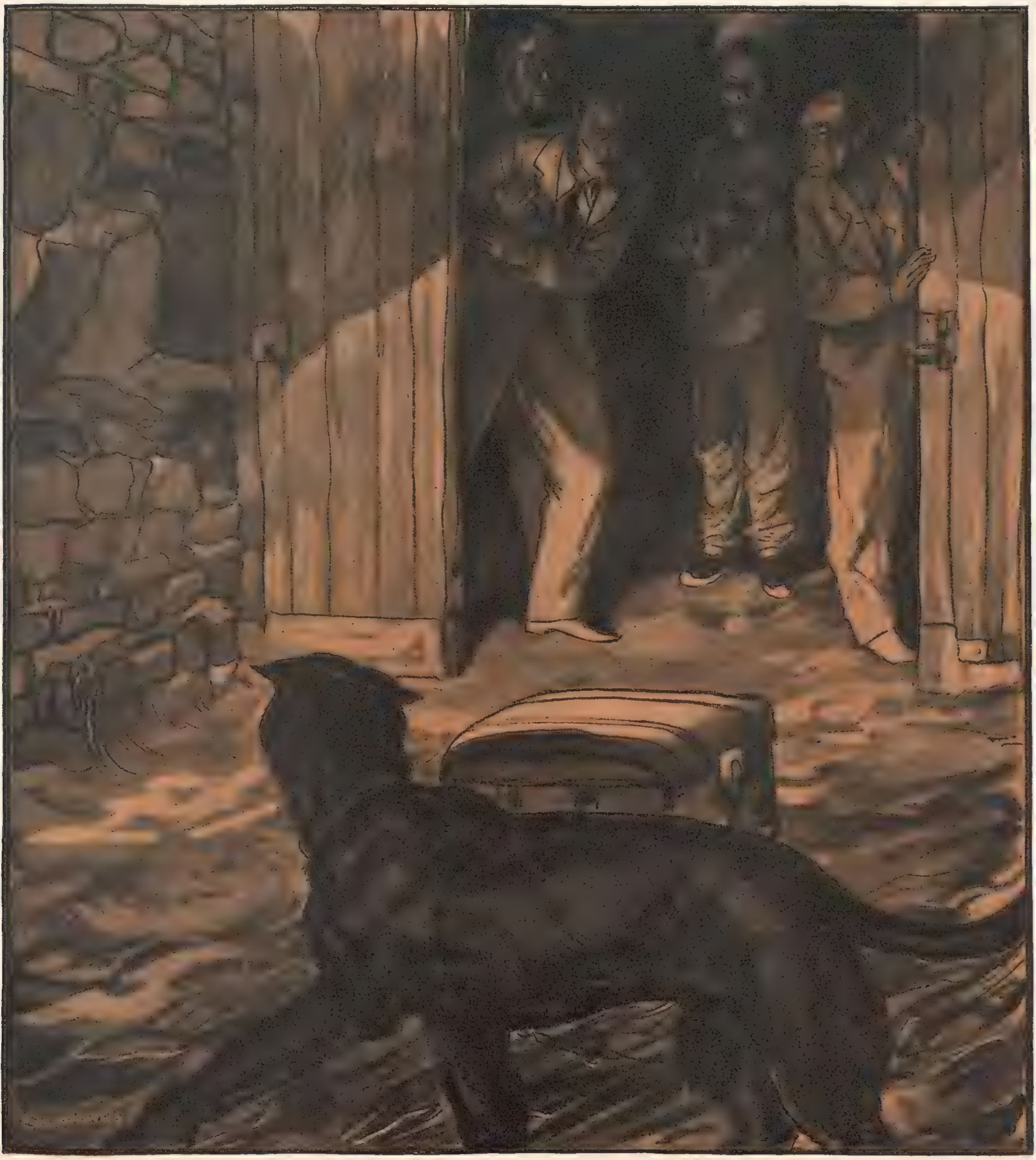
"Hear what he said, Foo Wong?" asked Jefferson.

It was as though the Oriental's face was a rubber ball, squeezed by a giant hand. The mouth slit wider into a grin.

WE saw a shadow slink across the floor. There was the clink of a chain. And then we realised how safe from robbery that treasure was

"Me mandarin, all li'," he replied.

"Course he is," said the doctor. "A hundred pounds mandarin. Saved it after selling us liquor for a year. And it'll be a hundred and five pounds when you sell that cursed soap and those damned bananas, eh, Foo Wong?"



" Me mandarin, all li'," repeated Foo Wong.

" You see ! " continued Andrews, unable to drop his pointing finger. " He's a proud aristocrat. He doesn't care a hang for the Lion of Judah."

" Like 'ell, I do," said Foo Wong.

" He's a dragon of China. No longer a coolie. A mandarin. And a mandarin with a hundred pounds, don't forget."

" He'll be a dead man without a dime if some of the tough guys attending this coronation get to hear of it," growled Jefferson.

Doctor Timothy Andrews cackled. Foo Wong continued to grin.

" That's where you're wrong, Jefferson. Foo Wong's money box is safer than the bank. Isn't it, O Mandarin ? "

" Money safe, all li'," grinned Foo Wong.

" And to prove to you that it *is* safe," went on Andrews, with drunken reiteration, " I'm going to show it you."

Something like alarm showed on the face of Foo Wong as the doctor rose from his chair.

" I guess anyone could hide ten bits of paper," drawled Jefferson, bored by the affair.

" But this is in coin—Maria Theresa dollars," insisted Andrews. "Come and see it."

" All in dollar. Safe as 'ell," muttered Foo Wong. Nevertheless, he looked askance as the doctor led the way from the saloon through a doorway draped with a dirty piece of chequered cloth.

" Come on ! " ordered Jefferson. " I ain't never seen a hundred pounds' worth of Maria Theresa dollars. It would need an elephant to carry them away."

So I followed through the curtained doorway, skirted a ramshackle staircase that seemed to lead straight to the stars, and felt my way along a dark passage. I was brought to a halt by a chuckle. It came from Doctor Timothy Andrews.

" Here we are ! Now, look ! "

There was a click. He had switched on the electric light. We found ourselves standing before a door, and gazed into a plain, whitewashed room, the floor and walls of which were of hard clay. One unshaded electric light burned dimly from the ceiling.

At first sight the room seemed completely empty. Just a little heap of straw on the floor, and nothing more.

" Where's the darned treasure chest ? " asked Jefferson, but even as he growled the question aloud, we saw it. It was the chest beloved by all Chinese, from Macao to Limehouse. A cheap, green-painted tin trunk with a brass lock that even a child could open. I laughed. It was absurd that Foo Wong could believe his pile of Maria Theresa dollars were safe in such a box.

MY laugh seemed to echo in that empty, whitewashed room. Something stirred. We saw a shadow slink across the floor. There was the clink of a chain. And then we realised how safe from robbery that treasure was. For Foo Wong had chained a panther to the cheap tin trunk. He guarded his treasure in the old Abyssinian fashion. Even to-day the rich Rases living in Addis Ababa allow chained panthers or lion-cubs to pad about their courtyards at night. They are sure guardians. Foo Wong believed in the same policy. The heavy weight of the silver dollars in that tin trunk was as good as a staple in the wall for the panther with the long chain.

" Cute ! " breathed Jefferson. His eyes followed the tawny beast as it padded restlessly about the room.

" A jolly idea," said Andrews. "Heaven help the man who tried to get near that treasure chest."

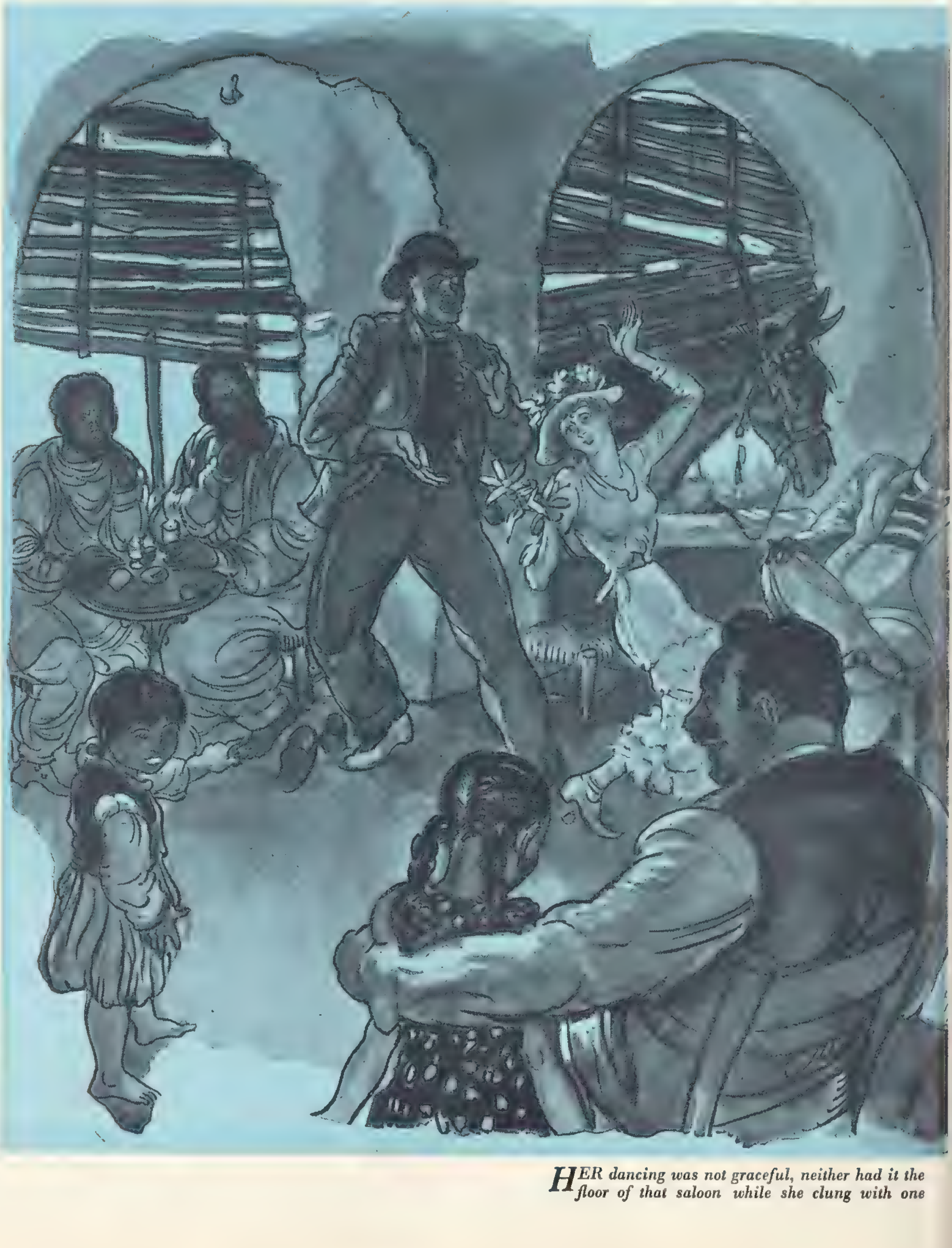
Even as he spoke, the panther had crouched on the ground, and was squirming with its back ready to leap at us. Hurriedly we backed away from the door. There was a soft, musical laugh in the darkness behind us, and the yellow mask of Foo Wong came floating forward.

" Me mandarin, all li'," laughed Foo Wong.

The panther heard that laugh and the spoken words. Instantly the quiver went from its body, the angry gleam in the eyes died away, and the beast positively purred.

" Foo Wong is the only fellow who can go near the beast," said Andrews.

" The guy smells so bad that any beast would purr if he got near it," commented Jefferson, and with this comment lurched back to the saloon and another drink. Hurriedly, Doctor Timothy Andrews followed. A quiet shuffle told us that



HER dancing was not graceful, neither had it the floor of that saloon while she clung with one

Foo Wong was bringing up the rear. Passing beneath the dirty check curtain into that paradise of bananas and drink, I noticed that the saloon had become crowded in our absence. If there is such a time as the apéritif hour in Addis Ababa, it had begun. Two Abyssinian chiefs, three Greeks in close conclave, an Armenian and his wife, four children, two Frenchmen engaged in a dismal game of dominoes, and the head of a tethered mule staring inquisitively through the doorway.

" Two brandies ! "

" Un vermouth ! "

" Three beers ! "

" A lemonade ! "

The orders were snarled forth.

" Quick as 'ell," squeaked Foo Wong, scurrying behind the counter.

In the sudden access of business, we dismissed the £100 mandarin and his fantastic treasure chest guarded by a panther. Dr. Timothy Andrews was discussing with drunken brilliance the oddities of tropical medicine, while Dwight Jefferson tried to convert us to the civilising possibilities of Chicago gangdom. I listened, the audience of one, and it was while I was listening that I observed a queer couple enter the doorway of Foo Wong, General Merchant.

The first was a man in a bowler hat. Bowler hats are extremely rare in Africa. Negro potentates still favour top hats, but bowlers are contemptuously dismissed as too plebeian, even for a cannibal. That is why I sat up in astonishment when the man in the bowler hat swaggered into the saloon.

Here was a Cockney tough who might have stepped straight from a Saturday night crowd of the New Cut into the heart of Africa. Surly, grey face, suspicious eyes, and a bruised nose that had to be wiped every few seconds with the back of a finger. He wore a blue striped jersey, a pair of patched blue trousers, and a greasy grey jacket over all. But his body was powerful enough, and he swaggered into the electric light and cigarette smoke with all the confidence of his kind.

" Well, this looks a bit of orl right ! " he guffawed, and gazed round at us.

It was then I saw his companion. A wisp of a woman. Pale, tired and bedraggled. Any beauty that she might have possessed had been driven away from her features by the heavy stamp of constant misery. Eyes, dull as lead in colour, gazed round listlessly.

" Wot d'yer sye, Alf ? "

It seemed that a ghost spoke. When her mouth opened, one could see where a fist had knocked several teeth away.

" I said this is a bit of orl right, that's wot I said. Git to it. Give 'em yer arty dance ! "

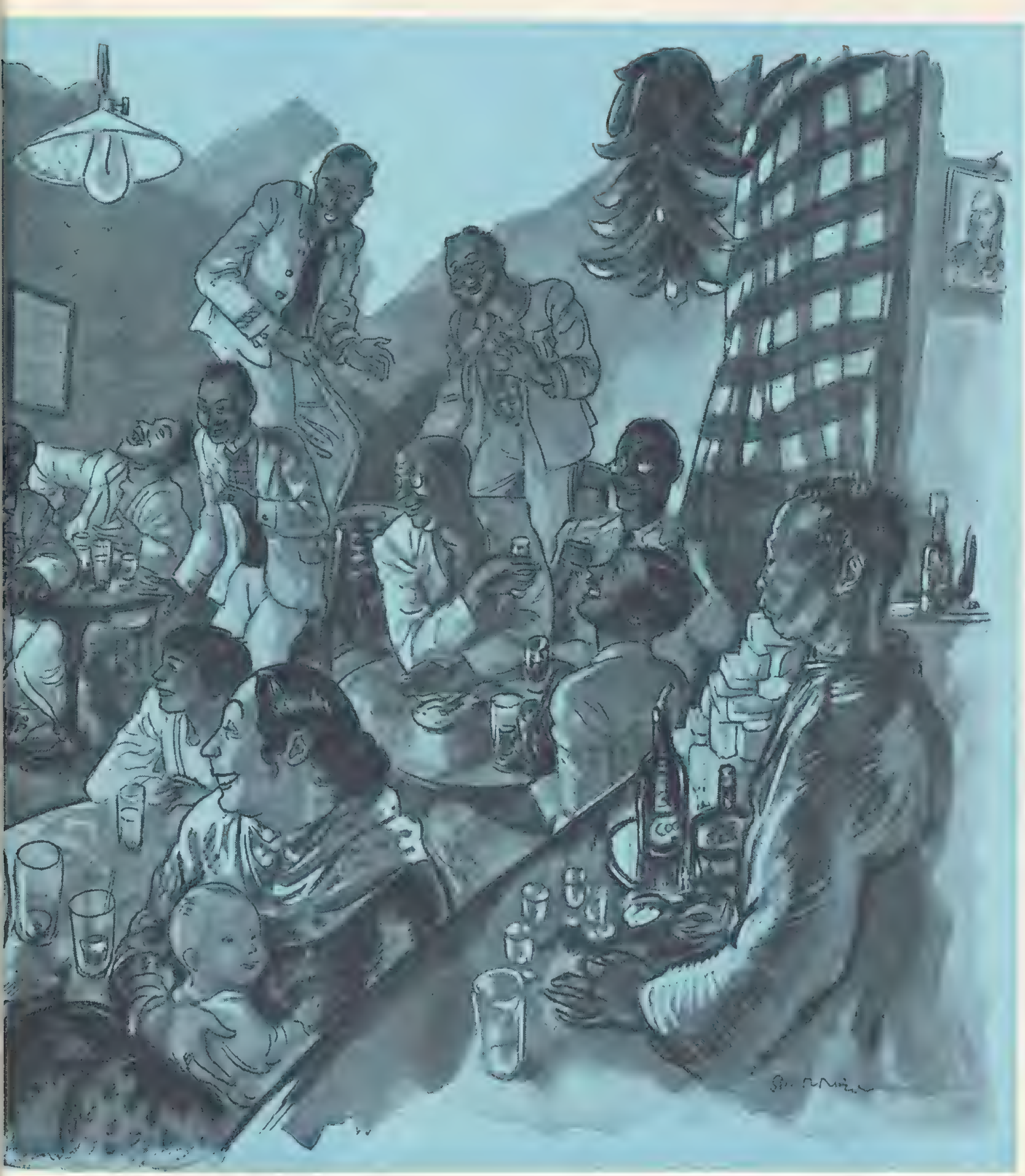
The Cockney in the bowler hat growled at her. She cringed, like a circus animal under the lash. Then, from the dirty blouse that was pinned across her breasts, she produced a paper lily. A bent, miserable imitation lily.

The Cockney in the bowler hat spat on his hands. Then he began to clap them in some sort of syncopation, while the pale, bedraggled woman began to circle in a dance. Her listless expression never changed. Her dancing was not graceful, neither had it the beauty of being pathetic. Her posturings on the floor of that saloon while she clung with one hand to the bent imitation lily were merely funny.

" Well, I'm damned ! "

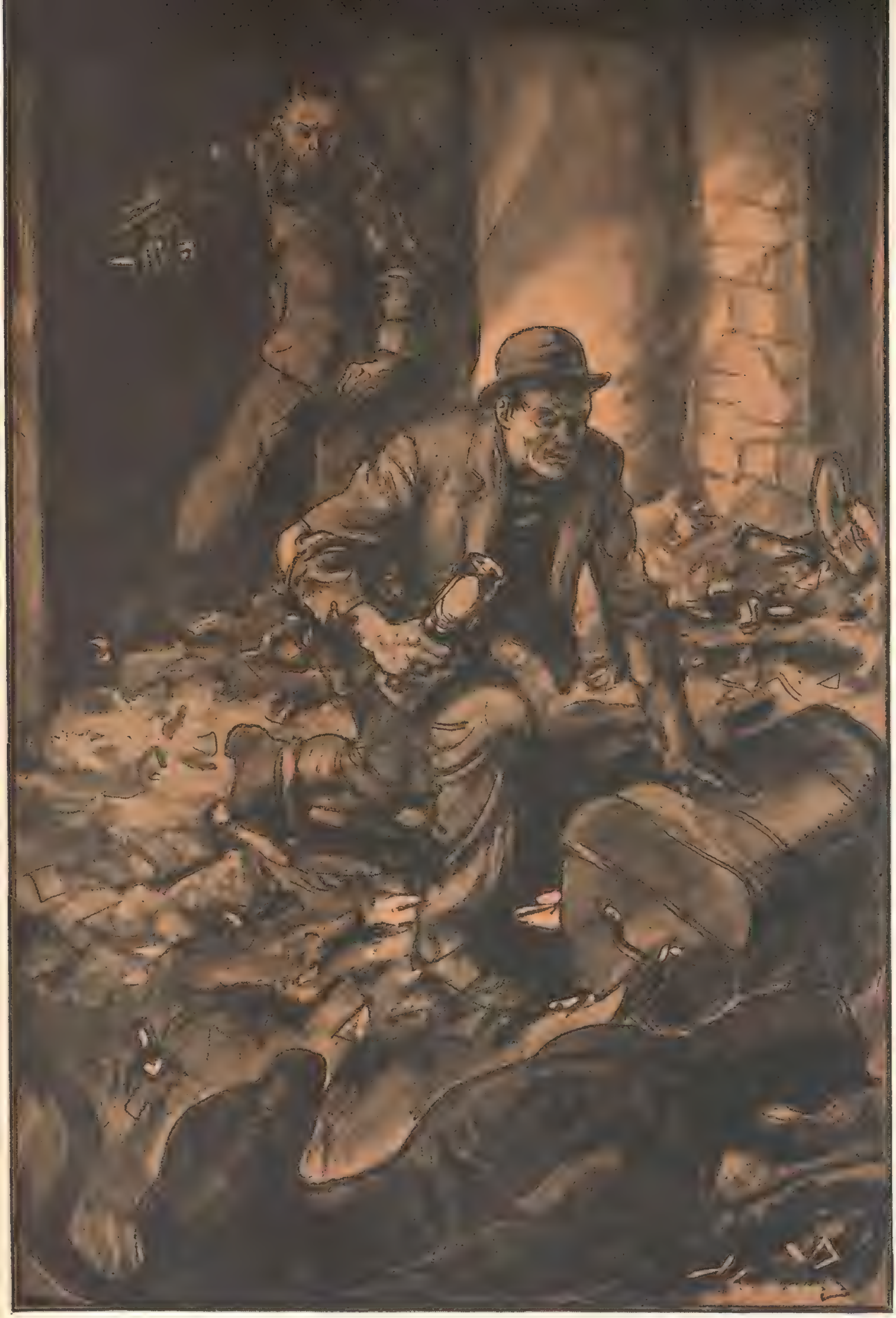
Doctor Timothy Andrews flung back his head and laughed aloud. Jefferson guffawed. In a few moments the whole company of drinkers were laughing uproariously. The two Frenchmen gave up their game of dominoes, and stood on their chairs to see better. The three Greeks sniggered. The four children shrieked aloud. Even the two Abyssinian chiefs stroked their beards and smiled at this strange white dancer.

And as she swayed and bent and panted with her imitation lily held bravely in her hand, the Cockney in the bowler hat redoubled his syncopated clapping. The only man in that saloon who was not laughing was Foo Wong. He had donned the yellow mask of utter gravity.



beauty of being pathetic. Her posturings on the hand to the bent imitation lily were merely funny

IN a yell of ironic applause, the comic dance came to an end. Almost



THE fellow leaped into the room with another bottle in his hand and finished it off with one blow

fainting with fatigue, the bedraggled woman stumbled to the counter and leaned against it, breathing heavily. Ignoring her, the Cockney whisked the bowler from his head and approached us.

" Well, gents, you've seen the dance. Wot about pying for it ? "

The bowler was thrust at me challengingly. I looked at the man. There was a lowering insolence in his face. Intimidation. I drew a Maria Theresa dollar from my pocket and flung it in the hat.

" There you are ! And give the woman a drink. She looks as though she needs it."

He growled, and turned his back on me. Doctor Timothy Andrews laughed drunkenly, and flung another dollar after mine. Jefferson followed. The Cockney ignored the woman entirely, and continued his aggressive round of the saloon. Even the Armenian gave him something.

But Foo Wong had not forgotten the woman. He sidled a glass towards her at the counter.

" You drink this," he whispered. " Do you good. All li'. I not want you pay."

Dumbly, the pale-faced woman took the glass and gulped it hurriedly. Then she turned a frightened gaze towards the Cockney. But he was busy with his bowler hat.

" You come from England ? " asked Foo Wong quietly.

She nodded, fumbling nervously with the dirty stuff of her blouse.

" From London ? " insisted Foo Wong, quietly replenishing her glass.

" Yes . . . . . Limehouse," came her ghostly reply.

The yellow mask of Foo Wong lit up at the sound of that word.

" From Limehouse ! Limehouse all li'. I live there. I like it. Yes, like 'ell I like it."

The woman took the second drink, mechanically.

" Yes, I like it, too," she whispered. " It's . . . it's home to me." She turned her dull eyes towards him. " I used to know lots of Chinks there. Danced with 'em, too. Good sorts. Why, I even married one."

Foo Wong regarded her gravely.

" You married one ! "

" Yes. Hung Feng. Kept a laundry, 'e did. 'E was a good 'usband."

" But this man . . . 'e not your husband ? "

Foo Wong crooked a finger in the direction of the burly blue jerseyed figure. The woman shook her head listlessly.

" No . . . . 'e just picked me up in Limehouse after Hung Feng died. 'E's dragging me all over Africa . . . dancing . . . dancing . . ."

With a tired sigh she replaced the glass on the counter. At that same moment, the Cockney in the bowler hat swung round. He seemed to see Foo Wong for the first time.

" Nah then, yer dirty Chink," he snarled. " Keep yer 'ands off that woman."

He swaggered towards the counter. Foo Wong regarded him calmly.

" I touch nobody's woman," he said quietly. " Like 'ell, I do."

" Good for you," said the Cockney. " For I don't allow it . . . see ! "

And with one thrust of his huge paw, he sent the pyramid of soap bars tumbling to chaos.

" Now then, no quarrelling ! "

The Cockney swung round to meet Doctor Timothy Andrews.

" Who're you, anyhow ? "

"Nobody of any importance," replied Andrews, calmly. "But sit down and have a drink."

He pushed a chair forward, invitingly.

"Yer a toff, ain't yer?" growled the Cockney, emptying the contents of his bowler into his pocket, and sitting down in the chair.

"I was a toff, once," corrected Andrews, gravely. "Er . . . whisky, I suppose?"

"That's right, guv'nor," said the Cockney mollified. He paid no further attention to the woman, who leaned against the counter. As soon as he had served the drink, Foo Wong took up his position near her. He brought forth a plate of sandwiches and pushed these towards her. She took one, after a frightened glance over her shoulder. Then she began to eat, wolfishly.

"You see, my dear fellow," Andrews was saying with drunken gravity, "the only real toff in this place is Foo Wong. He's a mandarin."

"Wot, the blarsted Chink?" asked the Cockney.

Andrews chuckled and nodded.

"A hundred pounds mandarin," he repeated. "You don't believe me, eh?"

"I'll 'ave another drink," said the Cockney. "And something to get my teeth into."

"Delighted," replied Andrews. He nodded to Foo Wong. More drinks and a plate of sandwiches materialised on the table. "But as I was saying, you don't believe that Foo Wong is worth a hundred pounds."

"I never said I didn't," muttered the Cockney.

"But to prove it to you," went on Andrews with the irritating persistence of the drunken man, "I'm going to show it you."

"Show me wot?"

"Why, a treasure chest with a hundred pounds in it."

And with a companionable gesture, he took the Cockney by the arm and led him towards that chequered curtain and the passage beyond. As they disappeared, Foo Wong's head swivelled in their direction. But he did not follow. He was watching that poor, bedraggled creature eat.

"You go back Limehouse, some day," murmured Foo Wong.

The woman shook her head sadly.

"I ain't never goin' to see the Dock Road again. I ain't got no money . . . And I'm with 'im. 'E's a brute, 'e is."

Foo Wong made a hissing sound.

". . . 'Sides," said the woman, "it takes money to get 'ome. I ain't got a penny. No, I'll just finish up dancin' somewhere."

Foo Wong leaned a little closer.

"I got money," he whispered. "Yes, I mandarin all li'."

The woman shook her head.

"He'd kill you if you dared 'elp me."

A moment later and the shadow of the burly Cockney in the bowler hat loomed over her. A sardonic Andrews, glass in hand, was behind him.

"Sy! You dirty Chink!" growled the Cockney. "I'm stayin' the night 'ere. Got a room?"

"I got room all li'."

Once again there was a queer gleam in the slant eyes of Foo Wong.

"And you got grub and liquor?"

"I got liquor all li'."

"Then we stay the night 'ere. Get along, Sally."

"Yes, Alf."

Obediently she shuffled away from the counter. Foo Wong followed her with his eyes. At the same time, the Cockney regarded him with an appraising glance. Then he squared his burly shoulders. It was the attitude of a butcher in a slaughter-house before killing. I shivered.

"A hundred blinkin' pounds, eh?" muttered the Cockney half to himself. "A Chink and a panther!" He turned to Andrews, and slumped into a chair. "I'll have another whisky . . ."

With a foolish laugh Andrews crooked his finger. Foo Wong shuffled forward with the bottle . . .

AN hour later I left. It was nearly midnight, and the dark lanes of Addis Ababa were anything but inviting. Rats scuttered about, dogs howled in misery in the distance, and what appeared to be a mound of rubbish materialised into two squatting camels, chewing the cud with awful solemnity.

"I guess that was the queerest dance I ever saw in my life," muttered Jefferson, who accompanied me. "It's been a queer night altogether."

"And not yet finished," chuckled Doctor Timothy Andrews, who stumbled behind us, clasping a bottle of whisky preciously to his chest . . . .

Andrews was right. The drama was only beginning. Back in that saloon which announced itself as Foo Wong, General Merchant, a blue slopped figure was flitting about closing doors and methodically building up the pyramid of soap tablets that had been pushed over by the Cockney. At moments his yellow hand with the long finger-nails would pause in mid-air. He would listen, his head on one side. Almost he stopped breathing. The solemn expression on his face never changed. Then, slowly, he began to glide towards the passage draped by the dirty, chequered curtain.

The African night descended . . .

It was nine o'clock next morning that Jefferson roused me.

"Come quick! Hell's been let loose in that Chink's joint."

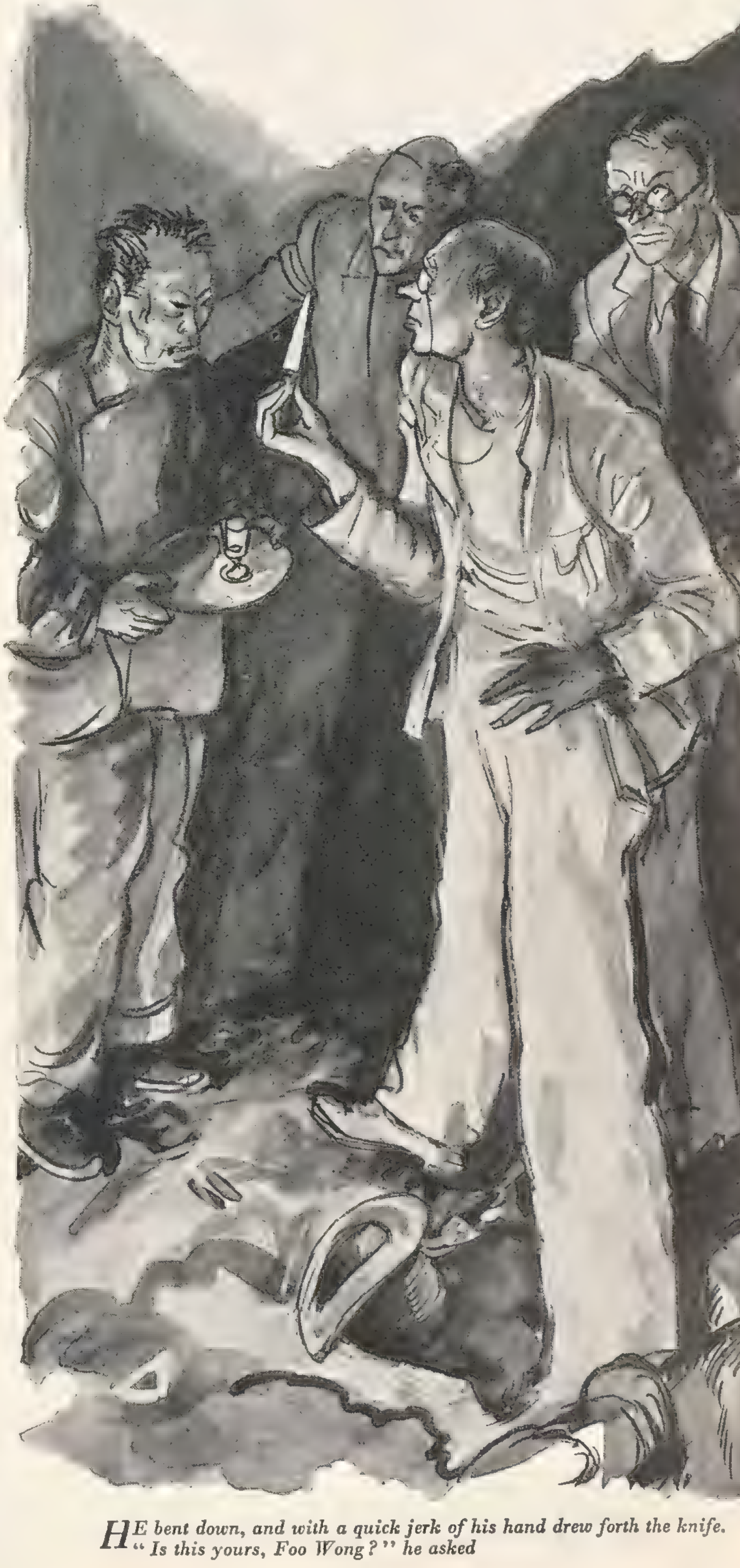
I scrambled into my clothes. In five minutes we were on our way to the saloon. The door, which Foo Wong had so carefully locked the previous evening, swung open in the bright sunshine.

Jefferson led the way, past the pyramid of soap tablets, now carefully built up again, beneath the hanging bunch of bananas, and through the dirty check curtain. We reached the room where Foo Wong kept his treasure chest. There Doctor Timothy Andrews waited for us.

"Look!" he said, simply, and opened the door.

The room presented an extraordinary

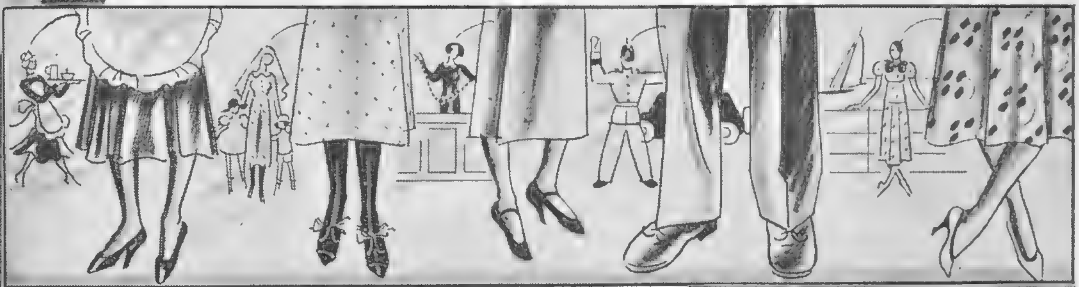
(*Continued on page* 106)



HE bent down, and with a quick jerk of his hand drew forth the knife. "Is this yours, Foo Wong?" he asked

• HEALTH and

DANCERS must have healthy feet or go out of business. Greta Nissen, dancing delightfully in "Why Not To-night?" at the Palace Theatre, never has foot troubles



Whatever your walk of life, the care of the feet is of first importance

Hot Weather finds out your Foot Troubles

By "Chrysis"

THERE is a tendency to treat foot applications either humorously or with a sort of shame. People will frankly and boringly discuss the misdemeanours of their appendices, their sinuses and even their colons, but will seldom confess that they suffer from flat feet or corns and callouses.

As a matter of fact the condition of the feet is a very serious matter, physically as well as æsthetically. Any weakness of the important bones of what we call the instep may throw the whole body out of balance and lead to spinal and nervous disorders as well as intestinal troubles, and have far-reaching effect on one's life, personal relationships, powers of concentration and mental efficiency.

To anyone with sensitive feet—and very often this means a generally sensitive constitution or the presence of uric acid in the blood—hot weather is particularly trying.

Happily there is practically no ill the feet are heirs to, not excepting congenital weakness or malformation, which cannot be ameliorated and even cured by proper care and attention and the application of modern scientific treatments.

WE will consider first the case of "tender" or sensitive feet. Probably they give no trouble during the greater part of the year, but in summer they begin to ache, shoes of the normal size become too small, they may even become puffy and, owing to the pressure thus engendered, corns may arrive and cause cruel throbbing pains.

Actually feet of this kind should be "conditioned" throughout the year, but immediate relief can be obtained by the simplest methods. A foot-bath of *hot* water, impregnated with alkaline, oxygenated bath salts, should be taken twice a day.

This will draw out the acids which are the cause of corns and callouses, stimulate the circulation, and relieve and prevent pain and inflammation.

After the bath the feet should be thoroughly massaged with Eau-de-Cologne; this closes the pores, cools, refreshes and strengthens. 4711 Eau-de-Cologne is one of the best I know for this purpose.

The feet should then be lightly dusted with talcum powder all over and between the toes

Corns can be removed without cutting immediately after a fairly prolonged foot-bath, because the salts will have penetrated the corns, softened them and separated the horny, dead tissue from the surrounding healthy skin.

If there is any tendency to perspiration, there are several excellent preventive lotions which can be used instead of or as well as the Eau-de-Cologne.

In the case of painful or long-standing corns, and to prevent recurrence, it is absolutely necessary to relieve pressure on the affected part, and it is advisable to adjust one of the modern, scientific little pads, so thin that they are not visible in ordinary shoes and obtainable in sizes and shapes to suit any requirement, which have given relief to thousands of foot sufferers.

This brings us to the question of footwear. To wear heavy, unventilated shoes and those made of leathers with a reputation for "drawing" the feet is a grave mistake in hot weather.

A "sensible" shoe is not, nowadays, a dowdy shoe. There are beautiful models in soft kid and suède, and the modern sandal is chic as well as healthy, since it allows the air to reach the feet and obviates cramping and over-heating.

Elaborate leather and silken strappings are used for town sandals, day and evening, and nothing can be more comfortable as well as pleasing to look at than the canvas and linen sandals for country and seaside.

A beautiful shoe is also a well-fitting shoe. There should be no difficulty about this now that there are so many half fittings. Up-to-date shoemakers are equipped with X-ray boxes to show the exact position of the toes and the bones of the foot inside the shoe.

The balance and support are of paramount importance. If the arches are weak it is well to slip inside the shoe one of the scientific instep supports invented by a doctor who has devoted his life to foot study. Or shoes specially built with arch supports accurately adjusted to individual conformation should be worn. There is a firm that specialises in these.

It is important that children's feet should be cared for from the first, and that they have their own shoemaker who builds their footwear from the first tiny shoe that succeeds woollen booties, in scientific accordance with the gradual development of the human foot and the human body.

A great deal can be done to strengthen weak arches and ankles by correct exercises and electric and manual massage. Foot exercises are taught and treatments given in most schools to-day, and there are several firms of beauty culturists who pay special attention to exercises and treatment for the feet, as well as chiropody and pedicure. This is as it should be, for Health and Beauty walk hand in hand.

Among the excellent treatments for strengthening and beautifying the feet and legs, "reducing" and correcting any inherent or acquired defects, is a foot-bath charged with electricity, followed by massage with special lotions.

It is well worth while taking any or all of these measures to safeguard the health, comfort and beauty of the feet, for then one can literally dance through life instead of plodding wearily and painfully to a disappointed goal.

BEAUTY •

Any Woman can be Beautiful If . . .

ARTIFICE, any form of affectation, detracts from beauty. Modern beauty culture is based, not on the disguise, but on the elimination of defects.

On the other hand, cosmetics play a large part in the beauty culture of the modern woman. Thank goodness, the prejudice, social and moral, against aids to beauty has passed, with the result that to-day women are younger than their years and as lovely as they were intended to be.

George Moore said: "There is no such thing as an ugly woman. There are merely women who do not know how to be beautiful."

To-day there is no excuse for such a situation. Beauty culture has progressed phenomenally in the last ten years.

Any woman can be, if not actually beautiful, attractive and good to look at. Beauty is not wholly dependent on features, but it cannot exist without a clear, healthy and lovely skin.

A radiant complexion is in itself a beauty which eclipses regularity of feature, and adds immeasurably to the charm and attraction of Nature's physical gifts.

GWYNETH LLOYD, a Gaumont-British baby star, seems also to have appropriated a baby's skin. She looks after it carefully, especially in the summer

THE basis of skin beauty is absolute cleanliness. Clogged pores, whether they are caused by secretions or external accumulations, are the worst enemies of the complexion.

There are several schools of thought about the best method of cleansing the skin and educating its natural activity.

Actually, individual idiosyncrasies and reactions are the only decisive factors, and I do not propose to discuss the disadvantages of this method and that, merely to indicate one means which, as far as I can judge, is not only entirely effective, but is also proof against every susceptibility, and equally applicable to dry and greasy skins, the fair, the dark, the young and (since modern beauty culture is in question, *there are no old !*) the not so young.

This is a cleansing complexion milk. If you have not yet tried the Innoxa Complexion Milk, it will be a revelation to you.

It is a deep cleansing agent and actually seeps into the pores, dissolves impurities, removes dirt, stimulates and nourishes the tissues and leaves the skin absolutely clean, smooth, refreshed and fine.

The scientific side of the process will hardly concern you: the result you will see for yourself, first, on the pad of cotton wool with which you have "washed" your face and neck with Innoxa Milk, and then by the appearance and feel of your skin.

All the Innoxa preparations are based on the prescriptions of the famous dermatologist, Dr. Debat, of the Hôpital St. Antoine, Paris, and there are numerous medicated as well as cosmetic preparations for every need.

The Innoxa preparations are adapted to individual as well as typical requirements. But, being a modern firm, dedicated to the culture of beauty, they have specialised in the production of aids to beauty and have probably the widest range of cosmetics of any one firm in the world.

The Innoxa foundation lotion is something more than a make-up. It is a perfect protection. It is prepared in colours to combine with the many lovely tones of their fine complexion powder.

They do not make the mistake of assuming that a fair-haired woman is necessarily pink and white, and needs a rose-bud make-up.

ACTUALLY, many fair women have a golden base which is quite lovely and infinitely becoming. The healthy effect of this sun-kissed colour is delightful, but, unfortunately, real sunburn is often deleterious to a delicate skin and more apt to produce redness, with an aftermath of parched, wrinked skin, and even permanent veins, than the smooth, warm glow of health which it should produce in theory.

The Innoxa foundation lotions not only protect the most sensitive skin from the ill-effects of sun, wind and sea, but achieve the tanned effect.

The names of the Innoxa foundation lotions and powders give some idea of their range and versatility—Peach, Pereena, Futura, Aprella, with rouge, lipstick and eye cosmetics to blend—but it is well to avail oneself of the samples or the advice freely and intelligently given at their Salons in Bond Street before deciding on the summer make-up most becoming to your particular complexion.

I have not dealt with the other preparations, Complexion Vitaliser, for greasy skins, astringent, balm, skin-food, as I am primarily concerned with summer-time cosmetics at the moment, but the Innoxa is a *bona-fide* and scientific system of beauty culture, and its individually applicable elements can be used with confidence.

Round the Clock with a TABLE

NINE in the morning. The right colours and a restrained gaiety about the breakfast table help to begin the day well. The square table of unpolished oak (left) is covered with a severe linen cloth. Napkins to match. Colourful pottery groups itself into a pleasant design. (Cloth 8/11, napkins 10/11 a dozen, Walpole's)

(Below)

ANOTHER oak breakfast table, this time old oak, so it is wisely left uncovered. The mats are large enough to take knives and forks as well as plates. Mrs. Reginald Grenfell's house

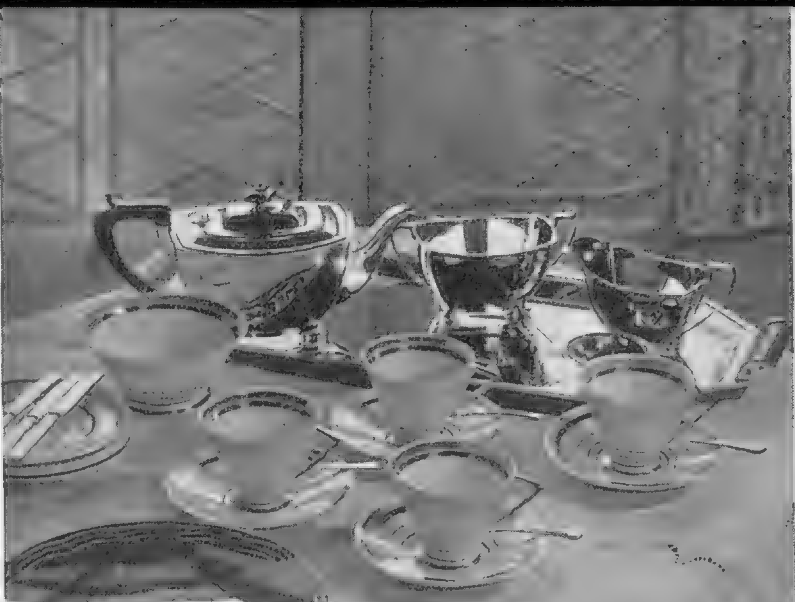
12
11
10
BREAKFAST
9
DINNER
8
7
6

TIME for lunch. Take a long look at this dining-room table set for luncheon, cold, so no mats are laid. It is painted a shiny light green, to match the furniture and the windows which look out to the sea. You can see two of everything on its surface, for the shine, achieved by cellulose paint, reflects china and glass and your own image as clearly as a mirror

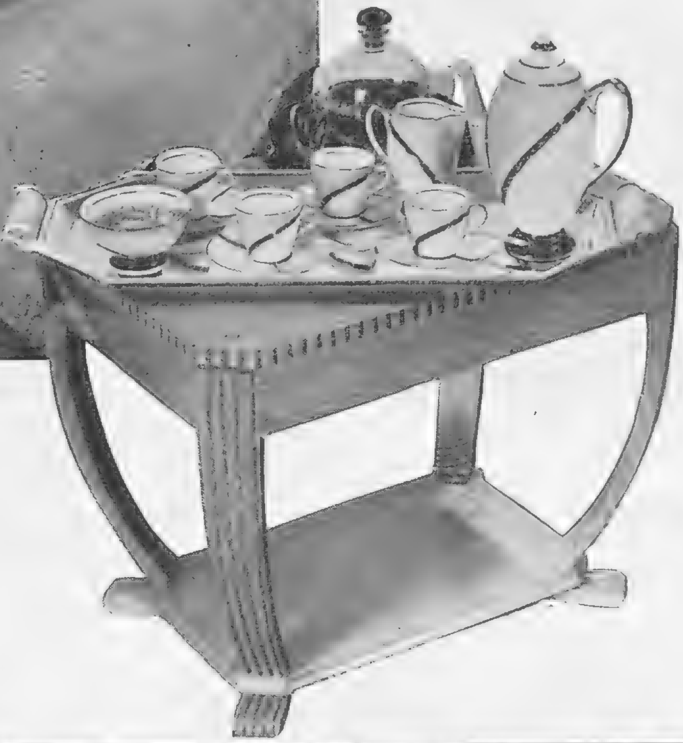
TEN p.m. Whisky, soda and cigarettes are ready on the little table by the window. The decanter (35/-) matches the goblet (6/6)

The Table is the Heart of the Home. Dress it Well

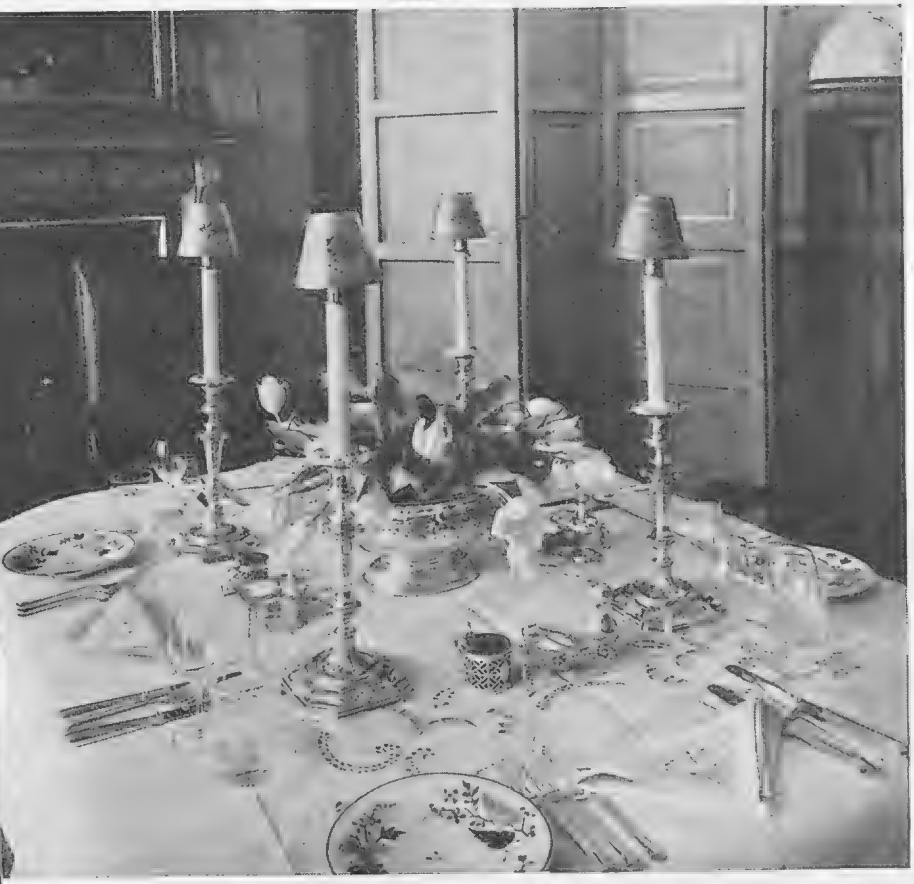
LUNCH
1
2
3
4
5



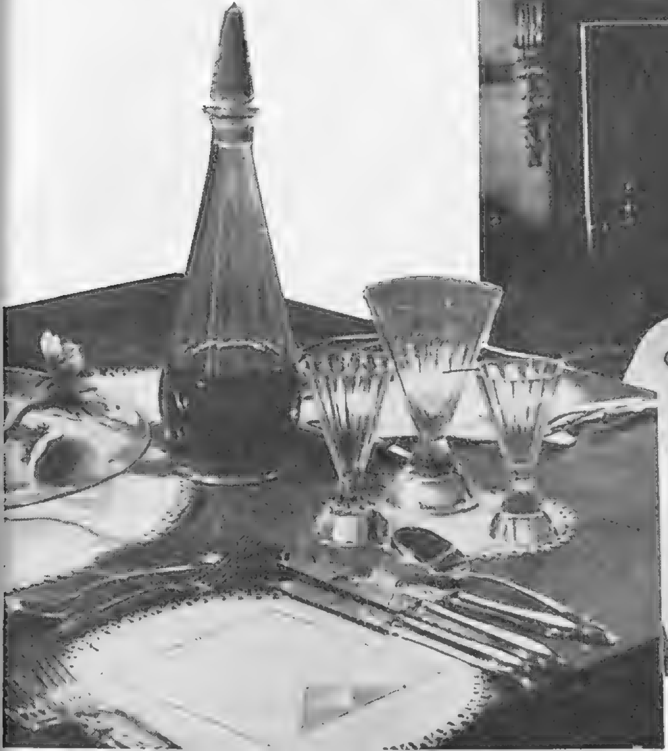
TEA for four. The embroidered afternoon tea cloth just shows the corners of the polished mahogany table. The Shelley china is decorated with green and platinum. Cake stand from Goldsmiths and Silversmiths



AN uncommon coffee table in limed oak (Hampton's, £2 12s. 6d.). The china is Doulton, white, green, black and platinum. Effective



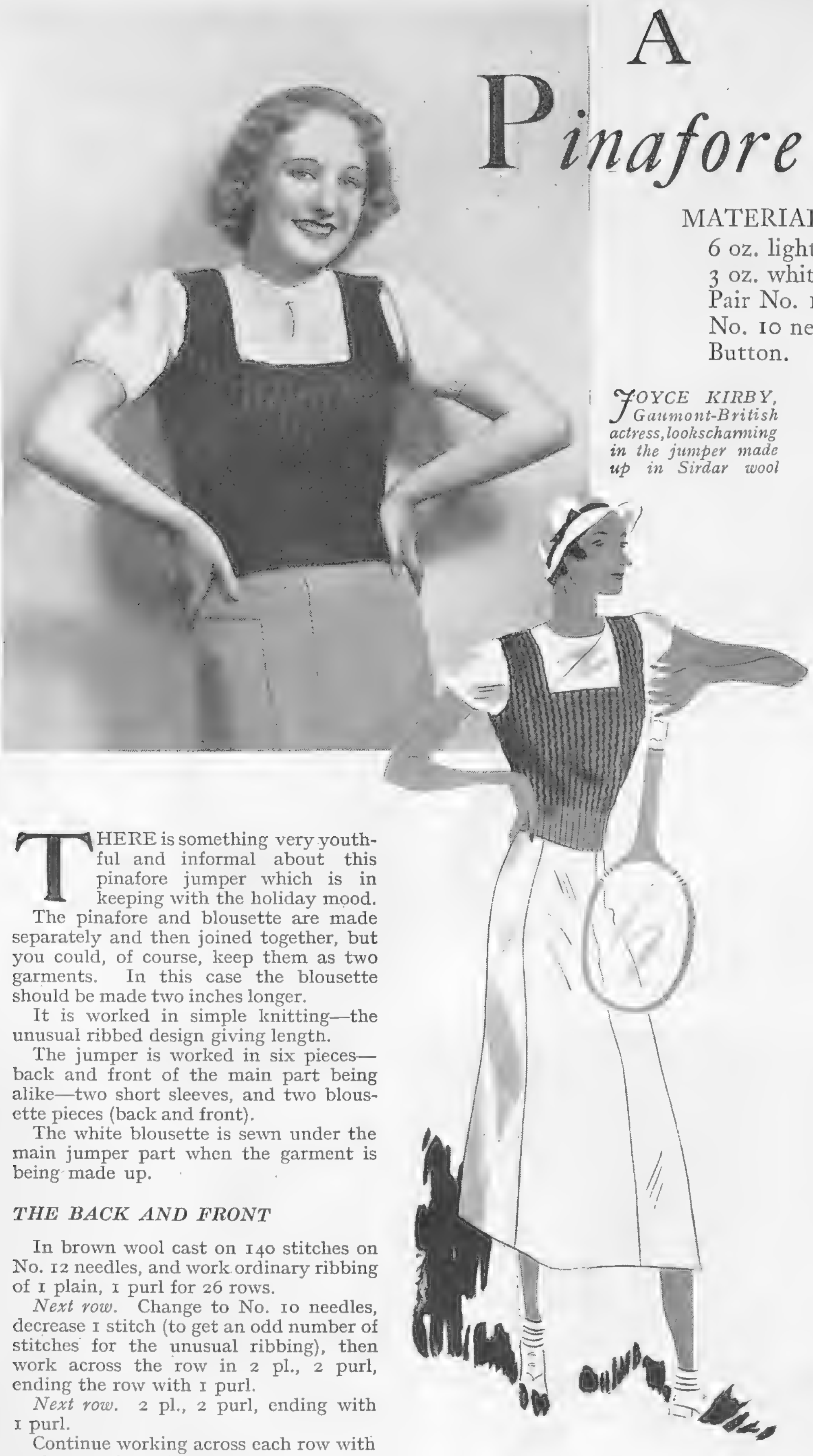
DINNER at eight. This table is laid for informal dinner at the house of Lady Dunn, Hyde Park. The all-over cloth and napkins are embroidered natural linen. Centrepiece, tall candlesticks and cruet sets—one at each place—are silver



A CORNER of a well-laid dinner table. Lovely linen mats. Silver from Community Plate, Glass designed by Keith Murray, obtainable from Marshall & Snelgrove's

A Pinafore Jumper

MATERIALS REQUIRED.
6 oz. light brown Sirdar crochet wool.
3 oz. white Sirdar.
Pair No. 12 bone needles.
No. 10 needles.
Button.



JOYCE KIRBY, Gaumont-British actress, looks charming in the jumper made up in Sirdar wool

THERE is something very youthful and informal about this pinafore jumper which is in keeping with the holiday mood.

The pinafore and blousette are made separately and then joined together, but you could, of course, keep them as two garments. In this case the blousette should be made two inches longer.

It is worked in simple knitting—the unusual ribbed design giving length.

The jumper is worked in six pieces—back and front of the main part being alike—two short sleeves, and two blousette pieces (back and front).

The white blousette is sewn under the main jumper part when the garment is being made up.

THE BACK AND FRONT

In brown wool cast on 140 stitches on No. 12 needles, and work ordinary ribbing of 1 plain, 1 purl for 26 rows.

Next row. Change to No. 10 needles, decrease 1 stitch (to get an odd number of stitches for the unusual ribbing), then work across the row in 2 pl., 2 purl, ending the row with 1 purl.

Next row. 2 pl., 2 purl, ending with 1 purl.

Continue working across each row with 2 pl., 2 purl, ending always with 1 purl. The odd number of stitches gives the broken rib effect. Work this pattern for 11½ inches, then shape the armholes thus:—

Next row. Cast off 6, patt. across row.

Next row. Cast off 6, patt. across row.

Next row. K. 2 tog. twice, patt. for 35 sts. Cast off 49. K. patt. for 35 sts. K. 2 tog. twice. Remember to keep to the ribbing when decreasing.

Next row. K. 2 tog. twice. Patt. to centre edge.

Next row. Patt. to last 4 sts. K. 2 tog. twice.

Work on these 35 sts. in patt. for 5½ inches. Cast off.

Rejoin wool at second strap.

Next row. Patt. to last 4 sts. K. 2 tog. twice.

Next row. K. 2 tog. twice. Patt. to neck edge. This strap now continues straight for 5½ inches. Cast off.

This completes the front. Work the back to match.

SLEEVES

In white wool cast on 90 sts. on No. 12 needles, and work ordinary ribbing of 1 pl., 1 purl, for 10 rows. Change to stocking stitch (plain on the right side, purl on the wrong) and work 2 inches.

Now shape the top of the sleeve, by K. 2 tog. at the beginning and end of every plain row until you have 50 left.

Next row. K. 2 tog. across row. Cast off. Work 2nd sleeve to match.

VEST (Front). In white wool cast on 60 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work a row into the backs of the stitches, then 2 inches stocking stitch.

Next row. K. 30, turn. Work on these 30 sts. for 3¼ inches, ending on purl row.

Next row. Work across row. K. last 2 sts. tog.

Next row. Purl.

Next row. Continue neck shaping by K. 2 tog. at the neck (centre) edge on every plain row, until there are 20 sts. left. Work 2 rows. Cast off. Join wool at second shoulder piece.

Work up to correspond, shaping on the purl rows for the neck edge after working straight for 3¼ inches.

VEST (Back). In white wool cast on 60 sts., work a row into the backs of the sts., then stocking stitch for 5¾ inches.

Next row. K. 20. Cast off 20, K. 20. Work 3 rows on these last 20 sts. Cast off. Join on wool at second shoulder piece, work 3 rows, then cast off.

Making Up

Press the knitting *lightly* under a warm iron, taking care not to press down the ribbing. Pull lengthwise a little when pressing. Press sleeves and vest under a damp cloth. Sew up shoulders of brown part, and underarm seams.

Sew up shoulder seams of vest, and set this in *under* the neck edge of the jumper for about an inch. Sew in with brown wool, keeping the lines of the knitting straight.

Fit in sleeves, gathering up the top straight part to make a slightly puffed effect. Add a white button and a loop to fasten.

Picot Edging

This makes a pretty finish, and is worked with a No. 12 crochet hook. Insert hook at neck edge, make 3 chain, 1 tr. back into first stitch, miss 2 stitches of the edge, 1 d.c. in next.

*3 ch., 1 tr. in d.c. just made, miss 2 sts. of edge, 1 d.c. in next. Repeat from * round the neck, ending with a loop of 5 chain for the button.

Parents—*here* is *your* Baby *thinking* Aloud...

By Phillida Hughes

6 a.m. Why do grown-ups want to sleep all the morning? Here have I been lying in my cot for hours and hours. They can't expect me to go on lying here. I'm healthy and feel fit and fresh in the morning. They would, too, if they didn't stay out all night. Why don't they go to bed when I do? Then they would be ready to play with me when I wake. I'm lonely and bored lying here.

7.30. I have had my breakfast. That's soon over. I'm in my cot again. There is a clock on the mantelpiece which tells Nannie whether I'm hungry or not.

The sun makes it shine and glow and I like to look at it. I like my own room. Everything I know is there, and I feel safe and am happy.

On the table near my cot are some white things that I want to touch. I must reach them. I do. They feel lovely, cool, hard. I want to put them in my mouth very badly, but just as I am going to someone shouts out loudly and I'm frightened and drop them all.

They always interrupt me when I'm finding out something. And I do want to know about everything very badly.

8.30. I think I shall cry, I have nothing to do. Perhaps Special Voice will come in and talk to me. She does, and calls me Precious, Angel, Beautiful.

I like that, so I cry a little more, so that she won't go away. She is still there. I'm happy. I go to sleep.

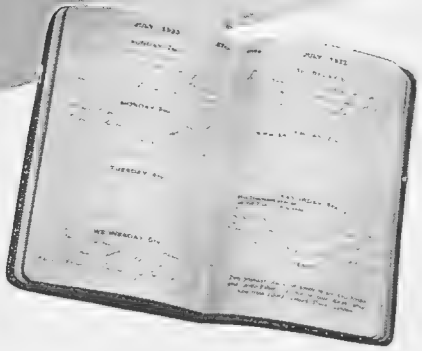
10.30. I have had my bath and my second breakfast and am in my pram in the garden. I lean over the side and touch the wheels and it begins to go slowly, with little bumps and jerks. I like that so much that I talk to it, but somebody says "Sssh, baby, go to sleep." Sleep! Bah!

12. Now I'm lying on my mat on the grass. They have taken off my clothes. Why can't I always be like this in the summer? Why do they put more and more and more clothes on me when they take me out to tea and only let me be comfortable like this at home?

I wish Haw Haw would come and play ball with me. Sam comes, and pushes his nose into me and I push back and we roll about together. That is lovely, but someone calls out "That dog will make him dirty."

12.30. My mouth feels hot and dry. I want a cool stone to put into it, so I crawl off my mat and go on crawling through green curtains of grass.

The ground is warm and hard and tickles my toes. There are new smells all round my nose. I'm thrilled. Someone calls "Baby, naughty, come back." If only they'd leave me alone. . . .



Read this Diary of a Day in the Life of a Baby: It will make you think

1 p.m. I am carried in and dressed and given my dinner earlier than usual because Nannie is going out. I'm not hungry, it's too hot. I don't want milk. I want something cool. They don't think I want something different in summer from winter. My mouth is still hot. I want something put into it to make it cool. I think I'll cry.

2.30. I don't want anyone to push my pram except Nannie, Special Voice, and Haw Haw. I am frightened when I see hands I don't know on it. I hate it when they put up the hood. It's dark.

3.0. I'm in my cot again, but I'm not sleepy. There is a big flower in the window with a fly crawling on it. When he gets to the edge I think he is going to fall off, but he doesn't—he goes on crawling back again. It's very exciting. I laugh. Someone says "Be quiet, baby, go to sleep," and turns me over so that I can't see the window and the flower and the fly. I wonder why he doesn't fall off. Perhaps I shall know some day. Someone makes the room go dark. No one is coming to talk to me. Or pick me up. Or carry me into a big new room or wheel me in my pram or bath me.

I want Sam.

I want it to be light.

I cry.

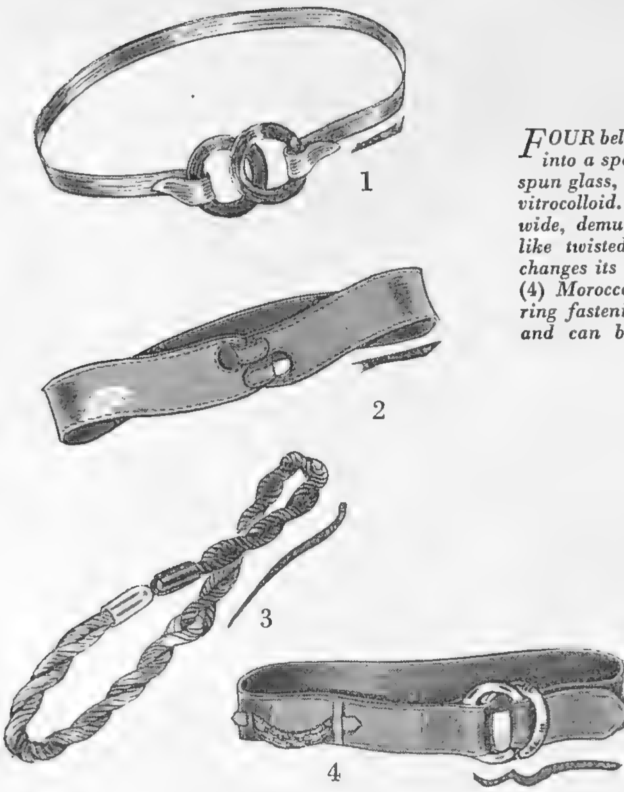
4.30. I'm sitting on the floor in my nursery and I want to get up and be on my legs and stay up. I put my hands on something and pull. Hard. Harder. I'm coming up. I *am* up. I can push the chair away if I like. I can do anything I like.

A loud voice calls out "*Look! baby is walking.*" They all come running in. There is a lot of noise and a lot of haw-haws. Something pushes me backwards and I sit down. I'll never do *that* again. I don't like them laughing at me. I cry.

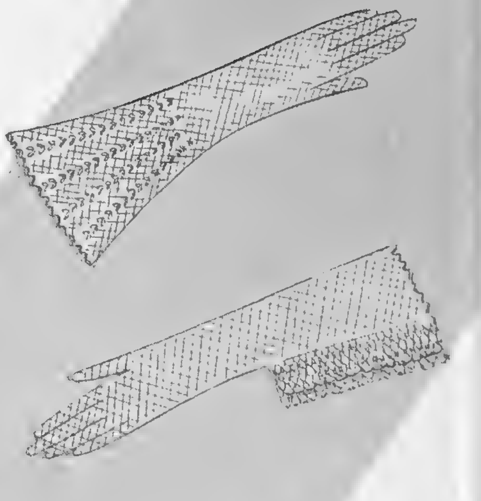
Haw Haw picks me up. I like him to pick me up best because he holds me still and quiet. I stop crying and bite the buttons on his coat. He lets me. Special Voice says "*Cleverest baby in the world.*" I like that and cry for her to say it again. But somebody says "He's had an exciting day, pop him into bed."

Exciting day! Bah!

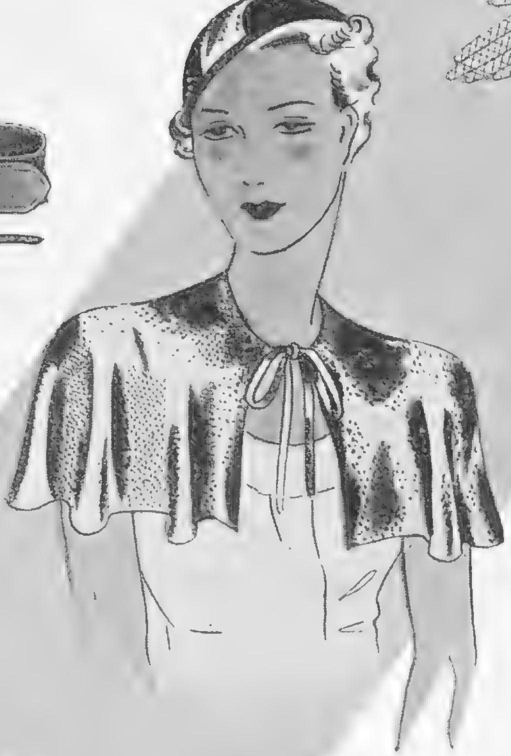
HOLIDAY *and* TOWN *Accessories*



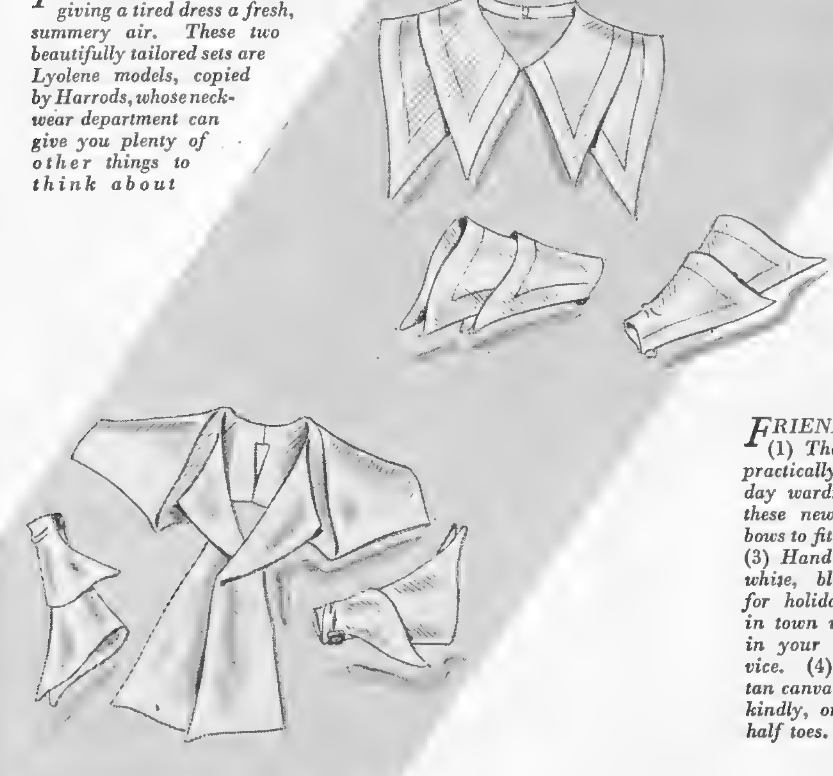
FOUR belts which will turn any ordinary into a special frock. (1) This looks like spun glass, but they call it, with grandeur, vitrocolloid. (2) Polished calf, fashionably wide, demurely fastened. (3) This girdle-like twisted thread belt starts off white, changes its mind halfway and becomes blue. (4) Morocco leather with a distinguished ring fastening. All come from Harrods, and can be had in various colours



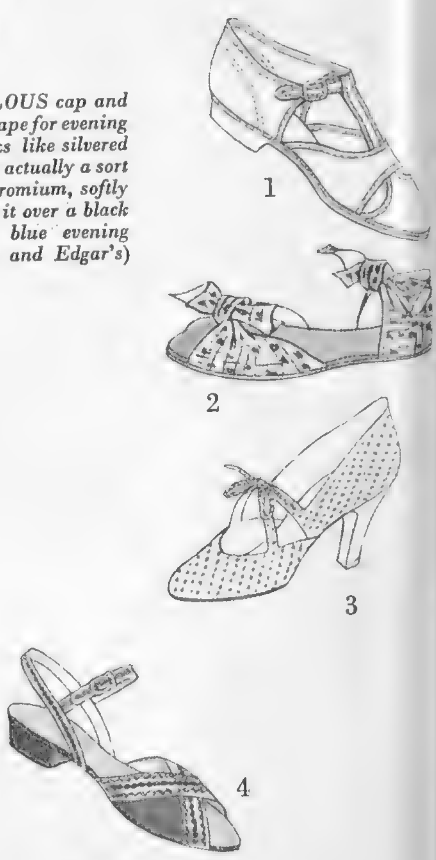
SHEER net parchment gloves for almost any occasion. The top one has a self-coloured motif running up from the wrists. The lower has self-coloured side frilling



A FRIVOLOUS cap and matching cape for evening wear. It looks like silvered sequins, but is actually a sort of mosaiced chromium, softly pliable. Wear it over a black or moonlight blue evening gown. (Swan and Edgar's)



PIQUE still has no rival for giving a tired dress a fresh, summery air. These two beautifully tailored sets are Lyolene models, copied by Harrods, whose neckwear department can give you plenty of other things to think about

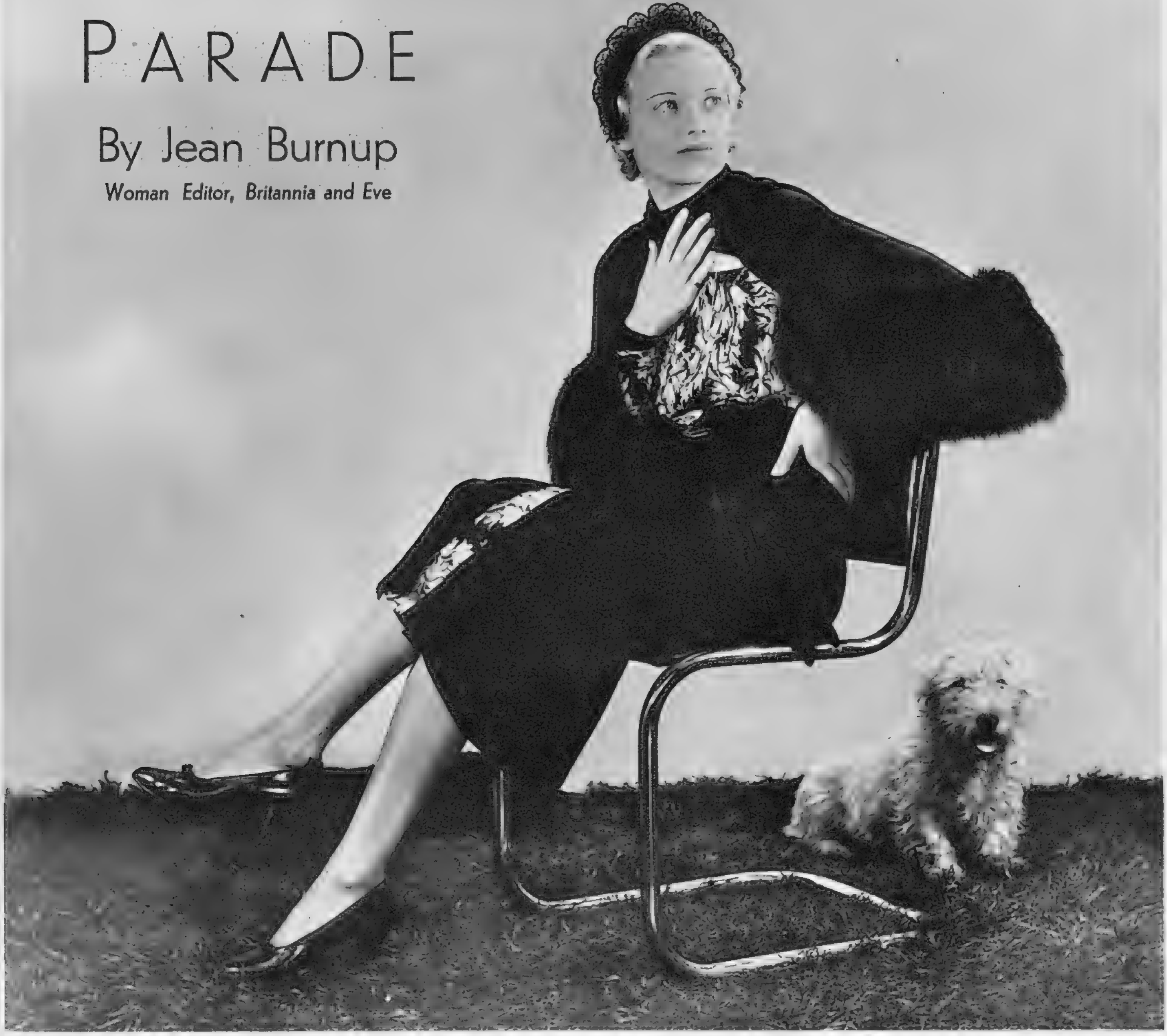


FRIENDLY to your feet . . . (1) The white canvas sandal, practically a necessity in a holiday wardrobe. (2) You can tie these new swimming shoes in bows to fit your toes and ankle. (3) Hand-plaited leather, white, black or dark brown, for holiday wear or hot days in town when every other shoe in your wardrobe feels like a vice. (4) Barefooted sandal in tan canvas and white kid, which, kindly, only shows two and a half toes. (Lilley and Skinner)

SUMMER DRESS PARADE

By Jean Burnup

Woman Editor, Britannia and Eve



John Everard

MADELEINE CARROLL, back from Hollywood for a little while, had her picture taken for us in her new Worth suit of heavy black and bluebell patterned crêpe-de-Chine. The bluebells, just to be different, are not blue, but red and green. They form the top, the sleeves, and line the front pleat of the skirt. The neck is square and low, the waist high. The cape, heavily fur-bordered, crosses at the neck into long scarf ends. Miss Carroll, whose plaited coiffure in "I Was a Spy" inspired the halo hat vogue, continues to wear the halo hat, knowing, of course, that it makes her look even more like an angel. That's Maisie, on her right

WOMEN who stay fairly sober and quiet about their clothes all winter and spring are inclined to run a little mad round about now.

Designers, this summer, encourage them to do so.

Everything that can be put into clothes is being put into clothes. There can hardly be a nuance of any major colour left unexploited, no thread left unspun to go toward the making of some new and unusual material.

No dots are left for your i's after all those which have been used for spotting organza, chiffons, silk nets, crêpe-de-Chine, muslins and what-nots. And new flowers will have to be invented if the garden is to continue to supply the decoration on satins, crêpes, chiffons, failles, linens, organdies.

Frills, flounces, kilts, pleats, ruches, appliqués, feathers, embroideries, sequins, bugles, bows, trim day and evening gowns.

Taffeta rustles and swishes along, in pretty little coats and capes, tying in big bows at the throat, still highly favoured, even after an excess of it at Ascot. Moire, novelty crêpes, coarse-thread linen, and lovely stiff silks are runners-up.

In the welter of dressiness, I have a yearning for plain, stark simplicity.

I get it in the unrelieved blacks which Paris is wearing again for nights, and often for days.

The typical evening silhouette has something more than Spanish about it. It is Spanish, with its clinging Princess line, swirling out into frills and flouncings at the hem.

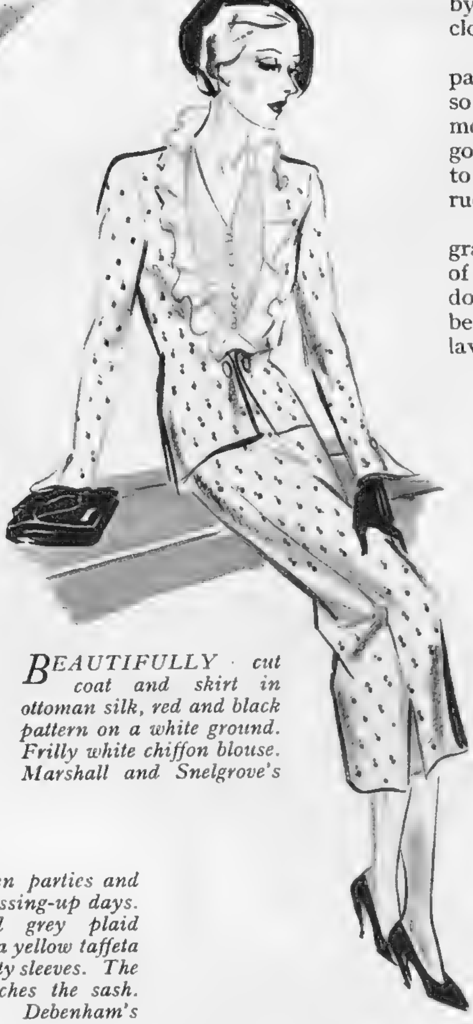
If the frills don't belong to the dress itself, they are owned and shown by the stiff petticoat underneath.

Dresses and Suits for Town

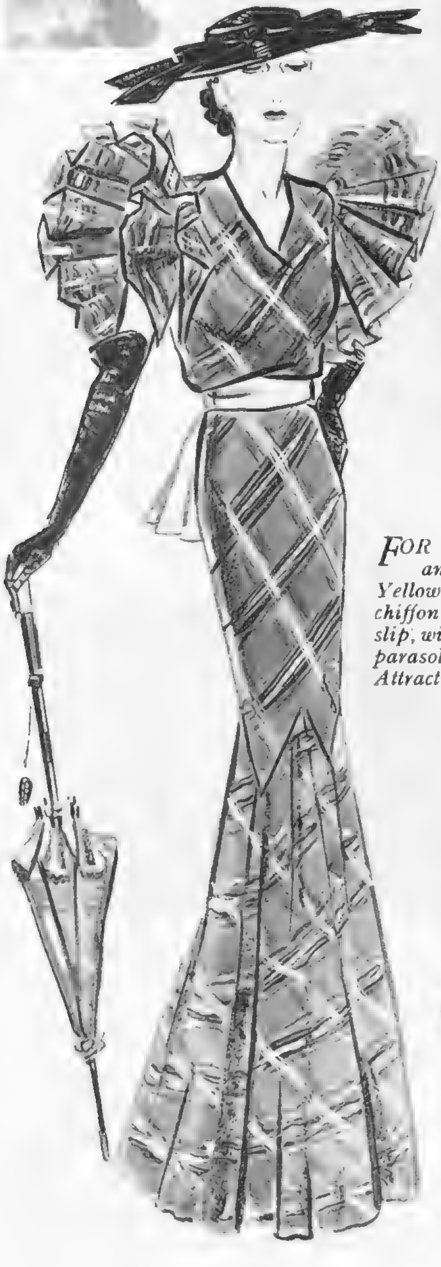
The newest among double-duty dresses was shown by Peter Russell in his collection of really stunning clothes.

Each elegant and seductive gown for race or garden-party or wedding had a beautifully made slip-child, so personable and sumptuous on its own that, the mother-dress removed, the child becomes your evening gown. (In two or three cases I preferred the child to the parent.) Nearly all these slips had attractive ruches, frills or flounces billowing out at the hem.

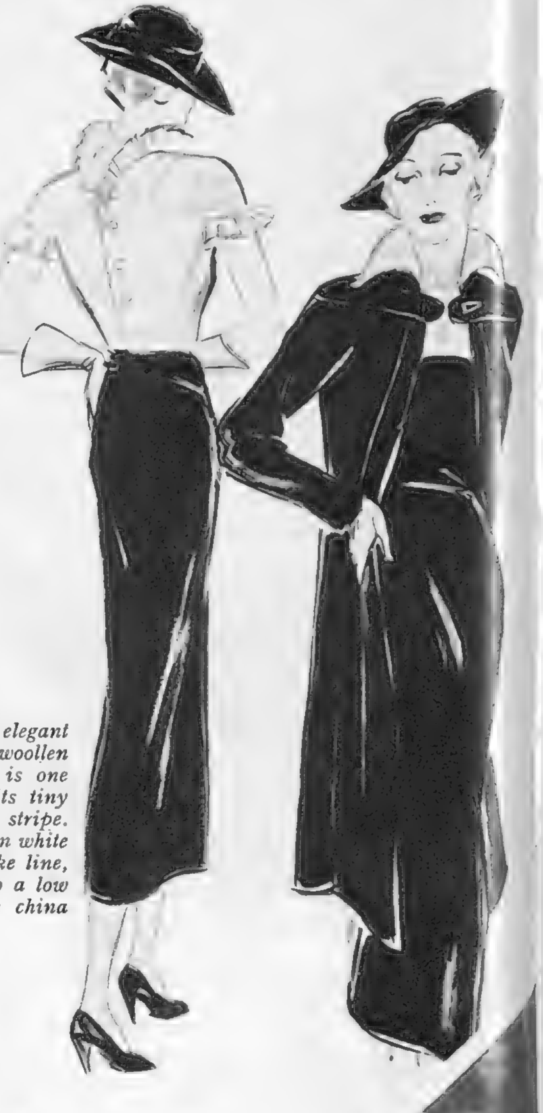
I liked the crisp organdie in one of his new colours, grandiloquently called blue capri, actually the colour of bluebells, and reminding me, as bluebells always do, of my early mortification at discovering that bluebells weren't blue at all, but a sort of gentle sway from lavender-mauve to blue.



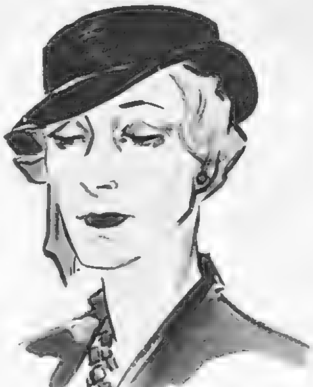
BEAUTIFULLY cut coat and skirt in ottoman silk, red and black pattern on a white ground. Frilly white chiffon blouse. Marshall and Snelgrove's

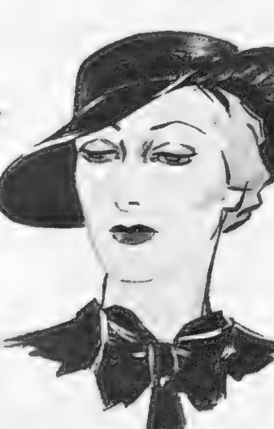


FOR garden parties and any dressing-up days. Yellow and grey plaid chiffon over a yellow taffeta slip, with fluty sleeves. The parasol matches the sash. Attractive. Debenham's



SCHIAPARELLI'S elegant two-piece in black woollen and white chichi. This is one of her new materials. Its tiny rigid flounce forms a stripe. Front of the dress goes from white to black woollen at the yoke line, and droops gradually into a low waist at the back, where china buttons trim and fasten





TWO hats from Woodrow's. (Above) Dark blue canvas straw. Smartly suitable for any face over forty. (Right) Black satin, with pliable brim, wear-as-you-like hat. It would look especially good with a light grey flannel suit and black accessories

and Holiday Occasions

He has also played some other dyeing tricks, and produced antirrhinum pink, thunder blue—the adjectives perfectly describe the shades—and armour grey, introduced in a slinking, clinking sequin evening gown which made all the women present resentfully envious.

I also gave high marks to a suit in cherry-red coating shantung, tailored short coat and skirt; and then made feminine with a flowered chiffon blouse. (Goodwood, park parade, flower or animal show, going ashore from the boat, or any time, just because . . .)

All his waists dropped slightly at the back, adding grace and height.

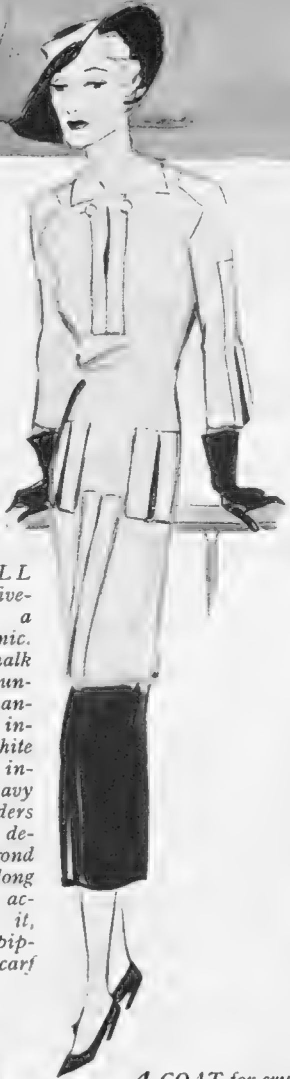
La Schiaparelli has forgotten her tricky bird-line. All her skirts fit close, with flared fullness below the knees.

Some of her collars jut forward stiffly, and cup the chin, with a little pouch, which is probably uncomfortable, and not large enough to carry one's young. But it will make people look, if that 's what you want.

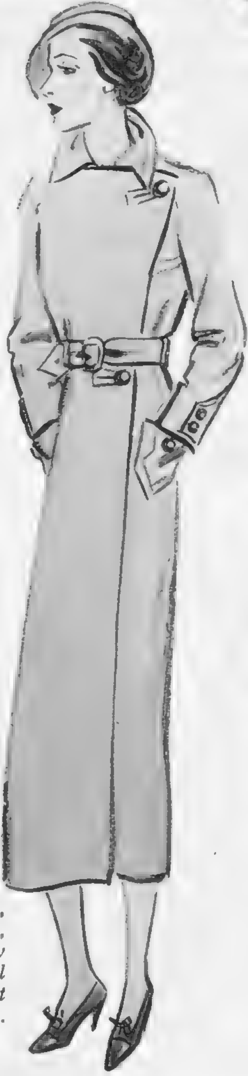
She has two new colours: "gironflee," a soft, luminous pink, and "jasmin de nuit"—greyish-mauve, shown in a lovely, quite severe, evening gown.

I can't think many women will go beach parading in her Spanish hat, with its coloured veil hanging down the neck. But almost any

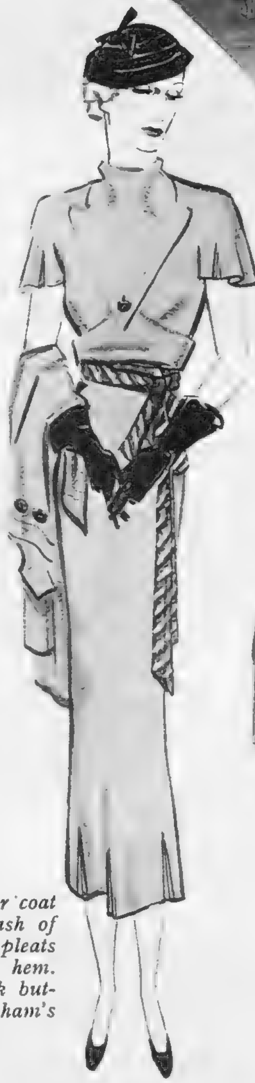
(Continued on page 78)



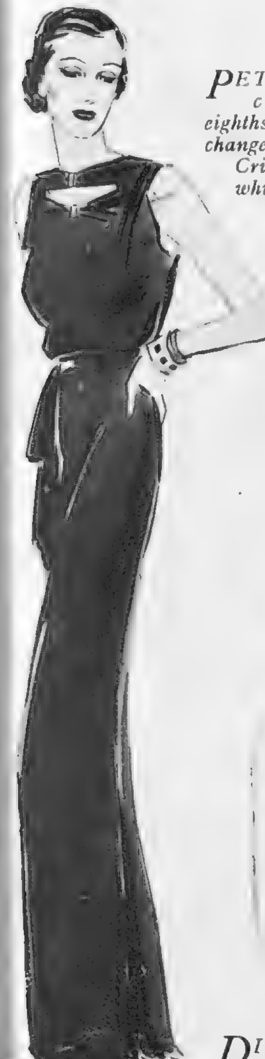
PETER RUSSELL calls this a five-eighths jumper as a change over from a tunic. Crisply smart, in chalk white and navy uncreasable Shantung. Navy inlets on the white tunic, white inlets on the navy skirt. Shoulders and sleeves deserve a second look. A long white coat accompanies it, with navy pipings and scarf

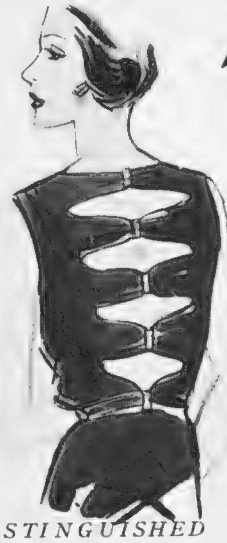


A COAT for cruising, yachting, flying, travelling, or just any chilly time. Natural white camel hair, light and soft as lamb's wool. Burberry's

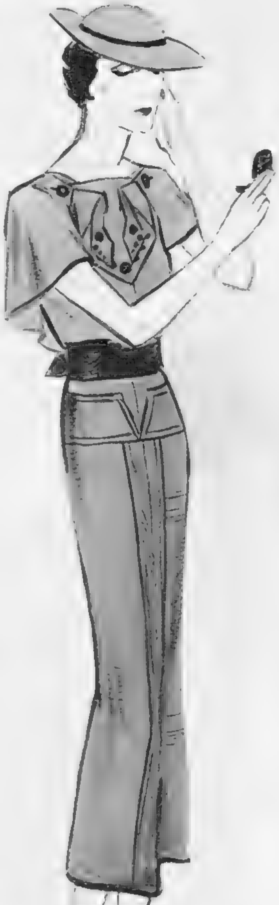


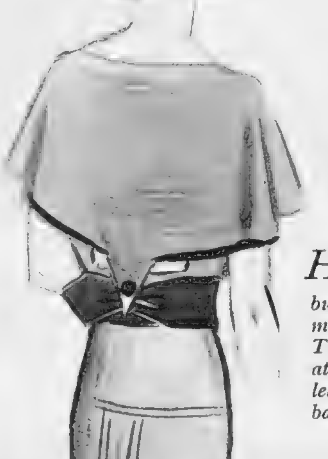
DRESS and three-quarter coat in grey crepoton, sash of striped organdie. Little pleats look out from sleeves and hem. The becoming muffled neck buttons smartly at back. Debenham's





DISTINGUISHED evening gown, long, flowing line, interesting back. Colour is not quite mauve, not quite blue, but best of both. Material is roselba, clasps white crystal. Philippe and Gaston model, obtainable at Marshall's





HOLIDAY dress of canary katinka belt, buttons, and jabot trimming in dark brown. The cape unbuttons at back and front, leaving big U for sunbathing. Debenham's

BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer*

EMIL LUDWIG

IT is very difficult to forestall Miss Rose Macaulay; and her quick intelligence has been the first, I believe, to appreciate the possibilities of a satiric novel contained in the Oxford Group Movement. *Going Abroad* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) is written with just that mingling of banter and sympathy which gives enjoyment to all and offence to none, and its action passes in the fashionable and romantic district round Hendaye and Irun, amid sunbathing and motors and cocktails and middle-aged people and lovable, if slightly ridiculous, young people. Miss Macaulay's skill, formula, and light touch never fail, and though she might perhaps have found a shinier title to suit her story, she has certainly consolidated her position as the E. F. Benson of her generation.

Mr. Philip Lindsay, who wrote *Here Comes the King*, and has now followed it with *London Bridge is Falling* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), is not quite so easy to place. The earlier book gave us a rich picture of life in the court of Henry VIII.: his new one gives us an equally full picture of England under Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou. As a flood-lighter of History, Mr. Lindsay excels. Everything is shown in a bright, new light; every detail is hunted out and vivified, and brought close. Mr. Lindsay's pages of description are the best in his books, or at least they are the ones I most enjoy. Of his capabilities as a novelist I feel less confident. It is not easy to lay bare stories so strangely and lavishly dressed, but every now and then, in spite of all his care, the garments part. These occasional glimpses are not always reassuring. They make me wonder what sort of a novelist he would seem if he turned his attention to contemporary life and times. I doubt if he would be wise to make the change. Indeed, why should he? There are scores of amusing rattles, but very few people who can make a stylish job of the historical novel. And yet, just as the schoolgirl buys postcards showing Mr. Gielgud or Mr. Raft as he really is, so I should like, I admit, to see Mr. Lindsay just once in modern clothes.

Politics and Science

"Leaders of Europe": *by Emil Ludwig*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 18s.)

EMIL LUDWIG has suffered from the excessive praise accorded to his earlier works, and is now generally underrated. The nine biographical studies—Briand, Lloyd George, Masaryk, Motta, Mussolini, Nansen, Rathenau, Stalin, and Venizelos—which make up his latest volume are very well done; it is not easy to think of a writer who could have maintained a higher level of success over so wide a field. As evidence of his shrewdness, it may be mentioned that he divides his book into two parts, five studies of "Servants of the People" and four of "Rulers of the People." Mr. Lloyd George appears, with Venizelos, Mussolini, and Stalin, in the second category. As evidence of his thoroughness, it is to be noted that Dr. Ludwig has had at least one long interview with each of his subjects.

"The Great Design": *Edited by Frances Mason*

(Duckworth, 8s. 6d.)

"IS the world," asks the cover of this book, "a soul-less Mechanism? Is it a work of blind chance?" The answer, a strong and unvaried negative, is provided by fourteen men of science, each contributing an essay on astronomy, botany, or whatever the subject in which he has attained eminence. It was a good idea to collect their views, though I regret that room could not be found for one thorough-paced materialist; but the scientists themselves might profitably have been asked, before they were invited to contribute, "Is the word a soul-less mechanism?" For few of them, alas! are eminent authors. Some are too technical to be comprehended; others are too bright and kindly to be borne. Given such a theme, they could hardly fail to produce an interesting book, but they have not compiled the striking volume which might have been expected.

VICKI BAUM, whose latest novel, "Falling Star," has Hollywood for its theme. A brilliant translation emphasises this authoress's power of etching vivid, if painful, impressions upon the imagination

In sharp distinction to the two novels already mentioned is *News from Havre*, translated from the French of Georges Duhamel (Dent, 7s. 6d.). Here is a story which owes nothing to fashion or glamour; it has no adventitious aids of any kind; and, indeed, it is handicapped by a translation which, even if any intelligible method of punctuation had been employed, would still not be mistakable, for one moment, for an original creation. Yet the charm of the quiet novel and

Novels in English and Broken English— "Baum, Thou art Translated!"

the beauty of M. Duhamel's style are, like roses, tougher than they look. *News from Havre* seems hardly to tell a story, scarcely to proceed by plot. M. Duhamel introduces us, almost casually, into the home of a Parisian family. We meet its members, get to know them, and then, just when we are wondering when the story will begin, we find that we have entered right into the life of this family, and that we do not want, and are not going to get, anything more than that life has to offer. Have I made it sound a dull book? After a rather slow beginning, it is to me a delightful one. It is also the first of M. Duhamel's novels to be translated into English. I hope it may succeed, but I doubt it. Those who read it will like it, and find that M. Duhamel's quiet voice lingers in their ears. But it is such a quiet voice. Will it be heard, in this appalling racket amid which we live?

Some lucky writers find that their books, like the Bible, translate well into any language. Others are less fortunate. Heinrich Mann, besides being a brother of the famous German author, Thomas Mann, is himself responsible for a book which, in its film version, travelled the world—*The Blue Angel.* For *The Hill of Lies* (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.) he managed to secure the services of two of the best translators in England — Edwin and Willa Muir. Yet the result of their efforts is a worthy rather than an exhilarating novel, and I am forced to conclude that Heinrich Mann is not one of

(*Continued on p. 78*)

E. M. FORSTER

Forster and Huxley

"Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson":

by E. M. Forster

(Arnold, 10s. 6d.)

THIS biography and this book of travel have nothing in common but me—that is to say, their authors find a place among the four living writers of English who give me the most pleasure, and I cannot resist indulging my preferences by placing them side by side. If Mephistopheles were to put his head out and demand "Who are you, to indulge your preferences?" I could only answer, I suppose, that debtors are still allowed the privilege of paying their debts.

Lowes Dickinson, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, man of letters, philosopher, and publicist, died in August 1932, aged seventy. He was a man of real eminence. But he was not interested in publicity, and so, although he was persuaded to broadcast towards the end of his life, his fellow-countrymen and women remained, for the most part, in ignorance of his existence. Such men are the salt of the earth; and, by a happy chance, they often achieve their proper fame in the end because their biographies, instead of being commissioned, are written for love by just such a man as themselves. So it is in the case of Lowes Dickinson. Alone of all Englishmen, living or dead, he has Mr. E. M. Forster as biographer. His chances of immortality must be unusually good, either from his own efforts or from those of his friend.

"Beyond the Mexique Bay":

by Aldous Huxley

(Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.)

If my memory serves me aright, Mr. Huxley has not recorded his travels since *Jesting Pilate* appeared eight years ago. That was one of the most satisfying and friendly of all his books, and his new volume is not inferior to it. Mr. Huxley has been to Guatemala and Mexico, but he is so alert and intelligent an observer that his itinerary is of little importance. Everything he hears and sees lights him down a gallery in his well-stocked mind, and he has the knack of linking up new experiences with old. I cannot imagine any reader who, having begun this book, is not content to listen spellbound to the end.

ERIC LINKLATER, whose little book, "The Revolution," consists of three short stories. Together these three stories make a brief but continuous novel

ROSE MACAULAY, whose latest novel, "Going Abroad," is written with just that mingling of banter and sympathy which gives enjoyment to all and offence to none

GEORGES DUHAMEL, author of "News from Havre," a story of a Parisian family. This is the first of this famous French author's novels to be translated

The BUSYBODY'S Notebook

THIS is to remind you that " Britannia and Eve's " Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects, and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter ; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems, write to the Busybody, c/o " Britannia and Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

I AM thinking of founding a new society which is to be called the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Legs.

Bare legs look just right on the beach and possibly on the tennis court, but can nothing be done to make women realise that on practically all other occasions they are a MISTAKE ?

I wish I could drive home the fact that in the majority of cases legs do really need a little help and kindness to look their best, and that they should not be exposed in all their ordinary and unalluring state of nature.

Even a perfect leg—and how many are there ?—looks more attractive in a well-cut stocking. For the common or garden variety it is an absolute necessity.

A filmy stocking of just the right shade will work wonders in softening harsh outlines and correcting defective contours, will disguise too ample a calf and lend an illusion of curves to too thin a one.

I speak feelingly, for I have not yet recovered from the shocks which I received during the heat-wave last year from the sight of knubbly and bony ankles and fat and straight ankles all gambolling about the streets without the decent protection and attractive veil of a bit of gossamer silk. Won't you join my society ?

I AM feeling pleased with myself this month. My complexion has taken on a new lease of life. It has never looked so fresh and clear or my skin been so soft and supple.

Thanks are due to the most enchanting water-softener which I have just found. This is a meal made from cereals which contain elements necessary for the preservation of the skin's youth, and which also makes the hardest water as soft as rain-water. The delicious, delicate scent of it is just enough to make a bath or basin of water in which it has been dissolved the most fragrantly refreshing thing imaginable.

I always knew that cereals were good for one internally, but this water-softener is a revelation in what they can do for one's externals. And I could not have made this discovery at a more opportune moment, for, with the beginning of the sun-bathing season upon us, our skins all need just the little extra help which this toilet adjunct can give them.

Do remember that it is not enough to care for your face alone : arms, necks, yes, *and* legs, are so much in the public eye at this time of the year. This water-softener will keep them all velvet soft and satin smooth.

WITH summer holidays upon us and all sorts of delectable week-end trips and improvised jaunts to be enjoyed, the problem of packing becomes important. Goodness knows, modern clothes don't take up much room and underclothes are so thin as to be practically non-existent, so no man will ever understand why you cram the car with *two* suit-cases when, as far as he can see, one small parcel would have done the trick. But what the male mind can never understand is the fact that it is the battery of toilet adjuncts which most women feel to be indispensable which causes all the trouble. One bottle for lotions, another for hand cream, a jar for skin food, and another for powder base—and your suit-case is half-full almost before you have begun.

So I beg to report that I have solved this problem most successfully, and when I go a-junketing I just pack one single bottle and no more.

This contains a delicious cream which is an ideal emollient, powder base, and complexion milk all in one. It protects the skin from exposure to sun, wind, and sea, and is the most soothing thing in the world if you have rashly over-cooked yourself in your zeal for sun-bathing. Besides all these duties it will keep your hands soft and white, so why go on struggling to pack all those jars and bottles when the contents of a single one will keep you fresh and well groomed ?

WHENEVER I stop to remember that the nearest approach to labour-saving in the way of keeping the paint clean that our mothers knew was to order a nice, " useful " shade of chocolate brown or sage green, guaranteed not to show the dirt, I utter a little prayer of thanks for the privilege of keeping house in these days.

To-day I can indulge my fancy as far as I like in the way of white or light coloured enamel, with the comforting assurance that it can be cleaned instantly without any of the terrific soap and water ritual which used to be necessary.

Instead of this, all my paint is cleaned with a delightful cream which polishes as well as cleans, and which leaves the paintwork looking like new without any of the drudgery of flannel-wringing or the hopelessly red and roughened hands which this entails.

I use the same cream for all my furniture, and I swear that you could use any single piece of it for a mirror.

Another cause for gratitude is the grand polish which takes care of my floors for me. This not only cleans and polishes, but also acts as an antiseptic.

This last point is of extreme importance, for no spot in the house is more liable to harbour dirt germs than the floor, and to be able to clean, polish, and disinfect it all in one operation is a real boon.

Particularly is this the case in a house where there are young children, for they can so easily pick up major and minor contaminations from an imperfectly-kept floor. But it is just as comforting for grown-ups to know that the floor is kept as hygienic as possible.

THE most perfect perm and the most skilful arrangement of curls and waves lose their charm if the hair itself is poor and thin and lacks life and lustre.

So many women I know resign themselves to dull and uninteresting locks, and seem to think that they are an infliction to be patiently borne instead of actively resented.

There never was a more mistaken attitude, for real care and the use of the right lotions and washes can give the most intractable hair gloss and silkiness and restore that elasticity so necessary to a well-groomed appearance.

Whenever I see a woman with a prematurely grey head or hair which is lacking in lustre, I long to rush up to her and carry her off to a famous hair specialist I know. All his lotions and preparations have been successfully used for a hundred years, and with them goes a really scientific method of care for the hair.

If you cannot consult him personally, send him a small cutting of your hair, and for a very small fee he will send you a diagnosis of its condition and suggest the best course of treatment to follow. If you do this, you will be very grateful to me, and have hair of which you can be really proud.

It would be easier for the hair specialist if women would realise that a few minutes every day devoted to the care of the hair are a necessity. Brisk brushing stimulates the roots and encourages that natural oil that brings lustre and shine to the head. Lotions and washes will rectify any minor defect, but the help of a specialist will make the choice a sure one.

What I *have* Bought *this* Month

The names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, *Britannia and Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. A stamped postcard must be enclosed for a reply

HERE is the very thing for a picnic on the beach or in the country: a combined ground-sheet and cushion of rubber-proofed cretonne which, when folded up, makes a useful bag for carrying bathing equipment, sandwiches, etc. The price is no obstacle, for it is only 2s. 11d. (Postage 4d.)

AN English pewter tea-set of particularly attractive design, consisting of a teapot, sugar basin, and milk jug, costs only 13s. 6d., or with the tray, 18s. 6d. A matching hot-water jug is 8s. 11d. (Post free)

THIS decorative fruit-salad set is really an amazing bargain. Made in opalescent English glass in delicate shades of green, blue, pink, and amber, a set comprising a large bowl and six small ones costs only 7s. 6d. (Postage 1s. 3d.). Bought separately the large bowl is 3s. and the small ones 9d. each. Small matching plates at 9d. each may also be obtained

FOR babies' beach wear there is nothing more sensible and hygienic than a romper suit. This one, made in cotton tussore in pink, blue, green, and champagne, is stamped with a cross-stitch design of rabbits all ready to be worked, and will fit a child of 18 months to 2 years. 2s. 11d. (Post free)

THERE is no need to worry about that wedding present. Here is a solution to your problem. A real Sheffield plate entrée-dish, very heavy in weight and made of silver plate on copper. It is a useful size, measuring 11 inches across. Price 17s. 6d. (Post free)

TAKE a camera with you on your summer holiday. This one—the "Univex"—will fit into any small corner of your suit-case. It is made in bakelite and takes snapshots measuring 1 by 1½ in., which can be enlarged most successfully. The cost is 3s. 9d., and spools giving six exposures are 9d. each (Postage 3d.)

WHERE the walls of this kitchen are not lined with plywood or glass-fronted cupboards, they are tiled and shelved. Every nook and cranny has been built around advantageously for the neat hiding away of all kitchen equipment

THE open doors of this cabinet fitment tell its own story. It is pantry, dresser, kitchen-table, and anything else you want it to be, in one clean-cut piece of kitchen furniture

YOU have to be Tidy *in* the Modern Kitchen

By Shirley Darbyshire

TIDINESS is a virtue that is forced upon us nowadays. In a modern kitchen, everything is hidden away in the cupboards that line the walls, and are cheerfully painted in the gay, vivid colours that persuade the most practical objects to be decorative.

Cabinets that are built in standardised sections can be arranged to fit your kitchen, no matter what its shape or size; and the doors open to reveal a host of different partitions.

One lets down to become a table, with folding seats, apparently brought out from nowhere, comfortably in position on either side of it; a singularly thin cupboard takes the ironing-board; another equally slim one provides a home for the electric sweeper.

And there are other cupboards appropriately designed for china and glass, tinned foods and dusters, knives and forks and spoons, and varied kitchen equipment of every kind.

IT was not to be expected that tables would escape the present tendency. They realise that much use may be made of the space between the table-top and the floor.

The nicest one I have seen lately had a marble top which I was assured would last for ever. There is no doubt that it will always keep cool for pastry-making. Beneath, white painted cupboards have an enamelled top that serves as a practical shelf.

I also liked a kitchen fitment consisting of a long table set against the wall, and above it two shelves with sliding glass doors which allowed you to see where everything was stored. Above the shelves again were two rows of small drawers.

These represent the modern variation of the canister, and have new long handles of stainless steel that can be gripped firmly and easily.

ONCE we would have been more than satisfied with one hatchway leading from the kitchen to the dining-room. Now we declare that we cannot put up with less than two. One has shelves in the recess between the two rooms for taking china and glass; from the dining-room you put the dirty dishes through the second hatchway straight on to the draining-board.

Presuming that yours is a truly modern kitchen, this draining-board will be of teak and the sink of stainless metal. The recess corresponding to the first hatchway takes a plate-rack, decorously hidden behind a shutter when not in use.

If you attempt to wash clothes in the kitchen, you are sure to become unpopular. That is why some kitchens have a second clothes-washing sink, complete with its own washing-machine.

Even then a certain tension in the atmosphere may warn you that you are in the way. . . . Now is the time to retire to the bathroom and tell it that if it wants to be really up to date it must act as a laundry as well.

For a nursery bathroom especially, this is a scheme to be recommended. Nurse, at last quite independent of the kitchen—to the relief of everyone—has a clothes-washing sink with a gas water-heater, an airing cupboard warmed by gas, and cupboards beneath the sink for taking an ironing-board and laundry equipment.

The alcove next to the airing cupboard is fitted with a small gas-stove, which will be found useful in the larger household to heat and prepare light foods when the nursery section does not wish to bother the cook or there is an invalid in the house.

A nest of three saucepans should be kept for this stove alone, and they should be cleaned as they are used, otherwise independent cooking may lead to friction.

To help your cook in the ideal of tidiness, give her a small glass-fronted cupboard for her private use, and try to keep the appointments of the kitchen as simple as possible.

Jams *and* Jellies

WHERE fruits are deficient in setting qualities use "Certo," save cooking time and ensure perfect results

OUR fruit trees are beginning to remind us of home-made jam. . .

Each year brings with it our old favourites, but there is always the excitement of trying something new, and experimenting with some unusual fruit.

Every jam maker knows that it is difficult to achieve success, as so often the fruit may not be in the correct condition or the sugar may not be just right.

It is important, however, that the fruit for jam-making should be dry and not over-ripe, while the sugar must be pure, especially if the jam has to be stored some time before using.

The jars should be free from cracks, well washed, dried, and heated before use. The preserving pan must be clean and bright: Stir with a wooden spoon and skim with a silver or plated spoon.

For covering preserves, wax circles should be put on immediately, while the jam is hot, and further covering may be done at once or when the jam is cold. For this, rounds of gummed paper or wet cellophane may be used, then the jars should be labelled with the name and date before storing in a dry, airy cupboard.

Certain fruits are easy to convert into jam, because they are rich in "pectin," the name given to the "setting" qualities.

Where the fruits are deficient in this, the jam is usually made by adding lemon juice or some easily jellied fruit; or, again, a commercial pectin may be used. "Certo" is one of the best I know. The great advantage in using it is that the cooking time is lessened, which means that the flavour and colour of the jam are retained and perfect results are ensured.

This is delicious :

FOUR FRUIT MARMALADE

Ingredients.—1 Orange, 1 lemon, 1 grape fruit, 1 apple.

New Ideas *and* Old Favourites

By Elizabeth Hughes Hallett

Method.—Choose in each case good-sized fruit. Wash carefully, peel and core the apple and pass the apple through the mincer. Cut the orange, lemon and grape fruit in halves, squeeze out the juice and remove the seeds, then pass the skins through the mincer.

Add all to the fruit juice and measure, then allow three times the measure of water. Add it to the basin of fruit and skins and tie the seeds in muslin. Allow to stand overnight, then boil for one hour. Leave until next day, measure, then add an equal quantity of heated sugar. Boil until it sets, usually about an hour, then pot and cover.

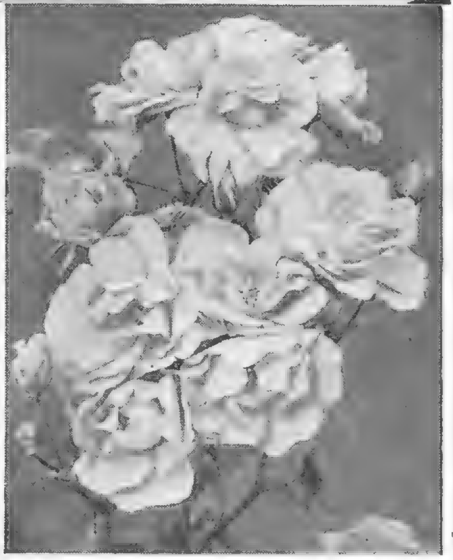
Here is an old favourite :

MARROW JAM

Ingredients.—3 lb. marrow, 3 lb. sugar, 2 lemons, 3 oz. preserved ginger.

Method.—Peel and remove the seeds from the marrow, then cut into ¼ in. blocks. Weigh and put into a basin with the sugar, grated rind and juice of lemons, and ginger cut into small pieces.

Cover the skins and seeds with water, boil for half an hour, then strain. Allow 1 gill of this liquid to each lb. of marrow and add it to the basin. Cover and leave for 24 hours. Boil up in a preserving pan, stirring constantly until the marrow is transparent, about ¾–1 hour. Test and, if set, pot and cover.



HAVE you red roses in your garden? Turn them into jam

And no doubt the children will go blackberrying in September :

BLACKBERRY JAM

Ingredients.—2 lb. blackberries, 3 lb. sugar, ½ bottle "Certo."

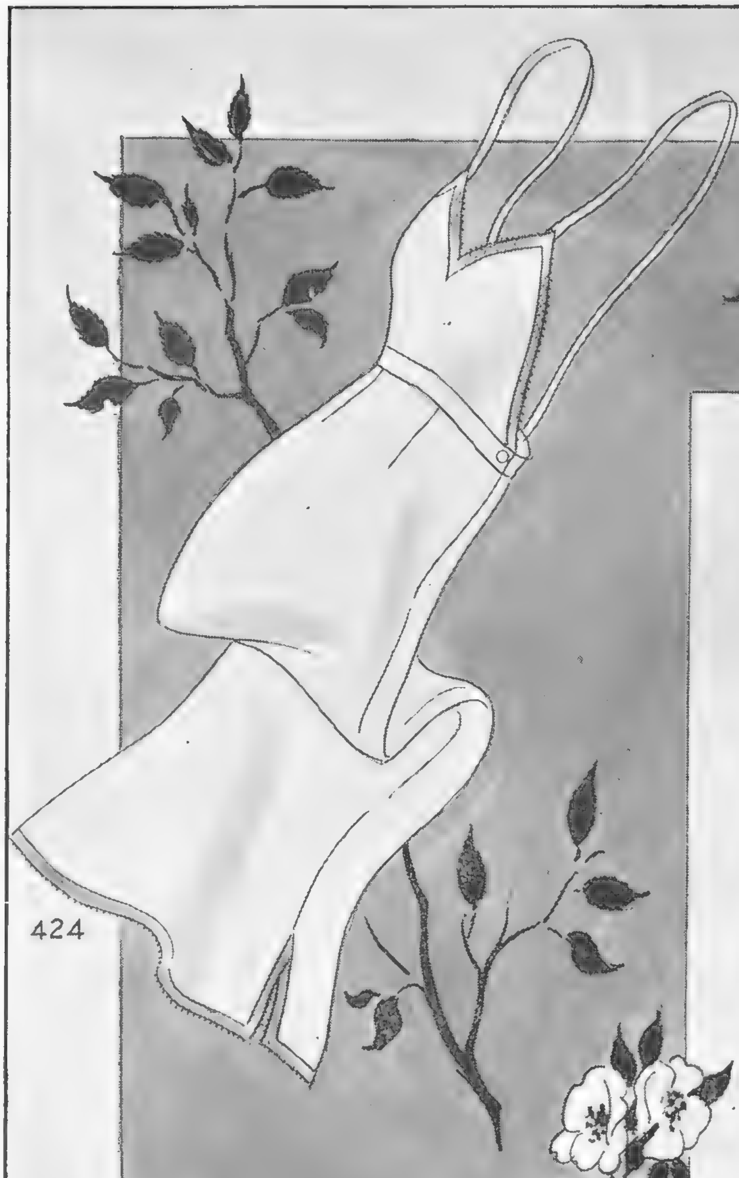
Method.—Crush the berries thoroughly, measure and put with sugar into a preserving pan. Mix and bring to full boiling point over a steady heat. Stir constantly before and during boiling and boil briskly for 1 minute.

Remove from the fire, stir in the "Certo," then stir and skim in turns for 5 minutes to cool slightly and thus prevent the fruit floating.

Pour quickly into jars, seal with wax tissues, cover.

(*Continued on page* 108)

EASY to MAKE BEDROOM FASHIONS



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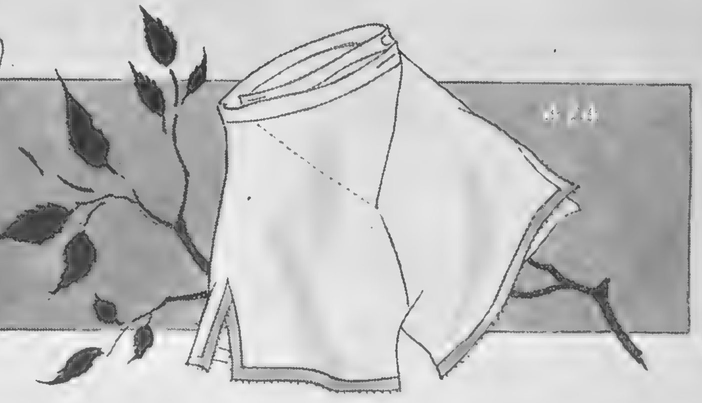
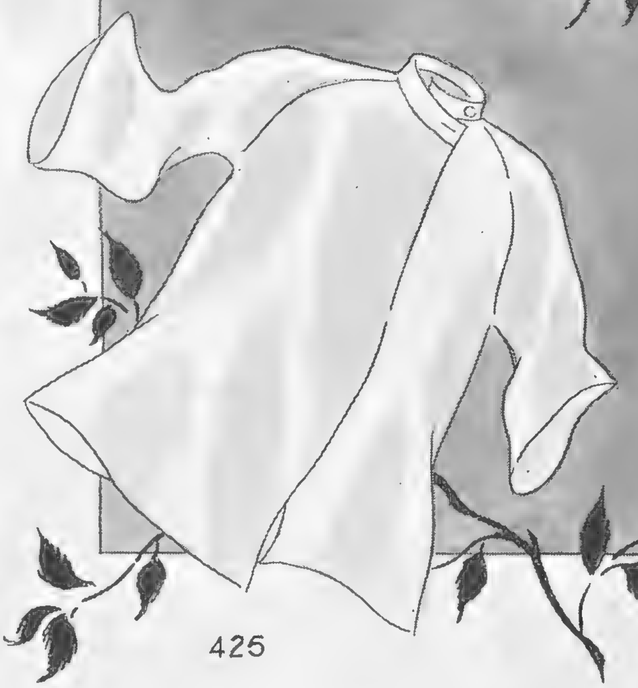


424. Backless slip and panties with a new cross-over front ensuring perfect flatness at hips. The slip flares slightly to the hem. The bodice must be bias cut to ensure proper fit. Made in pale pink lingerie silk with a narrow edging of deep cream net. 3 yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard 36-inch net required for the slip. 1½ yards 36-inch material and ¼ yard 36-inch net for the panties. *Price* 1/-

425. A mandarin jacket in off white washing satin. Raglan sleeves, upstanding collar. Meant for elegance in bed. Make it in more luscious satin, add a large flower posy at the neck fastening, and wear it, with assurance, to the theatre. 2¼ yards of 36-inch material required. *Price* 1/-

How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these Patterns may be obtained only by post



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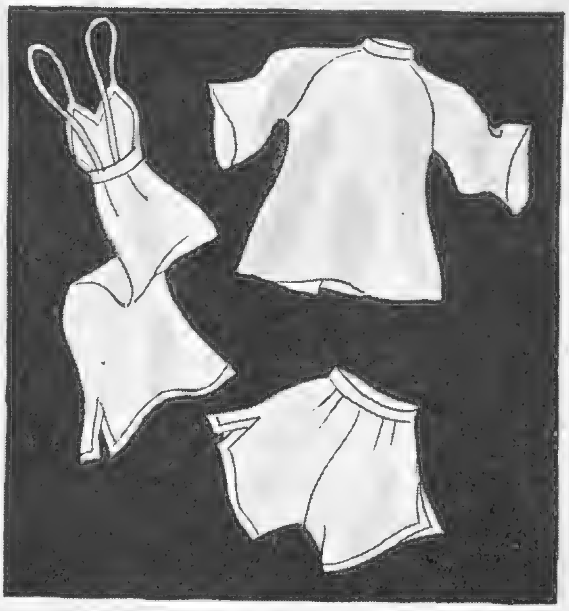
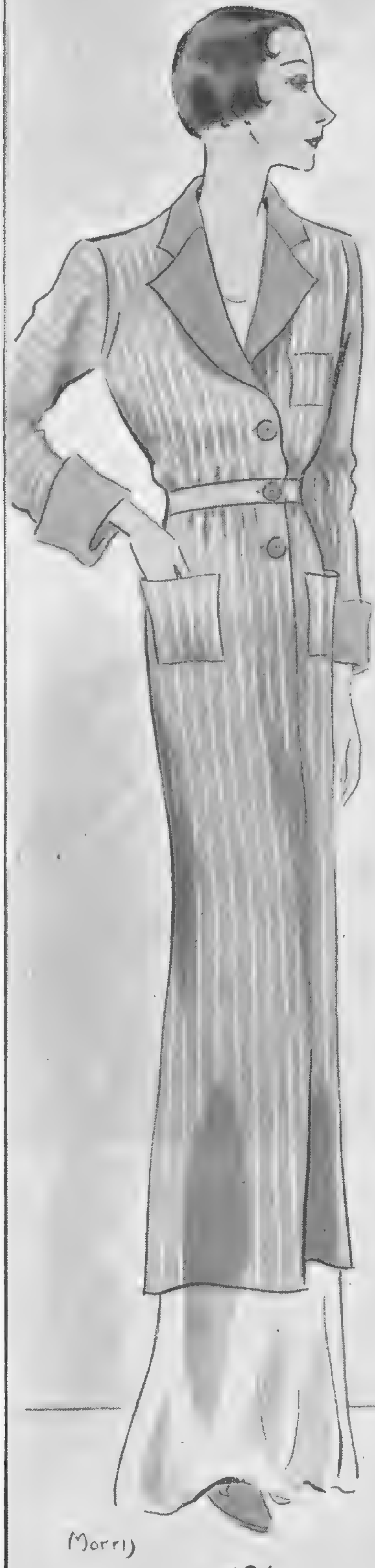


FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

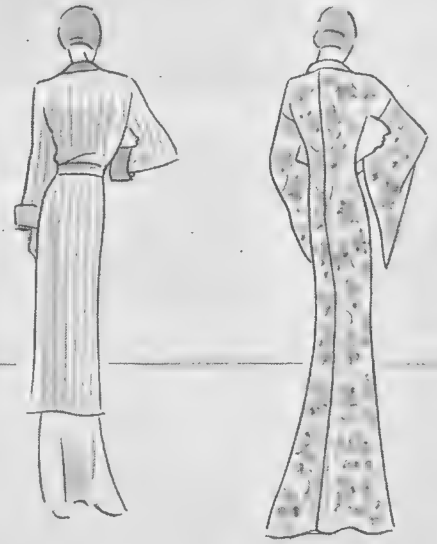


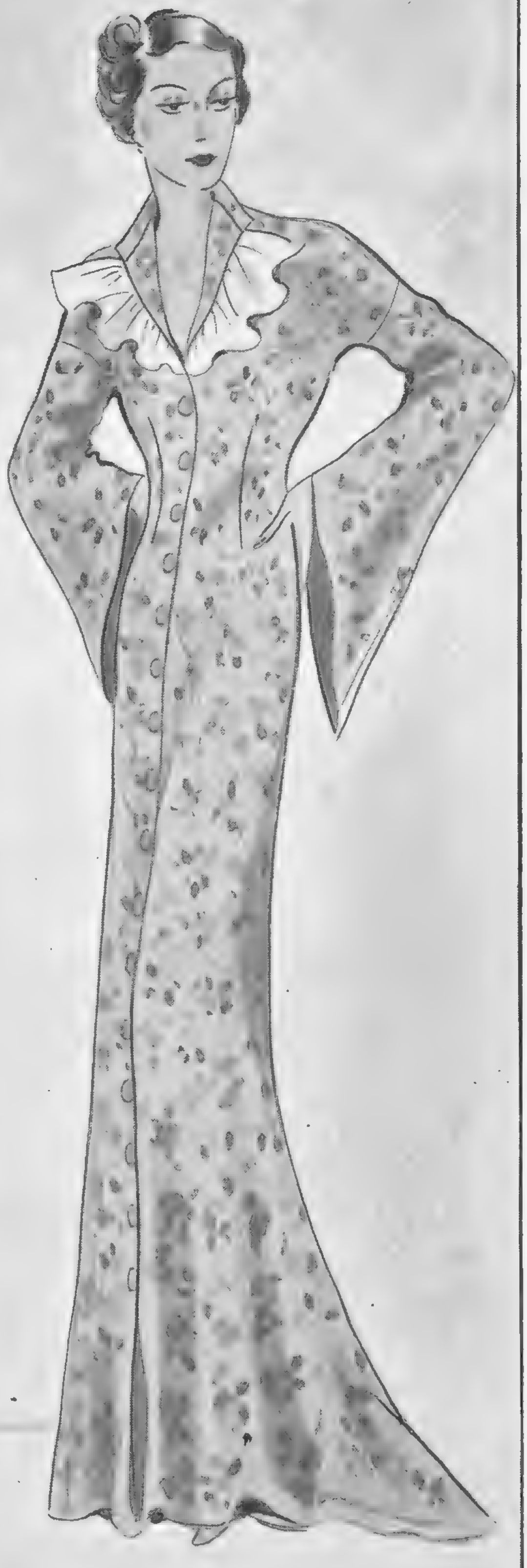
426

Dressing Gown Contrasts

426. *Severe, masculine, smart. Made in blue and white striped washing silk with plain blue silk tailored revers and turned back cuffs. Material required: 3¾ yards of striped and 1½ yards of plain 36-in. material are required.*
Price 1/–

427. *Feminine, glamorous with a new, old-fashioned air. Made in artificial silk sprigged in a small chintzy pattern. The buttons are decoration only. The fitting waist flares gently to the hem. 5⅜ yards of patterned and ¼ yard of plain 36-in. material (for the neck flounce) are required.* *Price* 1/–





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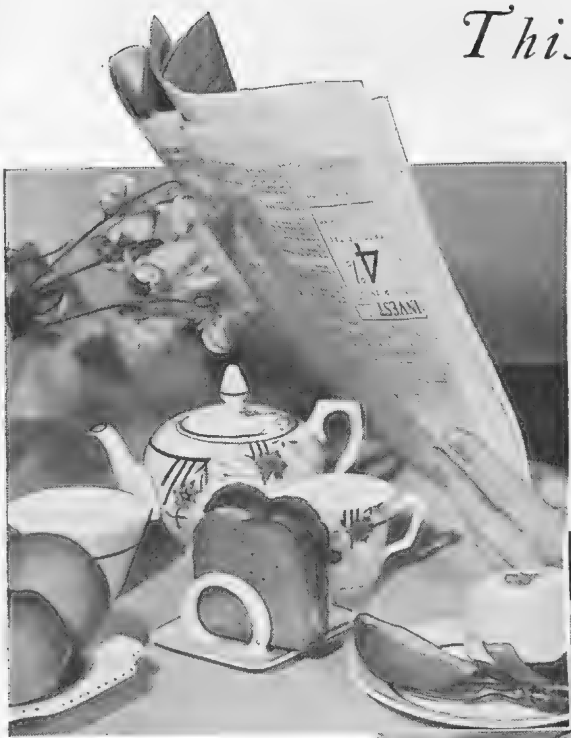
This is the time of Year to have Something Different *for* BREAKFAST

By A. H. Adair



Left:
FRESH fruit, thin toast and butter, China tea . . . A refreshing breakfast on a hot day

Below:
COLD rice crispies and cream are nourishing

THE well-known English breakfasts are the best in the world. But there comes a time when a little variation from the usual routine is welcome.

During the warmer weather we would gladly change from the porridge, eggs and bacon type of breakfast, probably because Nature is asserting herself and we instinctively feel that a different diet is necessary.

Light, spicy dishes, cold cereals and quantities of fruit, both raw and cooked, should now appear on the breakfast table. I find during the hot weather that once a week at least the first meal could very well consist of *nothing* but fruit with just a few slices of thin toast, butter and tea or coffee.

Another good plan is to change over occasionally from one beverage to the other. If you have coffee as a matter of course every day throughout the year, a week or two of tea will not only be good for the digestion, but will make you relish your coffee all the more when you go back to it.

In heat wave weather a tumblerful of freshly made and well flavoured iced tea is one of the most delicious and refreshing things with which to start a stuffy, unbearably hot day.

The following breakfast menus for a week in summer are only suggestions. They can, of course, be changed or adapted, but in any case they may help to give a little stimulus to appetites which are probably beginning to flag as the summer wears on.

SUNDAY
Grape Fruit
Stewed Plums
Toast

MONDAY
Cold Cereals, Milk or Cream
Croûtes Frites
Fruit

TUESDAY
Spanish Eggs
Stewed Prunes
Jam, Marmalade

WEDNESDAY
Cold Cereals, Milk or Cream
Fried Bacon and Bananas
Jam, Marmalade

THURSDAY
Scrambled Eggs with Haddock
Cherries

FRIDAY
Grape Fruit
Fish Cakes
Jam, Marmalade

SATURDAY
Cold Cereals, Milk or Cream
Ham on Toast
Compote of Apples

Croûtes Frites

Take one square slice of bread for each person, trim off the crusts and dip each slice in beaten egg in which you have put salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne pepper.

Now dip the slices in grated cheese; see that they are generously coated with the cheese and fry them until golden brown in hot bacon fat. Drain and serve very hot.

Spanish Eggs

For four people, take one pound of onions and one pound of tomatoes peeled, and cut into slices. Fry these vegetables together quickly in butter or bacon fat; when they begin to brown add a tablespoonful of curry powder—or more or less according to taste—and salt.

Stir well and cook until you are ready to serve. Just at the last moment break in two or three eggs whole. Stir them in quickly with a fork so that the egg is well mixed, cook for a few minutes and serve.

A BLUE and peach breakfast table. The china is blue spode; the peach linen cloth and napkins match the sweet pea decoration

Fried Bacon and Bananas

Cooked bananas, which go so well with many savoury dishes, are particularly good with bacon. The bananas are simply cut in two, lengthways, sprinkled with salt and pepper and fried in the bacon fat, turning them so that each side is golden brown.

Scrambled Eggs with Haddock

As a rule, to make good scrambled eggs—that is to say, the eggs beaten and cooked very slowly in melted butter *without* adding milk—we require two eggs at least for each person.

If we serve them with a few flakes of cooked haddock we can reduce the quantity of eggs, three for two people being quite sufficient. The haddock should be kept hot and only added to the finished scrambled eggs at the last minute, just before serving.

"Let's go for a Picnic"

By
A. H. Adair

Menu

Hors d'œuvre.
Veal Loaf.
Ham.
Salad.
Fruit Mousse.
Cheese Biscuits.
Cocktails. Beer. Orangeade.

PICNICS must have been uncomfortable occasions in the days before the manufacturers of out-of-door equipment seriously considered the question of alfresco accessories. Tablecloths were weighted down with stones over which insects crawled. People sprawled uncomfortably on the grass or rocks or sand, not daring to reach for the food they wanted in case they should upset the beer or put an elbow into the butter.

A picnic was definitely a mixed pleasure, the discomforts often outweighing the fun of the day. The modern picnicker can sit down in comfort to a meal just as well served as it would be at home or in a restaurant.

We choose our spot, open up the collapsible table and chairs and set out the food which we unpack in perfect condition from our well-fitted basket.

This brings us to the question of the food, with which, after all, we are chiefly concerned.

Here is a suggestion for a picnic luncheon.

Hors d'œuvre

Make a mixed salad of vegetables, fillets of herring and of anchovies, to which are added pieces of hard-boiled egg. Dress with salt, pepper and mustard worked with oil and vinegar. Or take tins of sardines and tunny fish, or herrings in tomato sauce, and serve these with some radishes and cucumber slices, which can be bought on the way.

In any case, it is a good plan to start an out-of-door meal with a few little odds and ends which allay the worst pangs of hunger usually experienced on these occasions.

Veal Loaf

Take one pound of cooked veal, trim it well and mince it, adding half the quantity of sausage-meat. Mix well together and add a handful of white breadcrumbs, work these in and moisten with a little stock. Season with salt and pepper, add a good dash of Worcester sauce and one whole egg.

Work the mixture well together, form it into a sausage-shaped roll, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, put the roll into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for one hour, basting frequently. Remove from the dish and leave to cool on blotting paper.

This galantine can also be made with left-over of roast chicken. It is economical and easy to pack and serve.

The Salad

Here again the salad can be prepared and packed—if it is not a lettuce or other plain green one—at home. But the better plan is to buy lettuces at the last village before your stopping place and serve a fresh salad, crisp and cool, and season with a few spring onions cut into small pieces.

Fruit Mousse

Take one pound of pears, peel and core them and cut them into quarters. Cook these with a little water, sugar and vanilla flavouring until quite soft. Let them cool in their own juice, and when cold remove them and cut them into tiny cubes.

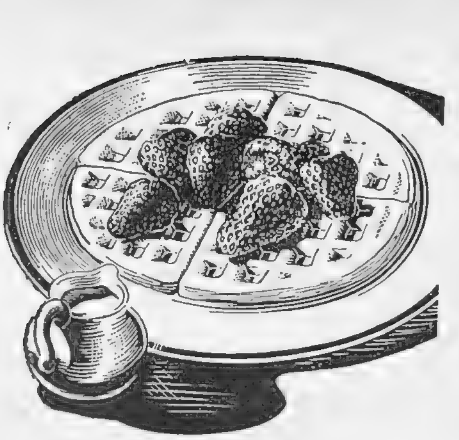
Meanwhile take the whites of two eggs and four tablespoonfuls of cream and whip these to a stiff froth, adding castor sugar little by little during the whipping until the *mousse* is sweet enough.

Pour this over the pears, folding in gently so that all is well mixed together, and stand on ice to make thoroughly cold. Put the *mousse* into a Thermos flask until wanted.

Cheese Biscuits

Take, for each person, two cream crackers or other thin dry biscuits and spread them with butter. Sprinkle over salt and pepper and now spread each biscuit with the following mixture: Cheshire cheese chopped and mashed and mixed with mustard, chopped pickled walnuts and chopped parsley. Work well together and, when you have spread all the biscuits, put them together, two by two, sandwich fashion.

PREPARING the picnic lunch. Don't forget to take a corkscrew and the Heinz salad cream



A

delicious dish

for summer days

strawberries

and **cream** *on*

WAFFLES

After those strenuous games of tennis in the blazing sunshine what could be more delicious than strawberries and cream on crisp, freshly-made cold Waffles? Try them for picnics too—and all outdoor occasions where a light meal is wanted. You can make Waffles at home so easily in a few minutes with the SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER. Send for the Recipe Book which describes some of the endless variety of delicious dishes you can make with Waffles.

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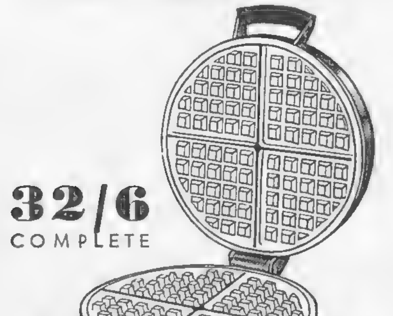

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Books

(*Continued from page* 69)

those blessed with a universal style. *The Hill of Lies* has a pathetic interest, for it is the last book written by its author in Germany. The Manns are not Jews, but they have had to leave their Fatherland for failing to be sufficiently anti-Semitic.

VICKI BAUM always translates well, but the English version of her latest novel, *Falling Star* (Bles, 7s. 6d.), is a masterpiece of the translator's art. It is the work of an American, Ida Zeitlin. I have no means of knowing how accurately she has rendered the words and phrases of the Austrian novelist, but she has produced a book which never seems anything but an original compilation, and a good one at that. Half-way through the book I turned back to the fly-leaf, feeling sure that, although I knew it was a translation which I was reading, it couldn't be one. Different kinds of works require different kinds of translation, and I must not make extravagant statements which cannot be defended. I will merely say, then, that, of all the foreign contemporary novels which I have read in English, I can recall none so well translated as *Falling Star*. Translators lead a hard, obscure, and, it is said, an ill-remunerated existence. When one appears who, like Ida Zeitlin, has a genius for this difficult work, she should be hailed and recognised.

As for *Falling Star* itself, it is a rough, shapeless, brilliant, disappointing, absorbing, lifeless story of Hollywood. It is in some ways the worst of Vicki Baum's books—and the most impressive, for it shows how firm her hold is even when she is at her worst. With each successive book, her characters are losing the vitality with which she used to endow them so freely. There is only one scene—a tiny scene, on a dance-and-restaurant ship—which, in all this novel, takes on life and independence of its own. And yet the book lives, and leaves painful, vivid, jagged memories living after it. Hollywood, as a theme, has so far defeated every author who has tackled it. It has defeated Vicki Baum. But even when she is defeated, even when her creative powers dwindle, and her sense of form deserts her, she still writes genuine and memorable books. Where does it come from, her strength? There are many better writers. Has she some gift, some native talent, which enables her to achieve—even when she fails?

I do not know. But how readable her books are, how lively, how buoyant! It is always a delight to open them, and a pain to lay them aside. I think she loathed Hollywood. She never voices this loathing, but her book will give, is probably meant to give, a headache and a hazy memory to the reader. Drink and seduction on the one side; on the other, the crowded youth and beauty of the world despoiled and destroyed in an immense effort to produce—what? Some films costing an Emperor's ransom, and fit to entertain nobody but the people who make them.

These deductions, and any others you may care to draw, must be your own work. Vicki Baum would rather die than point a moral. One of the reasons why *Falling Star* makes a deeper impression than a book like *Hunger March* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) is, precisely, that there is something of the preacher about its author, Dot Allan. She has written a good, sincere novel dealing with some of the most important phenomena of the day. But she has not yet acquired the true impersonality of the author, or understood that it is in art even more necessary to conceal ideas than to possess them.

THE form of Mr. Eric Linklater's little book, *The Revolution* (White Owl Press, 3s. 6d.), is unusual. He has written three short stories. Each of them can stand separately, together they make a brief but continuous novel. The task he set himself cannot have been very easy, but he is one of those writers who never give a hint of the difficulties they are surmounting. *The Revolution* is an uncommon and highly finished performance in a rather light vein. For those readers who like short stories, there is also *Powers of Darkness* (Philip Allan, 2s. 6d.), ten studies in horror by ten different authors. I was particularly glad to meet again, in this collection, Lord Dunsany's "Two Bottles of Relish," a story which, when first I read it, more nearly made me sick than any story I ever read.

Summer Dress Parade

(*Continued from page* 67)

bride would enjoy being led to the altar in her silver cloth wedding dress, classically simple and dream-like, the dress that the princess in the fairy story might have worn when she got herself married to the youngest and bravest of the three brothers.

I hope you chose your Ascot dress with the idea of after wear for parties, or, with alterations by the little woman who comes in for the day, for summery evening wear.

It is unusual to see a solo evening frock. Most have their companion with them: a ruffle, a scarf, a flowered or feathered cape. Sometimes you wear a long evening coat, touching the ground, collarless, with focal interest on the sleeves, in taffeta, marocain or velvet.

Cruise and yachting and holiday clothes give a bewildering variety of choice. Discard suits are as good a buy as any.

Shorts and sun top (either in one or two pieces) concealed beneath a briskly tailored short coat and wrap-over skirt in linen tweed or fine woollen. A couple of sun-back silk dresses, with shoulder cape or little coat to match, a sweater or two, a pair of long grey trousers; a good swim suit and, of course, a good warm big coat, ought to set you up all right, without setting you back too much. Fortnum and Mason's and Harvey Nichols have specially dazzling beach-wear collections.

If you are bored by now with your large flat-crowned hat, it may be good news to you that smart women have been seen wearing little things, wing trimmed, giving a mercury effect, most pleasant.

Scribble Fingers

(*Continued from page* 39)

neither oilskins nor sou'-wester, his uniform sopping wet, climbed the ladder.

"For you, sir."

Something in the lad's face made Shelburne suddenly afraid.

"The *Hollington* again!" he said, and led the way into the chart-room, where he read the message.

From s.s. "Hollington." S.O.S. 9.25 a.m. In distress. Down by head. Leaking. Forehatch stove in. Need immediate assistance. Urgent. Lat. 47.15 N. Long. 38.32 W. Jackson. Master.

Shelburne sighed and bent over the chart spread out before him on the table. For a long time he did not speak.

"Any reply, sir?" said Sparks presently.

"Sparks, tell them we're coming as fast as we can. Cut away now." He called: "Mr. Clarke." The mate stood in the doorway. "Mr. Clarke, the *Hollington's* sinking." He made a mark with a pencil on the chart. "She's here." He made another mark. "And we're here: just about." He took a ruler and drew a line between the two points. "That makes them almost exactly twenty-one miles west by south of where we are now. Twenty-one miles and a sou'-west gale blowing. Can we do it?"

Though he spoke to himself, the mate answered: "Against this wind, sir. No, sir, we can't."

"We've got to." Shelburne left the chart-room and stood at the head of the port side ladder, holding on to the hand rail and looking aft toward the stern and those tremendous following seas, against which within five minutes or less the *Portpatrick* would have to fight. "Mr. Jarvis"—he spoke to the second mate, whose watch it was—"go and tell the chief engineer we've had an S.O.S. and are going to turn. Keep everyone off the deck. Mr. Clarke, we'll want more storm oil for'ard through the weather discharge pipes." Alone on the bridge he watched the mate's square oil-skinned figure moving along the fore-deck, followed by the bos'n and two deck-hands. He turned presently and rang the engine-room telegraph to *Stand-by.* The engine-room acknowledged the signal. He whistled down the tube and the chief engineer's voice answered him.

"Chief," he said, "has the second mate told you? He has. Right. We'll need every bit you people can whack out of her."

Once again Shelburne looked back at the following seas. He waited until the *Portpatrick* was lifted high on a great ridge of water and wrenched the handle of the telegraph to *Half-Speed.*

"Wheel to port!" He spoke over his shoulder.

"Wheel to port!" said the helmsman and twirled the spokes of the wheel.

Slowly the ship's head came about.

Clinging to the wooden rail, Shelburne waited in an agony of suspense.

(*Continued on page* 80)

HOUBIGANT

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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The *Portpatrick*, rolling sluggishly to port, was in the trough between the seas, wallowing in churned-up foam, swirling past in frothing circles and eddies.

The booming wind was suddenly abeam. Another monstrous sea advanced with incredible fury and speed.

The *Portpatrick* rolled to starboard: her bow began to rise slowly, her stern sank.

The big sea, a huge smooth mass of water, dark and menacing, veined with white foam, towered above the port rail. Shelburne rang the telegraph to *Full-Speed.*

As at a distance, still watching the huge sea, he heard the engine-room's answer. The ship's head continued to come round and miraculously they were heading the wind and the big sea had tossed them on high and passed.

" Ease your wheel ! " Shelburne said, and bent his head to the gale.

" Ease y'r wheel," said the helmsman.

" Steady as she goes now."

" Steady as she goes. West by south, sir."

" West by south, and that's your course."

An apprentice climbed the bridge ladder.

" The mate, sir, told me——"

Shelburne snatched at the message he brought. He read :

Thank you. Sinking. Pumps cannot cope with water in forehold. All boats gone. Desperate. Urgent need.

Shelburne read the pencilled words through again, then wrote : *Coming with all speed. Don't lose hope. Soon with you.* " Give this to Sparks," he said.

Once more he gazed over the dodger. The wind seemed fiercer than ever, as though determined to keep them from making headway. A big sea crashed over the fo'c'sle head and swept over the foredeck toward the bridge. Winches and hatches were under water. Shelburne ducked as the spray reached him.

The mate, beside him once more, said :

" We'll never do it, sir, not at three knots, sir."

" Nonsense ! " Shelburne said.

Two hours later he knew that it was impossible to reach the *Hollington* in time.

The messages brought him became more and more despairing. When he read that the *Hollington's* engineers, men he had known and liked, were leaving the engine-room and that the furnaces were flooded he told the mate to take charge of the bridge and made his way to the wireless house on the boat deck abaft the engine-room skylights.

Here he found Sparks, white-faced and red-eyed, seated at his table, listening to the clicking morse and writing. He pointed with his pencil to the message and Shelburne read :

This is the end. Hope gone. No sign of your smoke. Johnny, go and see Mary. Tell her from me——

The clicking ceased, then began again.

Good-bye. Good-bye.

The clicking ceased once more.

Sparks pressed the key, waited, then turned and took off his 'phones and looked at Shelburne.

" She's gone, sir."

Shelburne stood at the door and looked blindly at the tumbled waste of waters and the big seas sweeping past and could say nothing.

When he reached the bridge the mate said :

" The insurance will make a difference to Mudros, Smith and Patten, sir. I hear the firm's in a bad way."

All Shelburne said was :

" I wish this damned wind would drop."

MRS. JACKSON'S front room was cold and dreary. A driving rain beat against the window panes. There was no fire in the grate.

Shelburne sat on the edge of a chair and studied the pale, thin face of the girl he loved and had once—foolishly, he had learned—hoped to marry. She had aged very much. She was much too thin. There were dark circles about her eyes. She was small and pathetic and, he imagined, hungry. She wore a shabby little black frock and her hands were red and chapped.

" I'm afraid it's rather cold in here," she said.

" I'm warm enough," Shelburne said, " but what about yourself ? " She smiled faintly. Shelburne went on: " Have you any plans, Mary ? "

" As soon as I'm strong enough, Johnny, I'll get work. If I could find something to do at home it would be best," she said ; " because of the children." She sat staring at the faded carpet. " I knew what it might be when I married a sailor," she said. " I don't regret. I had the best husband in the world."

" You're very brave," Shelburne said.

" I try to be. Steve was brave, too. He sent me a radio. Did you know ? When the ship was sinking." She passed a piece of paper over to Shelburne, who read :

Weather worse and worse. Darling, I fear this is the end. Ship cannot long remain afloat. All love and prayers. I love you. God bless you. Be very brave. Steve.

Shelburne read the message through twice.

" He was a good man, Mary," he said.

She nodded and looked away. Her eyes were filled with tears.

" It was kind of you to come, Johnny," she said.

" Mudros is going to help you, isn't he ? "

" He said he could do nothing. There was no obligation. He offered me ten pounds." Her cheeks were pink. " I refused it."

" You'll let me help you, Mary, won't you ? "

" No, Johnny. It wouldn't be right. I couldn't."

There was a lump in Shelburne's throat and he could not speak. And, oh God ! he thought, why couldn't it have been he who was dead and not Steve ? And why, oh why ? wouldn't she let him help her ? Didn't she understand the way he felt ?

He stood up slowly.

" Mary," he said, " I want you to lend me that radio-telegram till to-morrow. I'll take great care of it. I'm going to call on Mudros and I think it would be as well if I could show him Steve's last message."

Mr. Mudros glared as Shelburne pushed open the door and entered his private office. He said curtly :

" Who in hell gave you leave to come here ? "

Shelburne locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

" Listen," said Shelburne. " I don't want no trouble."

Shelburne drew up a chair and seated himself.

" Mudros," he said, " do you remember asking me to scuttle the *Hollington ?* "

" That's a damned lie, Shelburne ! " said Mudros. His hand moved toward the bellpush on his desk.

" Touch that and see what happens to you," Shelburne said. " Mudros, you're worse than I thought. You sent the *Hollington* across the Western Ocean in winter, knowing dam' well, if she ran into anything like W.N.A. weather, she'd founder. You sank that ship as surely as though you'd scuttled her with your own hands. Poor old Macey told me in New York the engines and boilers were only fit for the scrap heap."

Mudros dabbed at his forehead with a silk handkerchief.

" A lie," he said.

" Mudros, I want you to do something for Mrs. Jackson. You've got to give her a pension."

"Like hell I'll give her a pension. You, too, eh ? " As though to help him hide his agitation and annoyance Mudros was once again scribbling with a pencil.

" You got your insurance, didn't you ? " said Shelburne. " You can afford it, can't you ? "

" If you don't go, Shelburne, I'll send for the police."

" You're a crook. You wouldn't dare."

Mudros showed his teeth in a grin.

" Shelburne," he said, " try any foolishness with me and I'll have you run in. And nothing you can do will stop me. I'm not afraid of—of physical violence, or anything."

" You sent the *Hollington* across the Atlantic, knowing she'd sink."

" You're a damned liar. I didn't."

" It's the truth," Shelburne said. " Just as it's the truth you asked me to scuttle her. And stop that damned scribbling and listen."

" I am listening. You've no proof, Shelburne. Talk sense. And what has it to do with me that a man dies and leaves his widow without money ? She can earn some, can't she ? Captain Jackson ought to have been insured."

" You know all about insurance, don't you, Mudros ? "

" I've let you talk," Mudros said, " now go."

" Mudros, do you know that when the *Hollington* was sinking Captain Jackson sent a radio-telegram to his wife ?" He took his wallet from his pocket. " I'd like to read it you."

" I ain't interested," said Mudros, still scribbling.

" Look," said Shelburne. He unfolded a piece of paper.

" Get out ! " said Mudros. " I ain't interested. I say."

Shelburne scarcely heard what he said. He held in his hand not the radio-telegram to Mary from Steven when his ship was sinking, but a slip of paper on which were columns of figures and writing that was strangely familiar. With a dawning bewilderment he read, set down as though for the minutes of some board meeting, the value of the *Hollington* when new and at the close of the year, the cost of the insurance premiums and the value of the policy, depreciation year by year, the probable cost of repairs to hull, rudder, boilers, furnaces and engines due in the spring, the value of a grain cargo purchased in the United States and the value when sold in London, and the estimated profit on the whole transaction.

(*Continued on page* 83)

It's jam and jelly making time NOW!

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FOR a few fleeting weeks the glorious, ripe, fresh fruits are here—now is the time to make your jams and jellies. If you make them with Certo, you'll capture and preserve the true, natural flavour of the fruits, the real fresh colour — and you'll be *sure* of a set. Also, you'll save money; for Certo gives you more jam from your fruit at a lower cost per pound.

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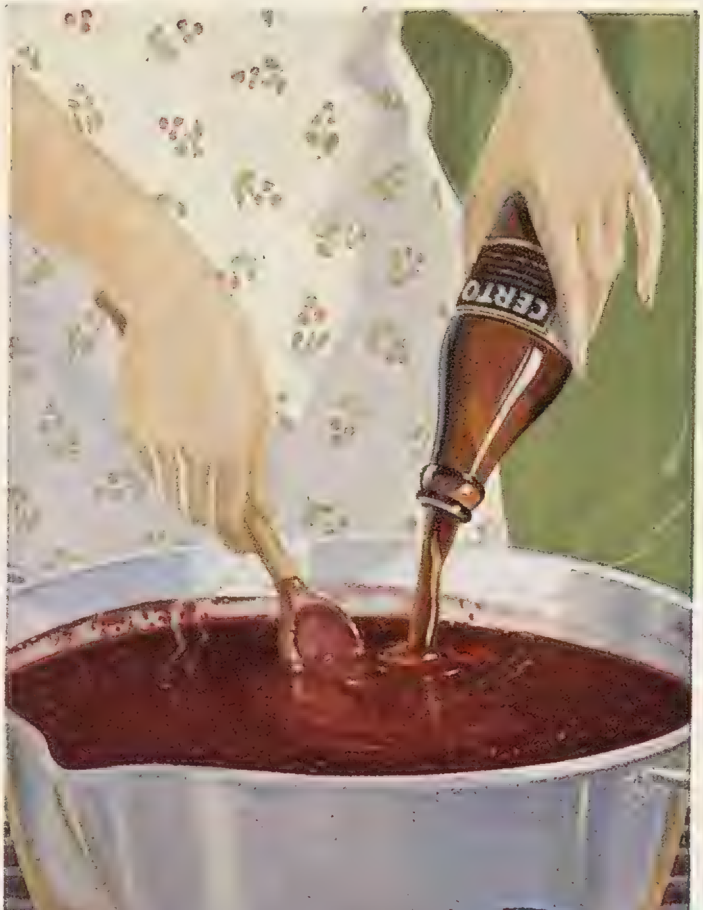

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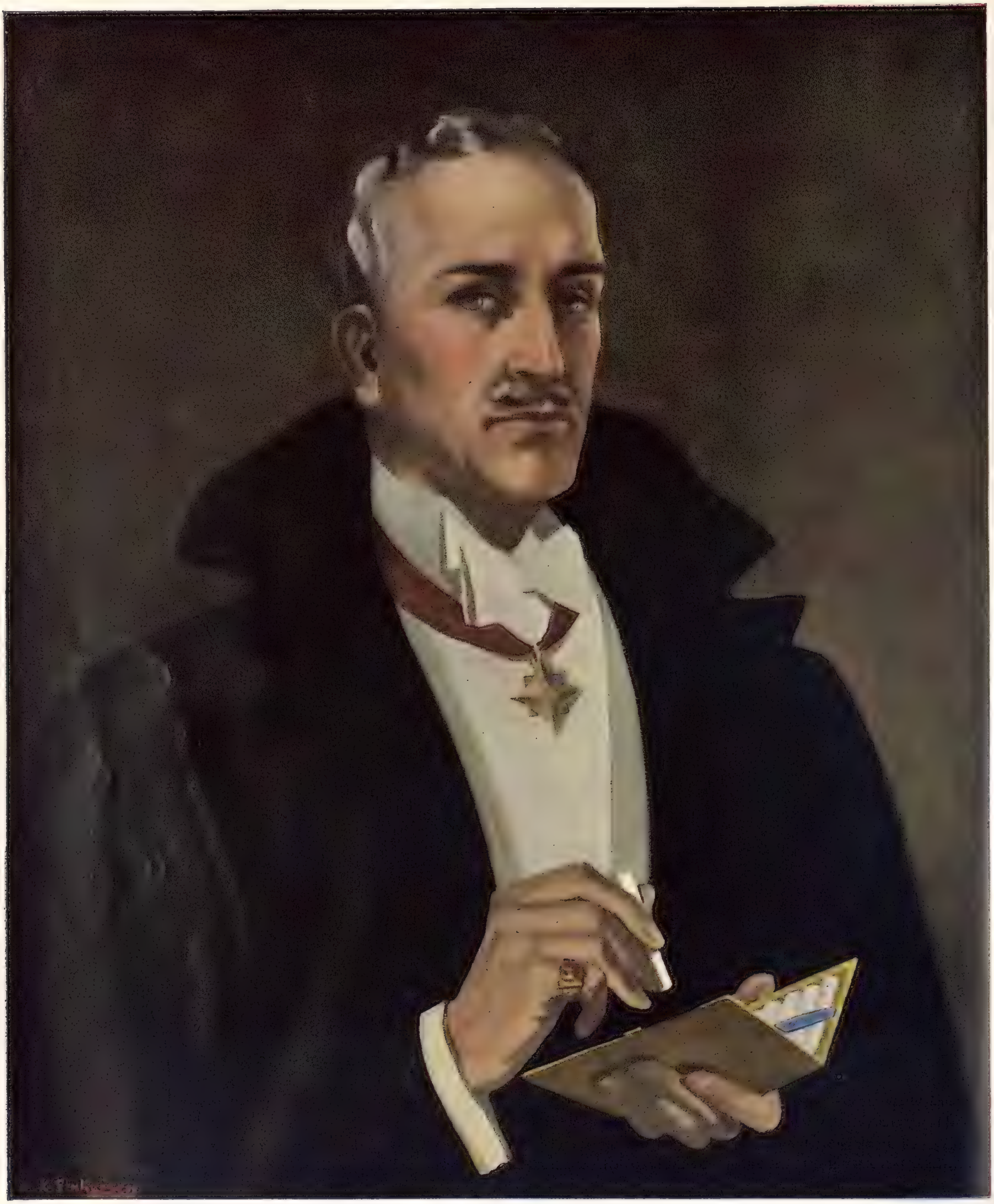

A "DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE"

Mystery surrounds the identity of the distinguished personage whose world-famous features have now been immortalised in this brilliant portrait by Miss Anna Zinkeisen. Little is known of him beyond the fact that he is an authority on good living and a fine judge of cigarettes, and that his favourite motto is, "De Reszke—of course!"

No proof! Shelburne laughed aloud.

"I didn't know I had it," he said. "Mudros, I've got you. I win, you lose."

Mudros seemed to have lost some of his self-assurance.

"What d'you mean?" he said.

"Mudros," Shelburne said, "have you ever realised that all the time you're talking you scribble? You know it, eh? All right, then, another time, if you've got any sense, you'll burn whatever it is you have scribbled. Look! D'you see this?" Still holding the slip of paper, he read: "*The 'Hollington' afloat is a liability: the 'Hollington' sunk an asset. Therefore Shelburne must sink the 'Hollington.'* And there's your signature to back it. Why, you poor fish, I've got you! Read it, man!"

"Give that here," said Mudros. "How in hell did you get it? Give it to me."

He grabbed at the paper. Shelburne thrust him away.

"Sit down."

"Shelburne, give me that paper. Give it me and you can have the money I promised if you'd——"

"If I'd sink the *Hollington*. It'll cost you a bit more than that, frog! You'll give Mrs. Jackson a pension. Enough to live on."

Mudros held out his hand. His face had taken on a greyish hue. His eyes were bloodshot. His lips quivered and he had a difficulty in articulating.

"I'll do it," he said. "Gimme that paper."

"I'll give you the paper," Shelburne said, "when Mrs. Jackson tells me her pension is secure. Till then, no."

"How do I know you'll keep your word, and give me the paper over?" said Mudros in a broken voice.

"I'm not like you, that's how you know it. You settle that pension on Mrs. Jackson or I'll—I'll ruin you for keeps."

"All right," said Mudros. "I'll do it."

"Of course you will," said Shelburne. And he did.

END

Planning *the* Man-Power *of* Prosperity

(*Continued from page 21*)

towards intelligent recruitment and planning of the most important army in the world has been *the rationalisation of flesh and blood!* Watch it at work: it is no longer regarded as a phenomenon, but a hard-headed business move—to select human material and to plan its use.

It is worth seeing this strange—and vitally important—recruiting at work: seeing to raw material of the army that alone can save us . . . and watch the "recruiting officers," those trained experts. And, if you dare, *try the tests*—there is not one of us who, romping confidently into them, does not diffidently creep out again, convinced from the kindly manner of the psychologist in charge that not only will he never make a telephonist, a weaver or a tailor (or whatever else it may be), but that he is undoubtedly a high-grade mental deficient. . . .

But *it is worth exploring*, this fine-mesh selection of the rationalised human material that will supply us with transport, with communications by word and letter, with clothes, food and light. And, when it has been scientifically selected—to find out how its world is planned for it, its health vetted—its training is continued, its safety further safeguarded *and its output maintained in comfort*. . . .

Shades of the eighteen-thirties and of our forebears with their fortunes (and our misfortunes) founded upon cheap labour and lots of it! The worker of to-day, selected, tested, trained, vetted, protected, encouraged and insured, is the shock trooper of our system.

IT was in the States that Frederick Winslow Taylor dared to say, some years ago now, that "*each shop exists, first, last and all the time, for the purpose of paying dividends to its owners . . .*" But it is a strange paradox that the man who said this should be the forerunner of a science most passionately occupied with the welfare of the worker.

Taylor had the great idea that, by checking up on the ideal robot-workman and making him a yard-stick to beat the rest with, by stressing the pace . . . keeping the pace all the time . . . that he would get a machine-like increase of results.

The Human Factor was ignored or not yet discovered: until the actual humans baulked, animals over-driven. But Taylor had opened up the most amazing possibilities: although in Britain it needed a war to do for Industrial Psychology what it did for aeronautics—*accomplish a speed-up because the need was vital.*

The need for increased output of material for killing was vital; harassed for shells and still more shells, the munitions authorities began to wonder how they could get higher output . . . and the Health of Munition Workers Committee was the first official recognition that the frail structure of bones, flesh and nerves is the key of the situation more than the steel of the machine. It was an important discovery when the new experts found that shorter hours and rest pauses could produce higher output and lower costs.

And now, from the General Post Office, *via* food-producing firms, transport firms, scholastic bodies, chemical works, laundries and factories of all kinds, down to Harrow and Borstal, we are asking the expert psychologist to select, train and vet us!

Come and see them selecting candidates in a sound-proof room, armed with a gramophone and eight pairs of earphones. . . . Miss Judge does it, and does it at the headquarters of the General Post Office. As they listen to the slowly fading voice giving them four-figure numbers, the girls scribble these down . . . a hearing test more accurate and more fair than any yet devised.

They have done a written test paper (and none too easy, either), and now they try the intimidating manual dexterity tests which you see illustrated . . . writing three words at once on a revolving cylinder is a nightmare that well may ensure that only the fittest do survive to handle the most complicated of modern machines, the telephone switchboard! Two other test machines—one to plug in with both hands on irregularly appearing lights and the other to insert pegs into a battery of holes as quickly as possible.

Then comes the complicated business of training (and again testing and re-testing) the Ideal Telephone Operator: the girls who can do three things at once, can keep even-minded under provocation which, in their training, is artificially supplied in the schooling. (*Have you ever heard a Supervisor imitating an irascible subscriber baulked of a right number? . . . I have!*) The finished product of all this is a polished product indeed: with a pension or marriage gratuity ahead and a round peg, anyway, in a round hole; for had she not been fitted for her job after her initial testing, she would have been gently removed after the first period of working.

LEST you should think this scientific selection and management of human material is merely an interesting experiment, come behind the scenes in the staff headquarters of two very famous firms, who are nothing if not practical.

First—Staff Controller in his office: the walls decorated with graphs that show fluctuations of the interest of the human factor in the firm; next door the selection expert, applying tests. I am treated (as well I might be) as an unskilled worker, a juvenile at that. Happily I feel that I can cope with the written intelligence test—the test that, with the others, is given would-be girl packers and girl and boy messengers. I am pledged not to reveal details of this strange "exam. paper," but the questions are of the type of the following:—

"If the day before yesterday were a Monday and the Saturday of the week-end before that were May 5th, what would be the date of next Wednesday week? . . ."

(What indeed!)

Then come manual dexterity tests; before you train them for their work, it is sensible to see if they are trainable. That is what these carefully devised tests in modern factories do. Not what you can do now; but what you can be taught to do.

The firm in question are the famous biscuit makers, Peak Freans—watch the applicants dealing with their first test with dummy biscuits, stacking them in fives, with paper fillings for packed boxes and the test (that stymied me) of skill in aiming with a die rubber stamp for the centre of a series of circles . . . and so on.

But there is an interesting point: the young qualified expert in charge of the staff selection business is very definite that her personal interview and her own observation of each candidate is also a deciding factor: rationalisation of method is not carried out at the expense of that old-fashioned thing called "intuition."

As we talk, there comes a call from the Labour Exchange: we have asked apparently for shorthand typists . . there is a dearth of suitable candidates. We want unskilled juveniles . . . and there is a lack of unskilled juveniles. When we get them, so high is our standard that we reject about 40 in every hundred: but (and this is also a point worth noticing) when they are rejected it is done with the greatest kindness and tact. "That first 'turn-down' hurts awfully unless it is tactfully done . . ." says the expert.

"Sidelights, here, on human nature: fourteen-year-olds are not nervous, but are much more grown-up if parents or relatives are left outside the door! Van boys are tested as carefully as any other grade; an organisation is as strong as its weakest link. The van boy must be foolproof." (And—he is, if he can do the written test and assemble the bicycle bell test that I tried!)

Edmond Landauer, speaking of his own tests for his weavers, prefers the practical worker to the theoretical planner; the problem is to balance the practical application and the scientific value of the new methods.

We leave the young expert in charge searching for the juveniles that fill the bill and the apparently non-obtainable, and pass rapidly on—for the whole of Europe and America is doing this thing! York—and Rowntree's Cocoa and Chocolate people who have, in the last seven years, perfected their system of psychological tests and expert planning and proved their tests *ninety-seven per cent. successful.*

Penny-in-the-slot machines, jig-saw puzzles, "performance tests" of all types—tests that measure the worker's energy by a dynamotor and tests that give speed of association, learning and of trainability.

The psychologist in charge states, quite frankly, that these tests certainly take no account of that thing we call temperament; but, at the same time, she stresses the fact that the trained observer checks up on the reactions of each individual to the tests themselves and generally arrives at a pretty shrewd idea of the temperament behind the "testee"!

Who devises these famous tests, each one suited to its own industry? Young experts who themselves, for weeks or months, work in factories or workshops or offices, analysing the job to see what qualities are needed for it—before they devise tests to check up on those qualities in candidates. Ask them if it is worth while and they will fire statistics at you and tell you stories that astound you. . .

"Labour Turnover" implies that grim thing, workers fired, new workers hired . . but the labour turnover in one firm of cigarette packers was reduced from about 55 out of every hundred to some ten per cent. by the most ingenious tests of candidates which take exactly one quarter of an hour to apply!

A certain transport company in Paris found that, when the applicants for tram drivers' jobs were selected on the old style lines, twenty from every hundred were finally found to be unsuited to the job. Special tests were devised and applied. Labour turnover reduced down to between 3 and 4 per cent., saving in training costs yearly £1,250.

Holland—Phillip's Lamps . . psychological tests used since 1923 and some 10,000 workers tested in the special psychological department of the firm in 1928 alone. A trial worked out: of the office workers engaged in one year some 70 in each 100 were "tested" and the rest engaged on the old interview-and-data business. Of those latter fired as incompetent, there were 36. Seven belonged to the tested group and the remainder to the untested. A very high percentage in favour of modernity. . .

A quarter of a million girls leaving school in London seek jobs as dressmakers. Tests are being evolved for them—too; and further back than that the school child is being increasingly checked up by the Vocational Guidance tests, that show what he can do as opposed to the old style examination which is designed to find out what he does (or does not) know.

Management, like charity—*begins at home!* Or so Mademoiselle Bernege, of Paris, thinks; and so think the audiences whom she finds herself addressing in Europe and America . : it is amazing how intelligently interested women are in saving fret and toil by rationalisation of their home lay-out.

THERE are even Congresses of Scientific Management that embrace not only the factory, workshop and office, but the small home. The Sixth Congress (with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as its Patron) meets in London in 1935—and already the wave that will break then is gathering now—and there are many more experts engaged on this little-advertised army than you would think; and they are more needed! A kaleidoscope of memories includes the efficient workers in an ultra-modern office at The Hague, engaged chiefly in correlating evidence and data and ensuring scientific management of Scientific Management—the Netherlands Institute for Efficiency; while some miles off in Amsterdam, quietly famous Professor Limperg works along scholastic lines. In France, in Germany, in Czechoslovakia—this formidable work goes on; the recruitment of the most specialised and the most powerful army in the world goes on; a counter-irritant, one can but hope, to a more sinister recruitment, and—*more interesting than War?*

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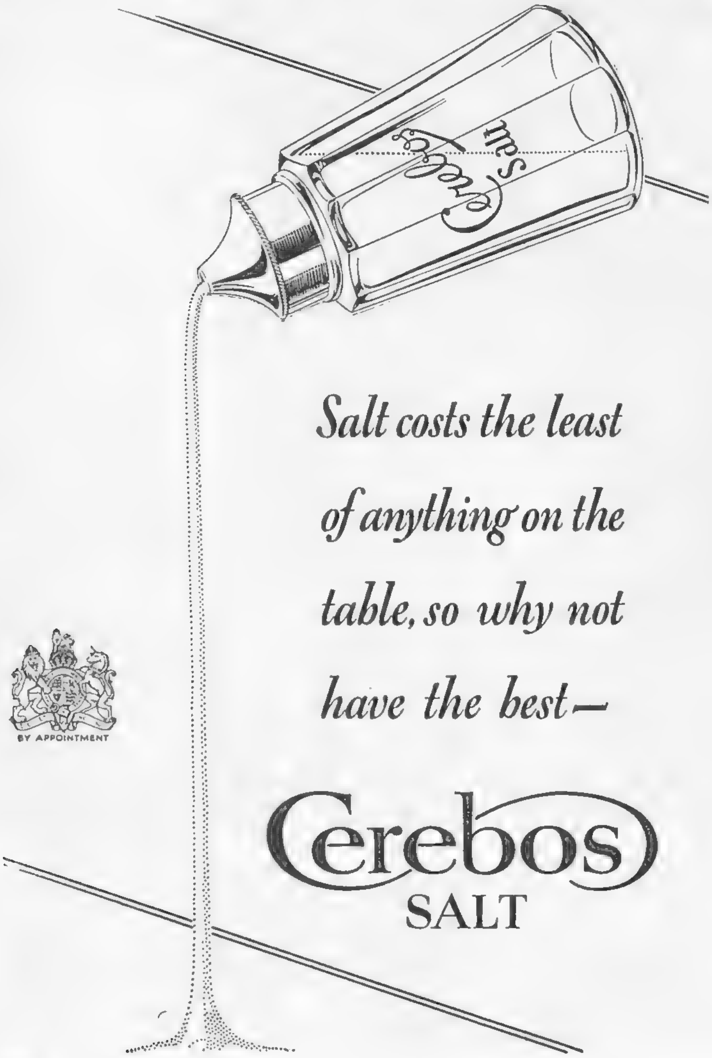
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The above comments were made by an independent critic after testing the new Sunbeam 'Dawn'. Why not try one yourself? Those who prefer a really good car of moderate horse-power and tax will be delighted with the new 'Dawn' model; and—at The Car Mart you will obtain exceptional after-sales service, the best part exchange allowance and deferred terms.

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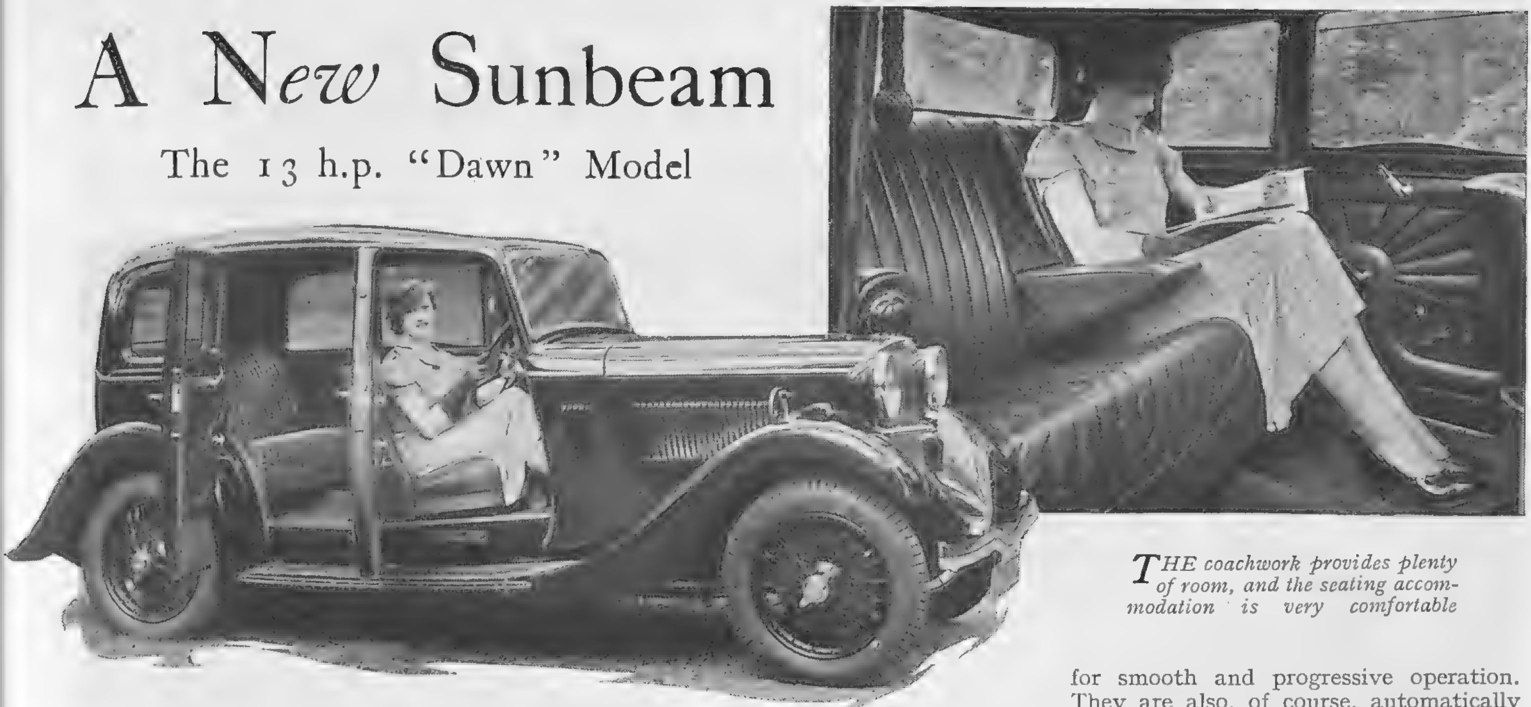
A *New* Sunbeam

The 13 h.p. "Dawn" Model



THE coachwork provides plenty of room, and the seating accommodation is very comfortable

The 13 h.p. Sunbeam "Dawn" in Brief

ENGINE: Four cylinders, overhead valves. High "revs.," but very smooth. 12.8 h.p.

GEARBOX: Four speeds, third and top synchro-mesh.

PERFORMANCE: Top gear, 65 m.p.h.: third gear, 45 m.p.h.

SPRINGING: Single transverse front spring: rear springs semi-elliptic. Road holding excellent.

STEERING: Very light and efficient.

BRAKES: Hydraulic type, with powerful, progressive action.

COACHWORK: Plenty of room and very comfortable.

PRICE: With saloon body, £425.

By The Earl of Cardigan

ONE is rather apt to think of, and refer to, the new "Dawn" model Sunbeam as a small car. This is no doubt due to the fact that the majority of Sunbeam models have been cars of about 20 h.p., compared to which the 13 h.p. "Dawn" appears to be of modest size and power.

Actually, however, this new product of the Sunbeam factory is by no means suggestive of small car practice to the man who handles it, nor does it seem small to the passengers who are carried. Rather the contrary. The saloon body is really spacious, and provides genuine comfort both in front and at the back. There is good head-room, and the driving position is everything that one could wish.

As to performance, one's immediate impression is of a car which is sturdily built and can be driven, right from the first, with entire confidence. I can never write an article about a Sunbeam car, large or small, without paying it this compliment: it invariably has a "confidential" feel about it, and puts the driver completely at his ease before he has driven it even half-way down the street.

The "Dawn" model, recently loaned to me by Messrs. Car Mart, soon proved itself to share this family characteristic, and, largely for this reason, is to be regarded as a relatively fast car. Acceleration is very lively, and there is a good turn of speed available; but it is largely a matter of confidence which enables one to drive it at consistently high average speeds, and to slip through traffic with the minimum of delay.

In top gear the maximum is around 65 m.p.h.—a figure which is attained with remarkable smoothness, although by means of extremely high engine "revs." I cannot quote an exact figure, but when it is noted that the top gear ratio is $5\frac{3}{4}$ to 1, it must be apparent that the engine, to exceed 60 m.p.h., must be turning over very fast indeed. Some degree of "fussiness" would therefore not be surprising; but, in fact, I noticed nothing of the sort.

The gear-box is a very pleasant one to use. It is seldom necessary to drop below third gear, and, since third and top are both synchro-mesh ratios, it follows that gear-changing problems are virtually non-existent. In third gear 45 m.p.h. can be reached, and a very quick get-away made, even from the lowest speeds. Ample hill-climbing power is likewise available.

The car's road holding qualities are particularly good, and, in this connection, the interesting springing system should be noticed. The front wheels are sprung independently—or, rather, they are free to move independently of one another. A single transverse front spring is employed, and represents, in a novel form, a type of suspension which has been favoured, on and off, since the very early days of motoring. At the back, semi-elliptic springs of the conventional type are used.

The steering is excellent, combining lightness with a firm and definite action. The brakes are hydraulic, and are notable for smooth and progressive operation. They are also, of course, automatically equalised, for the hydraulic system makes it practically impossible for one brake shoe to be applied more fiercely than the others. This steadiness of braking should, therefore, be a permanent virtue.

A good chassis feature is that lubrication points have been grouped in convenient positions, so that the work of greasing is simple, and there are no remote grease nipples to be overlooked or "left till next time." Another great virtue of this arrangement is its extreme simplicity as compared with some of the more ambitious lubrication systems.

Modern lubrication is nearly always a matter for compromise. If one designs a car so that it practically "looks after itself," there must necessarily be a great number of small pipes and "gadgets" which may eventually give trouble. For sheer reliability, old-fashioned grease caps are best of all. The wise purchaser will look for the "golden mean" in this, as in most other questions of design.

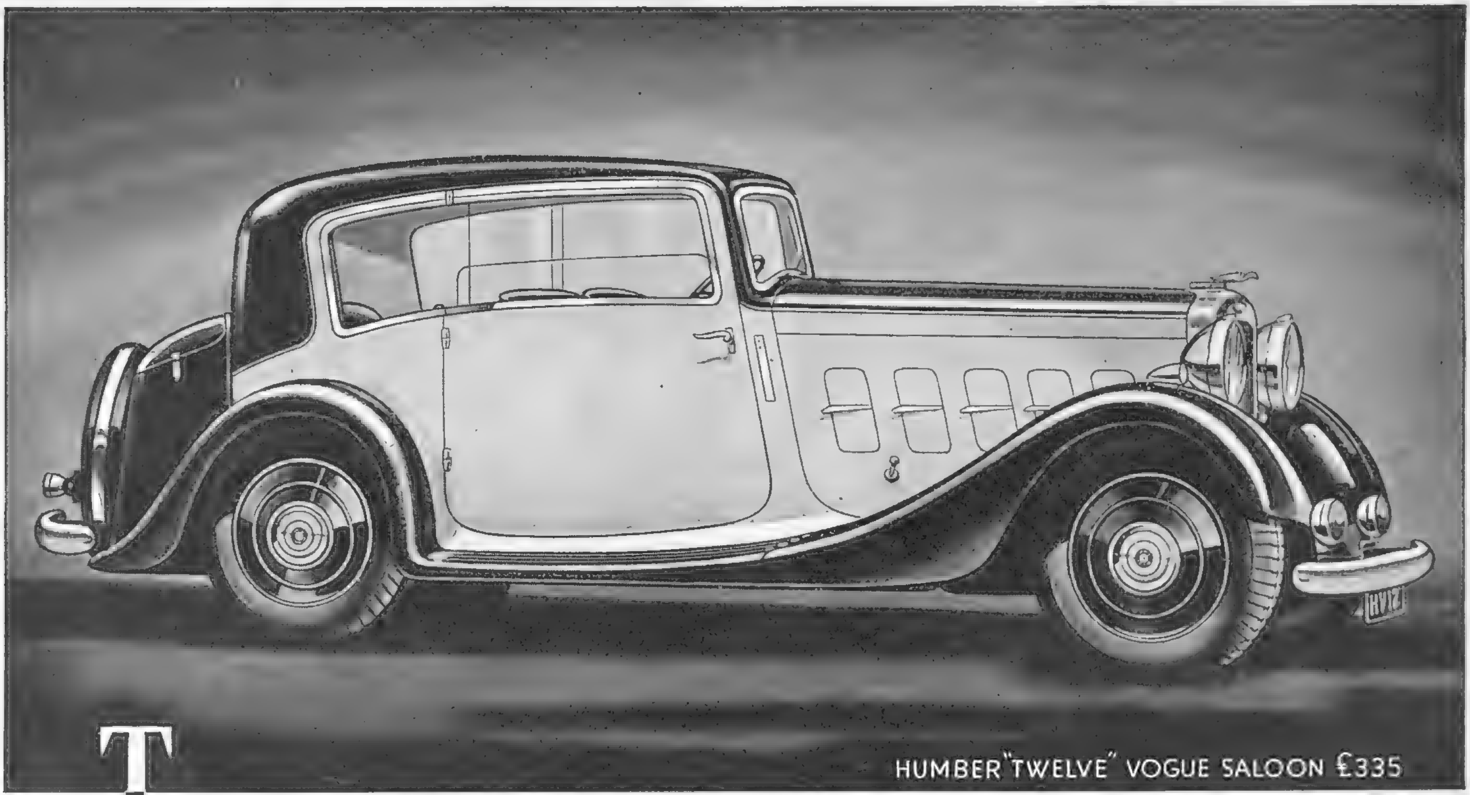
Altogether, the "Dawn" is a workmanlike and thoroughly attractive proposition. The saloon model sells at £425, and should quickly prove popular with those who desire a car combining Sunbeam quality with strict economy in running costs.

A Striking Run of Successes

WHILE there are many qualities, other than correct lubrication, which must go to the winning of motor races and records, there is something very significant indeed in the recent run of successes attained by cars using Essolube oil. Last season 29 out of the 30 chief European events were won on this lubricant, and, more recently, R. T. Horton has been setting up a whole series of new international records, also with Essolube in the sump.

Such facts must be more than coincidence, and seem to point to a definite and undeniable superiority on the part of this new "hydrogenated" oil. Incidentally—and this is important—the lubricant now used by so many racing motorists is precisely the same oil which the ordinary motorist may buy in the familiar glass containers.

HUMBER *Vogue* SALOON



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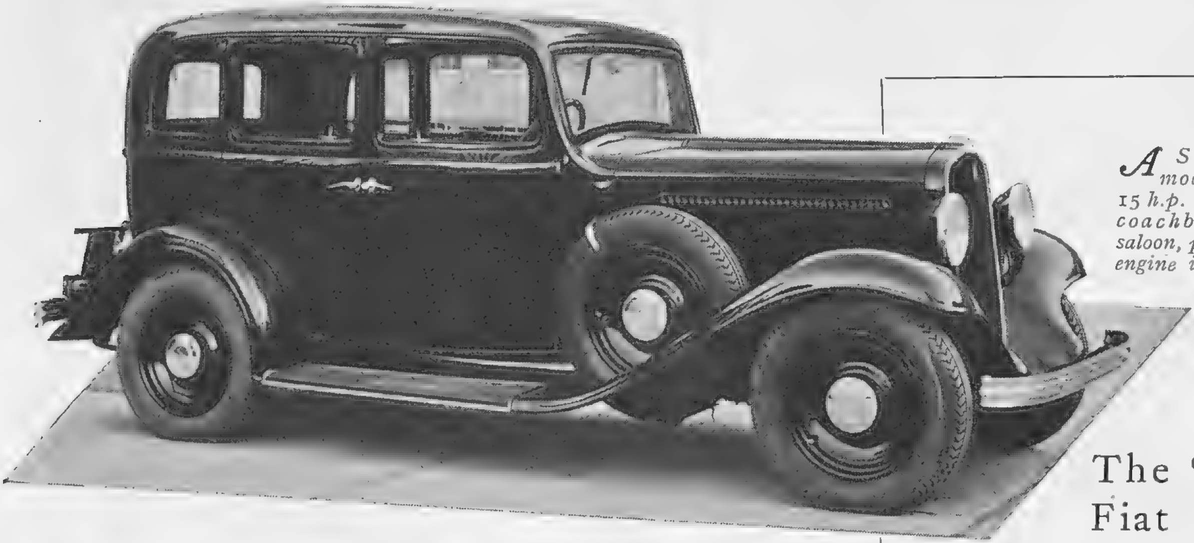


A STURDY car of moderate size. The 15 h.p. "Ardita" 5-seater coachbuilt pillarless saloon, price £375 (17 h.p. engine is £7 10 0 extra)

The "Ardita" Fiat in brief

Engine : four cylinders, side valves, 17 h.p.

Gearbox : four speeds, third and top synchromesh. Pleasantly high top gear ratio.

Performance : top gear, 65 m.p.h. ; third gear, 50 m.p.h.

Springing : good.

Brakes : hydraulic, very good and smooth.

Steering : fair, rather heavy.

Coachwork : pillar-less construction. Very accessible and plenty of space.

The 17 h.p. "Ardita" Fiat

By The Earl of Cardigan

BY a great many English motorists, an Italian car is apt to be visualised as something rather small and compact, having an exceedingly efficient engine and giving an ultra sporting road performance. It is a fact, of course, that a great many attractive small sports cars come to us from Italy ; but it must not be forgotten that the Italians also build cars of a strictly practical type, in which good performance goes hand in hand with comfort and general utility. Of this latter class, the Fiat is a good example.

In appearance, the new " Ardita " saloon is a sturdy and good-looking car of moderate size, possessing the unusual but valuable feature of " pillar-less " coachwork construction. On either side, there are two doors which close on each other, and not on the conventional central pillar. When both doors are opened, the effect is that the whole interior of the car becomes instantly and easily accessible.

This is obviously a great advantage, especially if some bulky package is to be carried. The front seats hinge forward, so that it is quite easy to introduce baggage (and/or a passenger !) of any size or shape. The only possible disadvantage might be lack of rigidity, and hence disagreeable rattles ; but, needless to say, this has been foreseen, and ample provision made to lend strength to the coachwork at the vital points.

On the road, this Fiat model quickly proves itself capable of vigorous performance. The 17 h.p. four-cylinder engine develops substantial power, and, except at very low speeds when it is sometimes a trifle rough, runs very easily and smoothly. At high speeds it is excellent, never becoming " flurried " even when driven continuously at full throttle. One gets the impression that it has been designed for hard work, and is well able to stand up to it.

The maximum top gear speed is 65 m.p.h., and the car will cruise very comfortably at speeds of 50 m.p.h. and over. In the useful third gear, 50 m.p.h. can be reached. Acceleration is good, and steady pulling power at all speeds is a well-marked and creditable feature.

The gear-box is a pleasant one to use, having synchro-mesh third and top gears, and also a very easy second gear of useful pitch. The top gear ratio is worth noting, being somewhat higher than the average at 4·67 to 1. To my mind, this is a good point ; it enables the engine to do its work at a comfortable pace, and renders unnecessary the excessively high " revs." which are indulged in by so many modern cars. Of the Fiat's other qualities, braking, springing and steering should be mentioned in this order of merit. The braking is excellent, being of the hydraulic type. There is plenty of power, and the action of the brakes is invariably smooth and progressive. The springing is good, if not outstanding, and the car sits down steadily on the road.

The steering, in my opinion, leaves room for improvement. It is definite enough, but seems distinctly heavy by comparison with the best English cars. There is no self-centring action—and it is perhaps the lack of this which contributes to the sensation of heaviness. It must be admitted, of course, that a great many foreign cars do not utilise, or profess to utilise, the " castor " effect which is popular among motorists in this country.

The ideal in the matter of steering is, of course, very much a matter of opinion. One sometimes comes across cars having extremely light steering action, which none the less are far from satisfactory. A prevalent fault nowadays, from which the Fiat is commendably free, is the use of a very low steering gear ratio, causing the driver to make several turns of the wheel to negotiate every sharp corner. Into such pitfalls does the quest of light steering sometimes lead.

The seating in the saloon coachwork is comfortable, and there is plenty of space both in front and at the back. The exact price is unfortunately not given in the catalogue which is before me, but I can say with assurance that the figure is a reasonable one. This, combined with the car's general sturdiness, should result in this new Fiat model making a thoroughly successful debut.

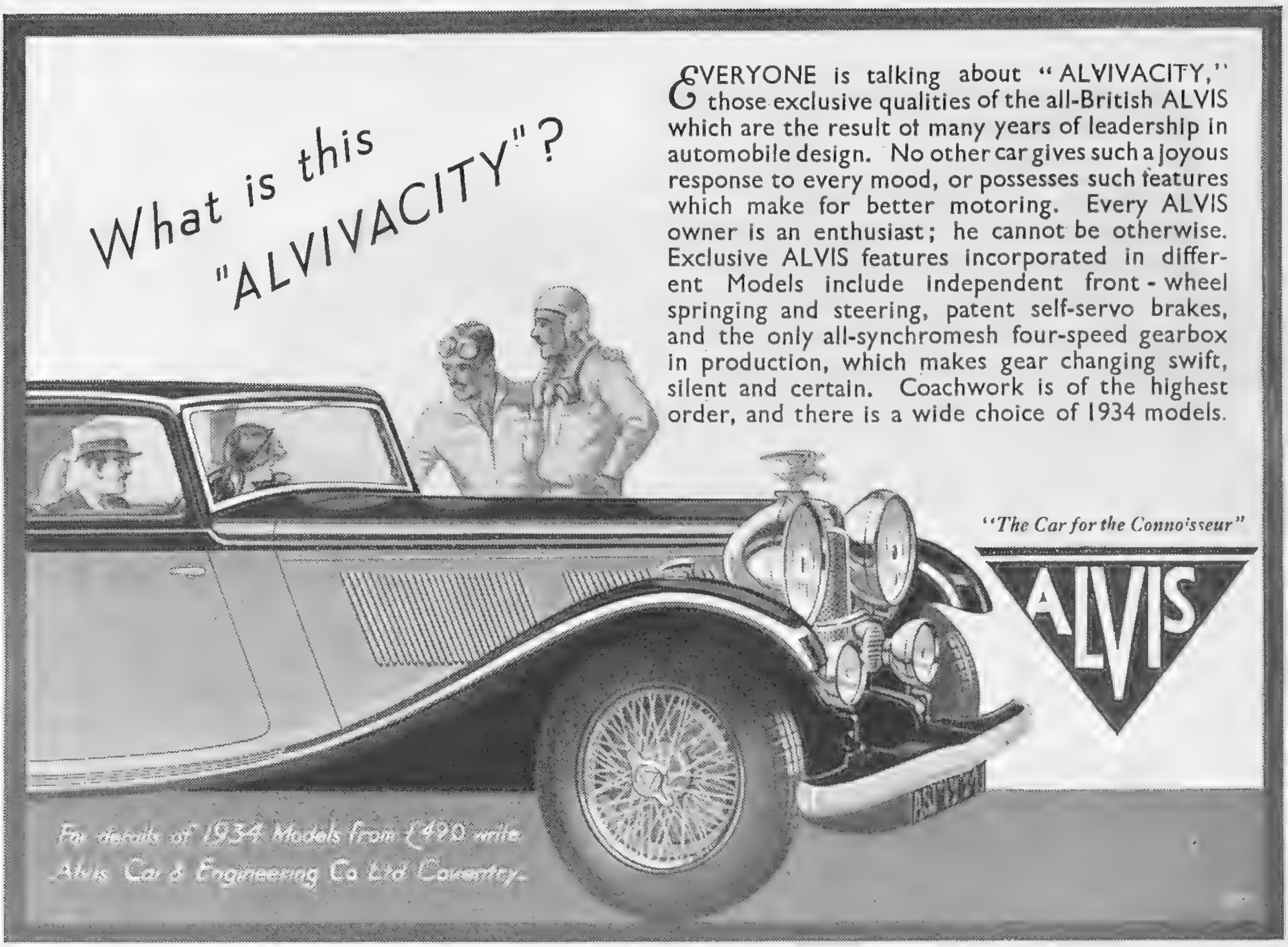
Did You Know

What "castor action" implies?

IT is common to speak of the steering of certain cars as possessing "castor" or self-centring action. This has always been most common in England, although quite a few European and American cars are similarly designed. Very briefly, the front wheels of such cars are so set that their tendency is always, when running forward, to maintain a perfectly straight track.

There are both advantages and disadvantages in this. A car having " castor " action has to be steered round a corner, but, on turning into the straight, the driver is able simply to let the steering wheel slip through his fingers, the steering " straightening up " automatically. The same self-centring action is also beneficial at speed on cambered surfaces.

On the other hand, when reversing, the opposite effect is produced. The steering tends to fly over to full lock if not firmly held. Hence care must be taken, and a car with strong " castor " action should not be reversed at high speed.



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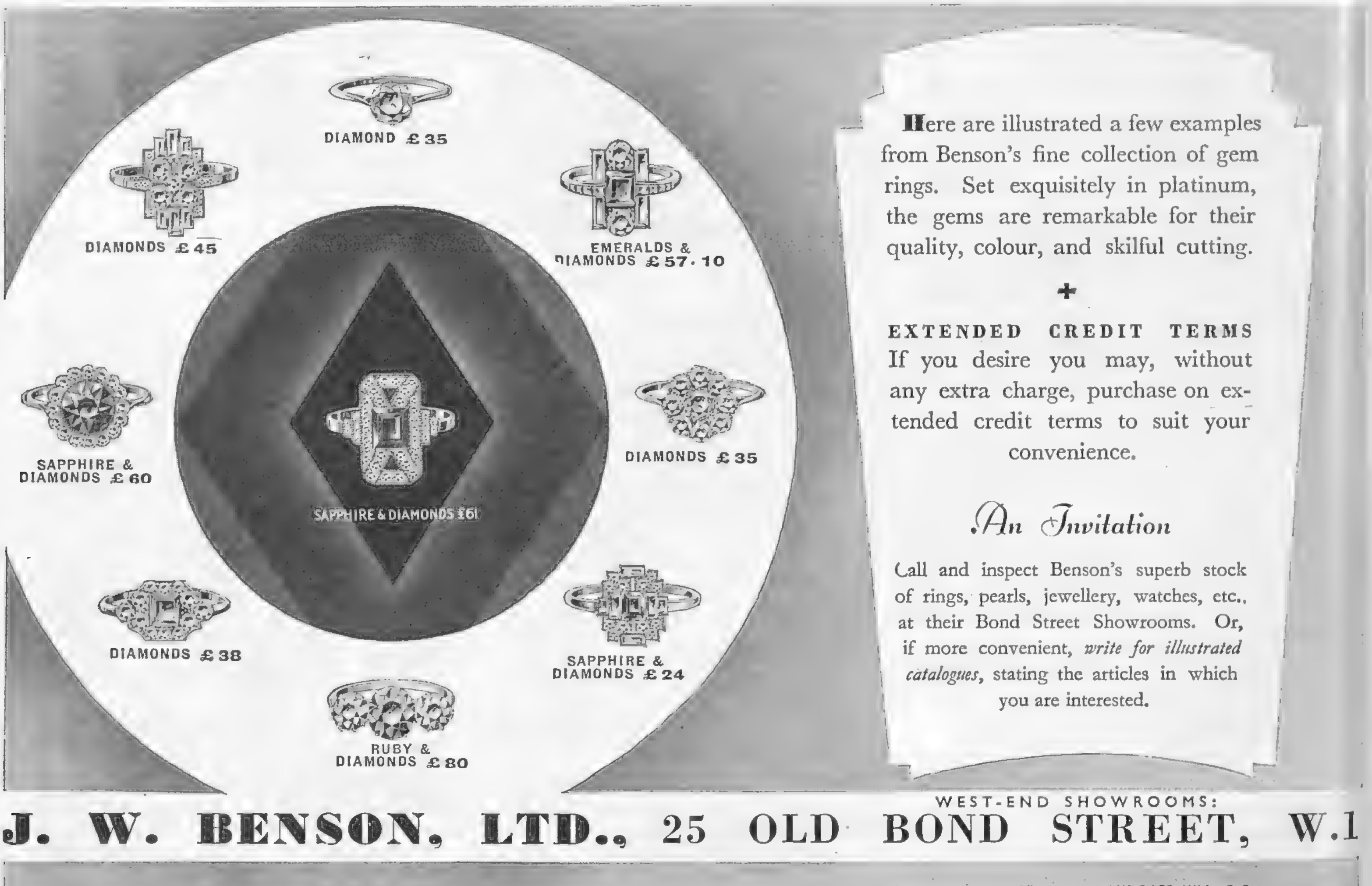

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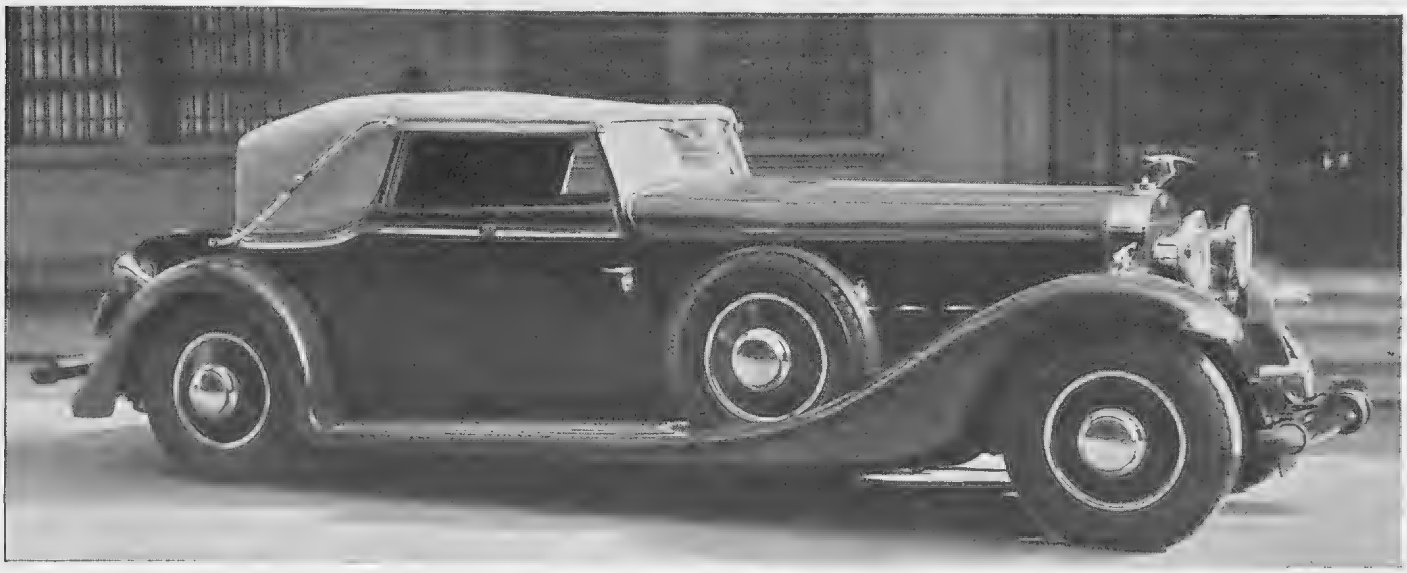


THE 12-cylinder Hispano-Suiza, both in appearance and performance, is a truly impressive car. It is easily able to exceed 100 m.p.h. This coupé model costs £3,500

A Car *of* *Exceptional Power*

The Twelve-Cylinder Hispano-Suiza

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE is always a very fascinating, even exciting, quality about a really big and powerful car. This is certainly true of the wonderful twelve-cylinder Hispano-Suiza (loaned by the Concessionnaires, Messrs. J. Smith & Co., Ltd., of Albemarle Street, W.), which I had the privilege of testing the other day. Accustomed as I am to handling all sorts and conditions of cars, this extraordinary vehicle provided me with a thrill which it is not within everyone's province to experience. The Hispano has the distinction of being a real giant in power, in size and, incidentally, in price. Its rated horse-power, by the French system of reckoning, is 54; it is taxed in England on a 75 h.p. basis, and the engine actually develops the enormous figure of 220 h.p

In effect, the chassis has been built around this twelve-cylinder engine, the design of which very closely follows Hispano-Suiza aero-engine practice. The cylinders are arranged in "V" formation, and the two blocks of six cylinders have a common central camshaft.

As may be expected, there is a really extraordinary abundance of power at the driver's disposal, and the rate of acceleration is something quite phenomenal. Twelve-cylinder construction also makes for great flexibility, so that, at all speeds, a perfectly smooth flow of power is assured.

The maximum speed obtainable is something very high indeed—certainly in excess of 100 m.p.h. Personally, being a timid individual, I did not attempt to ascertain the precise figure. I only succeeded in reaching the maximum engine speed with second gear engaged, and, in this case, the speedometer was showing well over 80 m.p.h. But, after all, when a car exceeds 80 m.p.h. in one of its lower gears, what need is there to enquire further as to its capacity for getting over the ground, in top gear, at an emphatically impressive pace?

THE gearbox is an extremely interesting one, and (as might be expected from a car in the very first flight) entirely foolproof. It has three speeds, and all the ratios are unusually high. The effect of this, where main-road travel is concerned, is exceedingly pleasing. The car will cruise at, say, 60 m.p.h. in top gear with the engine turning over only at the most modest speed, and hence with a complete absence of either noise or effort. The ratio is 2·72 to 1.

Second gear, with a ratio of 4·1 to 1, is likewise most attractive, permitting a really fine turn of speed, combined with astonishing acceleration, without calling for any excessive engine "revs." This gear will give a speed of round the 80 m.p.h. mark! Even on first gear a speed well in excess of 50 can easily be reached!

Both second and top gears are assisted by synchro-mesh mechanism, so that gear-changing difficulties never arise.

The Hispano-Suiza in brief

ENGINE: twelve-cylinder, 54/220 h.p., tax £75. Exceptional power and flexibility.
GEARBOX: three speeds, second and top synchro-mesh. All ratios very high.
PERFORMANCE: second gear, over 80 m.p.h.; top gear, exceeding 100 m.p.h.
BRAKES: powerful, but light in action.
STEERING: excellent, with good lock and self-centring action.
SPRINGING: good, with controlled shock absorbers.
COACHWORK: good-looking, but limited head-room.
Price: chassis only, £2,750; with coupé body, £3,500.

SUPERLATIVELY good steering is only one of the car's many admirable features, the steering gear being light in action and at the same time definite. A pleasantly firm degree of self-centring action has been incorporated—a point which English drivers will appreciate. The wide steering lock also deserves to be mentioned; it is a most valuable asset to be able to steer a big car such as this round an acute bend without having to reverse.

The springing, too, is out of the ordinary, especially in view of the very wide range of road speeds over which it has to operate. Only, to a certain extent, via the steering column are road shocks made perceptible. A good point is the provision of controls for the shock absorbers, so that the latter may be tightened or slackened according to the varying road conditions.

With such a fast car, the braking naturally needs to be super-efficient, and in this case undoubtedly is so. It is also notable for the light pedal pressure which is required and for the speed at which the car is brought to a halt.

The coachwork of the car loaned to me was of the two-door four-seater coupé type, with luggage trunk. A very attractive feature (and an unusual one) is the arrangement whereby the seat may be raised or lowered, to accommodate each individual driver's requirements. The "lines" of the car were the most attractive I have yet encountered in what I might call the "super-luxury" class.

There is, of course, a very wide choice of coachwork styles from which a selection can be made. This very striking Hispano-Suiza chassis sells in this country for £2,750, and a complete car costs something in the neighbourhood of £3,500.

On the Continent the Hispano has for years been regarded as the world's finest car. It is definitely not cheap, but it is equally definitely a car which will always command a high value even after years and years of the hardest and most unfaltering service.

When Hollywood Diets

(Continued from page 27)

Luncheon.

Cold Salmon. Mayonnaise. New Potatoes.
Rolls. Butter.
Hot Milk, or Coffee with Milk.
Custard Meringue Pie.

Dinner.

Cream Soup (any kind).
Fried Cutlets. Vegetables cooked in Butter.
Potatoes mashed with Butter and Cream.
Peach Cabinet Pudding.
Cheese Patties.

2nd Day.

Breakfast.

Cereal, with Cream, Sugar or Syrup.
Hot Chocolate, with Cream.
Hot Potato Flour Muffins. Jam. Jelly.
Scallops, with Sweet Corn.

Luncheon.

Spaghetti, with Tomato and Grated Cheese.
Baking Powder Biscuits. Butter. Baked Potato.
Cream Cheese.

Dinner.

Sole Mornay.
Duck, or Turkey stuffed. Sweet Potatoes. New Peas, cooked in Butter. Creamed Beetroot.
Trifle with Cream.
Sardines on Toast.

3rd Day.

Breakfast.

Porridge, with Cream or Maple Syrup.
Fish Cakes, with Sauce.
French Toast, with Jelly.
Coffee, with Milk.

Luncheon.

Cheese Omelette, with Creamed Spinach.
Cold Potato Salad, with Ham or Tongue.
Apple Pie, with Ice Cream or Whipped Cream.
Iced Chocolate. Rolls. Butter.

Dinner.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.
Veal Chops, fried in Butter with Egg and Breadcrumbs.
Beans, New Potatoes, Creamed Artickokes.
Krummeltoitti. Coffee with Cream.
French Bread.

IN any of these meals butter abounds, also cream, also starchy foods. *Custard Meringue Pie* requires short crust put into a shallow tin and the custard mixture poured in. This mixture is made with three egg yolks, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one tablespoon of flour, half a teaspoon of salt, half a cup of chopped walnuts and a little cinnamon. Cook the custard, adding nuts at the end; pour into pastry-lined tin, bake in medium oven till light brown; then cover with meringue made from the three egg whites, beaten stiffly, and sweetened to taste. Return to cool oven, and brown meringue slightly. This is the kind of sweet that must be avoided by anybody who is trying to *lose* weight.

So must Krummeltoitti, which requires 6 egg yolks, 9 tablespoons of white breadcrumbs, one cup of white sugar, half a pound of chopped nuts, half a pound of chopped dates, and two teaspoons of baking powder. Mix all ingredients together, and add beaten egg whites last of all. Put into a long greased tin, as shallow as possible; cook in hot oven for half an hour and test with fine wooden skewer. When cooked, allow to cool, break up into rough pieces, and serve with a dish of whipped cream, flavoured with rum or vanilla. *French Toast*, which is so good for breakfast, if extra inches need to be encouraged rather than avoided, is made with inch-thick slices of white bread, crustless; the bread is dipped in beaten egg (to which milk may be added, if liked) and then fried in butter. The toast must be well drained, and is best eaten with bramble or guava jelly.

AS a complete contrast to these fattening meals, consider the popular four-day diet, which is so much used in Hollywood. Marion Davies told me about it first; since then I have heard of it from many actresses who have tried it and found it successful. But be warned: it is strenuous, and it is acid-forming. So it is best not to start on such a diet without the advice of your doctor. This four-day diet reduces as much as 7 pounds in four days, if it is strictly followed. If the slice of toast I am going to mention is eaten each day for breakfast, the weight reduction is not so much, but should be at least 5½ lb. Here is the four-day diet, as practised in Hollywood :—

1st Day.

Breakfast.

Coffee (black) with Saccharine.
One thin slice of Brown Toast; no butter.
One Orange.

Breakfast is the same for each of the four days.

Luncheon.

One Grilled Lamb Chop.
One Sliced Orange.

Dinner.

Grilled Steak. Lettuce, Tomato and Cucumber Salad with Lemon Juice dressing.
One Orange. Tea, with slice of Lemon.

2nd Day.

Breakfast.
(See 1st Day.)

Luncheon.

Two Grilled Lamb Chops.
Sliced Tomato. Grape Fruit.
Black Coffee, with Saccharine.

Dinner.

Two Grilled Lamb Chops.
One hard-boiled Egg.
Spinach, without cream or butter. Stewed Tomatoes.
One Sliced Orange. Tea, with slice of Lemon.

3rd Day.

Breakfast.
(See 1st Day.)

Luncheon.

Grilled Steak.
Sliced Tomatoes. Grape Fruit. Black Coffee.

Dinner.

Two Scrambled Eggs.
Spinach, without cream or butter. Sliced Tomatoes.
Dry Water Biscuits, with Sweet Jelly (Black-current or Raspberry).
Grape Fruit. Black Coffee.

4th Day.

Breakfast.
(See 1st Day.)

Luncheon.

Half Grilled Chicken (or whole, if very small).
Spinach, Carrots. Dry Biscuits. Grape Fruit.
Black Coffee.

Dinner.

One Grilled Lamb Chop.
Two Sliced Tomatoes. Dry Biscuits.
Grape Fruit. Black Coffee.

Compare these meals with the others, and it will be seen that everything found in the first set is missing in the four-day diet. No fried meat or fish; no puddings; only sweet jelly on the third day for dinner. Coffee is always taken black; only saccharine is allowed. If the slice of toast for breakfast is left out, there is no bread or toast of any kind, and only the butter needed for grilling meat and chicken.

IN speaking of Hollywood Diets, which always include salads of various kinds, it must be remembered that SALAD, as understood in Hollywood, is nothing like the skimpy kind of salad we know in England. A salad, over there, is a *meal*. A head lettuce, so much used for such salads, is like a cabbage, in size. Not just a few leaves, with a sprinkling of dressing. A salad comes to table on a large dish, and the individual who has eaten a whole lettuce, tomato and asparagus salad, for instance, has had just about as much as he or she can swallow—comfortably. Such a meal, with a few crisp, dry biscuits, and a glass of iced tea or coffee, is the kind of lunch eaten by dozens of film stars; and they are not hungry when they start a hard afternoon's work. Greta Garbo does not put on weight; she likes a sandwich for lunch, usually made of rye bread with Gruyère cheese. She takes thick soup, too, and salads, and always an apple. A sandwich as served in Hollywood, by the way, means another substantial meal. The bread is thick and much larger than an English sandwich loaf; the filling is plentiful, too, and often three slices of toast or bread will be used for one sandwich, which is known as a "two-decker," or "three-decker."

There is one type of diet that was given to me in Hollywood, which has no name, but seems to me the best of all. It is based on eating as much as one wants, in reason; the dieter is never hungry, but the diet is effective, though not as rapid as some that are more drastic. The idea is never to mix meat with eggs, fish, game or cheese at any one meal. In other words, decide what you want as the main item in your chief meal, and then build the rest of your meal round that item. If you have steak, you must not have sole, nor must you finish your meal with cheese, or a savoury made with eggs. If you have fish, you must not have a cutlet or an omelette.

I have worked out a really helpful diet on these lines, and it can be followed as easily in England as in California. It has been used by Kay Francis, Bebe Daniels, Carole Lombard, and several other popular film actresses. It is a good diet to follow if you have to go on working, because you are never conscious of hunger or weakness, at any time. Let me explain that breakfast and lunch are much the same, every day; they should contain certain things—or a choice of certain things—but can be varied from morning to morning. So I will give a list of several things from which these meals may be chosen, while for dinner I have worked out seven complete menus.

Let us call it The Hollywood Diet; and here are things that may be chosen for *Breakfast* (one of each item):

1. Grape Fruit, or sliced orange, or sliced figs, or orange juice.
2. Dry Brown Toast, with a very little butter.
3. Marmalade.
4. Tea, without sugar or milk; or coffee, without sugar or milk.

For *Luncheon* the choice covers :—

1. Clear Soup, hot or cold; jellied, if preferred.
2. Thin brown toast; or dry biscuits; or any of the Swedish Breads.
3. Celery; or olives.
4. Salads; lettuce, as base, with tomato, beetroot, asparagus, cucumber, or cold cooked vegetables.

Dressing should be made with lemon juice and very little oil.

5. Hot cooked vegetables (at least two), BUT NOT POTATO.
6. Fruit, fresh or stewed (as little sugar as possible, if stewed).
7. Water ice (orange, raspberry, pineapple).

And here are *Dinners* for seven nights, following out this Diet.

Monday:

Celery. Olives.
Grilled Chicken (half). Tomato Sauce.
French Beans. Carrots.
Baked Apple, with a little honey.
Black Coffee.

Tuesday:

Clear Soup.
Omelette, using 3 eggs. (Can be made with any kind of vegetable, except Potato, but NOT meat or fish.)
Salad: Lettuce, hard-boiled egg, sliced, watercress, tomato.
Stewed pears or apricots or rhubarb.

Wednesday:

Clear Soup.
Grilled Salmon; maître d'hôtel butter.
Spinach. Artichokes (or some other vegetable).
Fresh Fruit Salad.
Black Coffee.

Thursday:

Radishes. Watercress.
Roast Beef (or grilled Steak).
Peas. Mashed Parsnips (or Stewed Tomatoes).
Peach Whip (made without Cream).
Black Coffee.

Friday:

Beetroot Soup (clear).
Grilled Lamb Cutlets.
Grilled Tomatoes; Grilled Mushrooms; French Beans. Grape Fruit and Banana Salad. Black Coffee.

Saturday:

Sardines and sliced Tomatoes.
Boiled Turbot, with shrimp sauce.
Salad: lettuce, with beetroot and celery, or cold cooked vegetables; or lettuce and raw cabbage, with fresh fruit. Oil and vinegar dressing.
Pineapple (fresh or tinned).
Black Coffee.

Sunday:

Sliced Cucumber, with watercress.
Mixed Grill.
Cauliflower. Mashed Turnip (or peas).
Tangerine (tinned) and pear salad.
Black Coffee.

The idea of these meals is that you may eat as much as you please of either meat, fish, or eggs, provided you do not eat any other main dish at the same meal. On the evening which has Boiled Turbot, as the chief item of the meal, sardines may be eaten as a first course. But if Egg Mayonnaise took the place of the sardines, the whole idea of this diet would be spoilt. I have not mentioned bread or toast in connection with dinner; it is not forbidden, but the less that is eaten, the quicker the diet will begin to cause a reduction in weight. And the same applies to butter.

Look at the suggestions made for this Diet, and it becomes obvious that it is *not monotonous*—which is one of the greatest virtues a diet can possess!

END

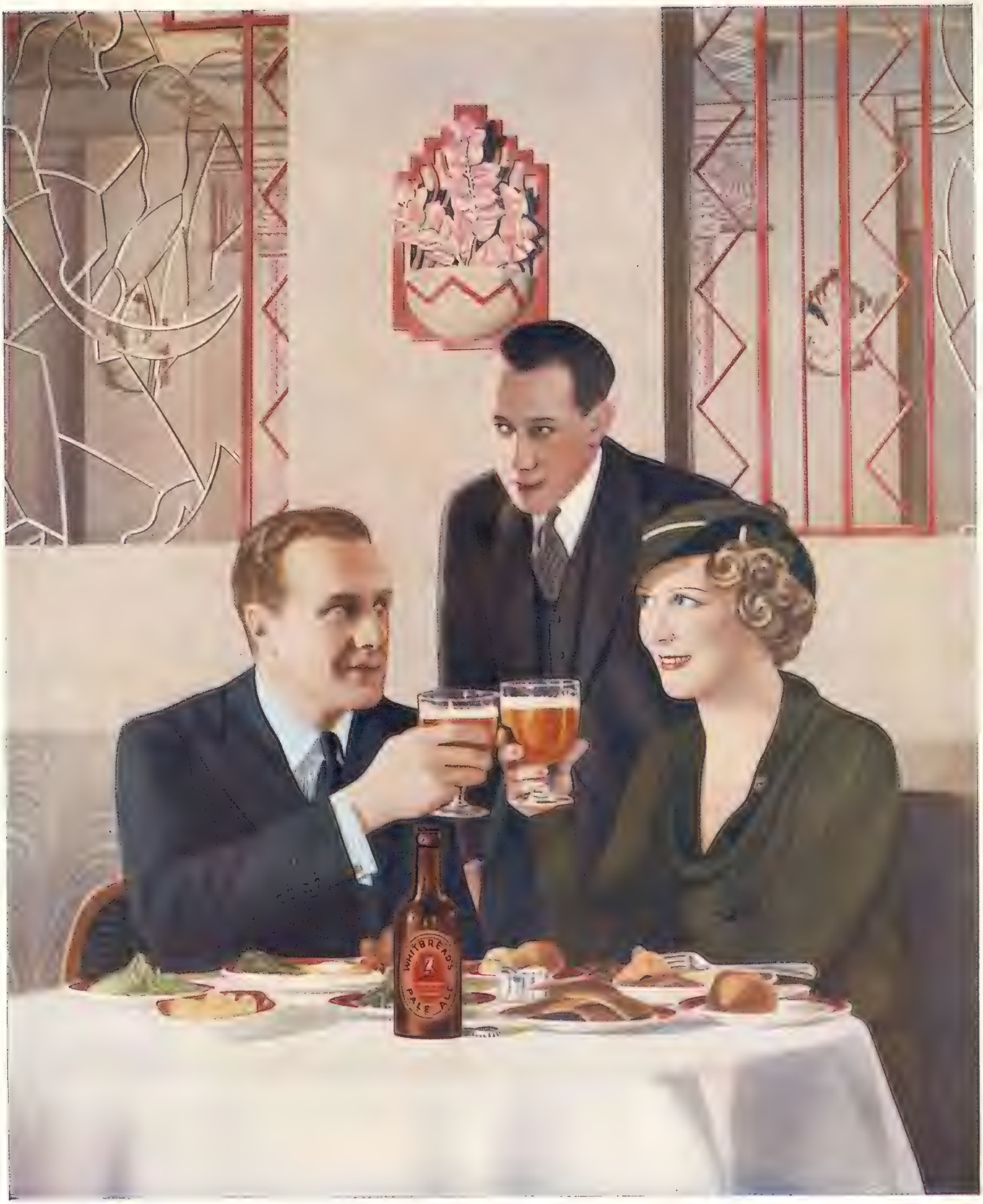
Schweppes
BY APPOINTMENT
SCHWEPPES SODA WATER

The '*best thing*' of the day

Dry work shouting home the winner—particularly if it's not yours. But for consolation—or, better, celebration—there's the 'best thing' of the day at the bar . . . with glorious, sparkling

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING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PALE ALE

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Gilbert Cousland

"A spot of Lunch, a glass of Beer, and Thou."

Miss Heather Thatcher and Mr. Owen Nares at the Monseigneur.

The Trials *of* Trilby, 1934

(*Continued from page* 19)

themselves feel at home and behave naturally. That is, naturally for them. . . .

But a truce to that gone crowd. The point I would make here is that its steady dissolution has been number one blow for the Trilbies of 1934 and their men-friends, for the Mimis, Rodolphes and hangers-on of the art world of Paris. The mobilised *Montparnos* were just one beautiful and sustained milch-cow. I debated this aspect with one of those models that Monday and here is what she said: "It is much worse than just missing the people who spent because, you see, they drew into our profession hundreds who had no right here and now the model market is overcrowded with film supers and music-hall girls, gigolos and maid servants, even with pupils of the Conservatoire and the universities trying to make both ends meet. There never were so many models and never less demand for them. What can painters pay now? Nothing, absolutely nothing, unless they are thoroughly recognised and working on order. We are all owed money—oh, but lots of it! And what can we do? Call the police? Do not make me laugh. We models do not exist. It is cruel, but what will you? We are looked upon as rather less than *femmes soumises* because they have more money. Painters stay away in the depths of the country now as long as ever they can. They stay buried in some cottage room somewhere, and usually with their own model or perhaps swapping with other people's on a co-operative basis! Most of them can hardly pay for their material, let alone for models. Also, the public seems to have lost faith in very modern painting Perhaps it thinks it has been played with!"

"But tell me how you profited from the people who spent?"

"Princesses and American women practically kept lots of us for the fun we made! It used to be thought a great joke to collect us and give us the most splendid food and drink and then we would dance and sing and amuse and get drunk. And, then, when we stole or borrowed in the cafés and restaurants, the *patrons* didn't worry: they just made up their losses on the rich clients we brought. Or there was the restaurant tombola. That was always a certainty. It died quite lately, at Rosalie's, when she died. We entered and put numbers on every table, saying there was a chance of obtaining a famous painter's work at ten francs a ticket. Nearly everyone would take one and sometimes we could pay for wonderful dinners, for several of us, in that same swell restaurant. Try that now! The proprietor will quickly enough show you the door. Indeed, we have to sit very quietly in our corner with our beer or coffee and consider ourselves lucky to be allowed to do so. . . .we who at one time were the chief attractions of these places. Time was when we ran up several hundred francs credit with waiters by selling them paintings.The waiters became quite expert and would say, 'I prefer this one. It is more Cézannien.' There's no more money now even in sketching passers-by, or in acting as guide at the Louvre. No one even wants to 'understand' us any longer! If summer were not benevolent. . . .one can at least cough, yawn, smoke and sleep. . . .there would be many more suicides before next autumn!"

Thinking I had had enough sadness for one morning, I moved on hereabouts, though not before pondering the "coughing, yawning." It is so that a fair proportion of the flotsam still managing to live somehow in the stagnant Quarter appears to be on the high road to consumption.

From the Rotonde, I strolled down the rue de la Grande Chaumière and had a chat with Madame Rose, who "receives" at the academy in that part. She said she had managed to get a monk off that morning, a real live one, and a Judas. There had been a demand for one Jacqueline as Magdalene, but Jacqueline, who owed Madame R. money, had not put in an appearance and that was going to bring trouble. "*Ne m'en parlez pas!*" sighed Madame R., raising her arms and retreating. So I continued on down the rue de Seine. In Pierres they said that current painting was fetching nothing, but that good prices were being obtained at Drouot's for old stuff—seventeenth century and such. I had better go out to the Salon d'Echange at the Porte de Versailles if I wanted to see how painters were currently carrying on. But I had another place on my itinerary before then: the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

Here I learnt of 3,000 new "artists" being turned out each year to flood still more disastrously the huge pool already existing of young people that art no longer nourishes. "Painting remains stronger than hunger itself. The duel over Raphael or Picasso still goes on, but now over a café-crême-split: one taking the coffee and the other the milk." There were, apparently, 40,000 persons already trying to live by art in France, and art was giving nobody a living any longer, or practically so. Architects, sculptors, painters, etchers, decorators, are all in the same tragic boat. I passed along the Quai Malaquais, where until recently little *bistros* were packed at eating-time with art students. The latter now mostly feed out of paper on the quay-side. And yet they positively teem, as never before. The *ateliers* are overflowing each day. In three studios given over to painting were 700 future painters, of both sexes, hard at it. In a fourth studio were 100 women and girls, all hoping to be future Rosa Bonheurs or Madeleine Lemaires. And I learnt that about 300 other young people were strewn about here and there within the wide precincts: painting. Lots of these students are already living by weighing fish in the markets and bundling newspapers in the early hours. Some, naturally, have a little money. Only 50,000 francs exist in the way of yearly charity at the Beaux-Arts itself. Time was when Ivar Kreuger was a magician for these strivers in the arts. The Swede not only distributed work right and left on behalf of his combine but gave lavishly. Alas. . . . no more Ivars in this new world. Instead, one tries to raise money now and then by giving balls and entertainments. But the fight to give these students two meals a day is a losing one. Most have one only, and find it impossible even to pay their annual fee of 100 francs to the School. They scrounge paints and canvas in every way, not omitting plain thievery along the Boul' Miche. A film of this youth at work is to be shown by Germaine Dulac. That may bring in some money. Lotteries are a wash-out. When recently the French artists tried to launch a tombola for 600,000 francs—first-rate works might have been won for 2 francs—they only managed to get in, with great difficulty, 75,000 francs. So the works of masters are now to be sought out from among the secrets of the Beaux-Arts and put up for auction. (But are there many such?) The trouble is that the governing bodies are already surfeited with statues and paintings. The public won't buy. Is art, then, to perish slowly in its home by the Seine? There are many who think it is in for a serious decline unless the State steps in, as has been done in Vienna and Italy of recent years. Actually, M. Tardieu's Government did vote 40 million francs in aid of the liberal professions four years ago, but not much of this seems so far to have reached the arts. On the other hand, a visit out to the Barter Salon at the Porte de Versailles told a somewhat happier story. Here the artists of Paris exchange their landscapes or portraits for any goods or services that may be offered. Prior to this, perfectly good painters were out on the street—as I have seen them—being laughed at when they offered, for 10 francs, work that a year or two back would not have gone for fifty times the amount. So now lots of them have got together and their Barter Salon particularly attracts the manufacturers and merchants periodically called to Paris to attend fairs. In fact, many such ones are sent out to the Salon as a duty of honour. When a visitor sees a work that takes his fancy he puts his proposition in writing. Food, clothing, radio-sets, perfumery, furniture, wines, are among the principal articles acquired by the artists. More than 250,000 francs worth of goods were received for the first 300 paintings sold. Many more original offers than exchange in kind are accepted. Painters give works to hotel keepers in return for a week-end's painting in the country or perhaps for a reduction in terms for a holiday. Doctors also give their services, and even professors—if a painter, say, wants to learn something else that helps. A surgeon performed an operation on the painter of a still-life. . . .and saved that painter's life from being stilled. The work in general is conservative in style, because people won't look at the other kind, but too many of the exhibitors are more or less known names. This is where we get back to the darker side, to wit, to the Boulevard St. Michel, whither I next repaired to watch this stricken art crowd file endlessly by, and to talk with waiters and people who observe its daily wrestling of an existence from the void.

This whole tale is very much one of youth. In the spreading *Cité Universitaire* up at Montrouge the studying international young get a fairly good break, such as there now are of them. They are not the ones involved here. Nor is it the arrived intellectual worker that from now on requires chief attention. The writer, sculptor, painter, musician having made a niche and wishing to develop his talent will shortly have access to a brand-new "*Cité*" of his own, out behind Montparnasse. There will be a common library, large lecture room and laboratories, but separate residences for each group of workers and their

(*Continued on page* 94)

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Arks.

families. Thus, painters, architects and engravers are to inhabit the higher floors to enjoy the light. Sculptors will be on the ground floor, and scientists and writers are to enjoy quiet corners in squares (the institution is to measure 800 yards by 300). As for musicians, they are to be put where they can't be heard. It all sounds lovely, but a very great deal of money is indicated for keeping a few score intellectuals and their families (personally, I should prefer to write under an upturned dinghy, while I have a horrible notion that the very first people the Nazis went for were the inhabitants of just such an institute in a Berlin suburb). However, we are dealing with sterner meat—namely, the overwhelming crowding of the arts and the inability to earn a centime by the 3,000 annual newcomers that will mean a further 30,000 in the oncoming decade, most of them presumably dislocated in life, more or less on the streets. That is no pretty picture, but, by every token, it is going to be the follow-on bohemia of the vivid post-war affair that is now rapidly yielding up the ghost.

The spectre of a varyingly diseased art-youth has already begun to take shape. You can witness it any day from the terrace of the Café Capoulade on the Boul' Miche. This is the great rendezvous corner for the new Mimis and their far too Mimified contemporary Rodolphes—all hair-nets and powder and spreading trousers from the waist and coat slung over shoulders. I don't like the look of them one bit, but that doesn't stop you being dashed sorry for them. How do they live? Well, let's amalgamate from two or three maîtres d'hôtel or waiters, who have good cause to know all about them :—

"More and more by their wits. Their families have told them to come home or go hang. Art wins, of course. But what a shield it can be for sham! They feel that they are wonders. They sit for hours over a cup of milk talking poetry, philosophy, music, painting, ideas, humanism, egotism, but it usually ends up in anarchy. And possibly they are justified, society having failed to give them a chance. Mostly they share top back rooms, where everything is permitted. When they manage to come by a franc or two they 'lay in garrison rations,' which means buying, before they spend the money stupidly, such staples as potatoes, sausage, tea, fuel. Their girls will do the cooking—and also the stealing, if need be. A constant affair is the shop theft trick. They send in their girl to buy something, and then slip off with a sack of beans or *pâtes*. And these are young men of good family! Lots of them want a war, and still more a revolution, Russian or Fascist. Some of them already take regular pay in the armed societies afoot. Ah, but they run worse than that. Not long ago, as you know, masses of the new five-franc nickel pieces were coined. Well, you wouldn't have to look very far from the old streets behind the Sorbonne to know where that was done. Then they live on women when they can, and also prostitute themselves. Of course, not all, not the majority . . . although the majority certainly does *something* it shouldn't do in order to carry on. The better cases go out at night and peddle braces and ties. Others try to be art critics. The guitar vogue has passed. No money in that any longer. The public doesn't want to hear, nor is this brand of youth in a mood to sing. And yet that was how other generations found a means to food and roof.

"It is quite a common thing for our young friends to leave umbrellas, hats, coats as cover for debts run up at restaurants. Two newcomers are positive godsends: the automats where you can get a meal of a kind for a few sous, and the great, glaring, friendly cafés always humming with mechanical music and open most of the night. That's where these young men and their *amies* are being chiefly introduced to life.

"Naturally, they are becoming past-masters at begging. They even go round begging from bakers, especially foreign ones, when a note of menace may enter in. And then they are for ever either looking up friends or writing to all they ever had acquaintance with. Usually unstamped letters written on free café paper. Or, in extreme cases, juvenile bands will descend on some family or other and, on the strength of a quite slender acquaintanceship, refuse to go until they are fed, and, what is more, meanwhile they bar the door. They don't drink much, but are for ever smoking, and too many take drugs whenever they possibly can. What can you do about it all? The simple fact is that these would-be devotees of art have been hit hopelessly by one event after the other. By the withdrawal of the foreigner, by the high cost of living here in France, by the rent extortion, and one supposes their form of art has likewise fallen from grace. They do every blessed thing they can to maintain their so-called artistic independence, and all the time they are running to seed, and into young apaches of a new intellectual kind. Some of them copy out addresses all night for three francs. They try and peddle their own work at 'Five francs a possible masterpiece.' Some of them contrive to fashion and sell little objects or trinkets. You see certain little old shops full of these things. All student made. Others may still get a little money from home. But all too many live by 'making the combine,' on their wits. They haunt the bookstalls, lifting a volume here and there. They will try and fleece anyone giving the slightest symptom of being a visitor. Fortunately for them, it can be an uncosting existence. They wear no hats and a minimum of clothes. They are in Paris, where it still costs far less to do nothing all day long than in any other city. But how they can swindle if you do not keep an eye on them! They say: *la vie pour rien!* That they mean to have it so. And often they succeed. They will come in and sit in a corner, order a cheap drink, and while you are away getting it wolf down three or four croissants—and pay for one. Or else they will put useless pieces in the automats. They put 15,000 dud pieces in one inside of a week! Before it was found out! They are up to every trick. Just go round and watch them for a bit, *Messieurs les étudiants* . . ."

I didn't. I had seen sufficient to believe too much of what I had heard. Instead, I went and walked about the outside suburbs, Vanves, Malakoff, Plaisance, whither the artists that I used to know have been driven. There they live entirely like workmen, real proletarian feeding and quarters. They are probably the most contented. But that leaves unanswered the problem of their successors. My friends at least got off the mark in their day; which was a lot, a great lot.

IT should be stressed that the freak way of life chronicled above is not specially applicable to Beaux-Arts students mentioned earlier on, nor even to art students in general. So involved has the student scene of depression become in Paris that it is quite impossible to say how they live.

The Lost Destroyer

(*Continued from page* 33)

act at once. Can you possibly transmit on your system and also we've simply got to get reception from the other end." He walked up and down the room with rapid strides.

"If we can fix up an aerial on top of the hill at the back," the other replied slowly, "we might do it, but I'm a bit of a crock," he smiled ruefully at the big man.

"Don't you worry about that end of it. It's all wrong of me to drag you into this affair when you're still on the sick list, but nobody can put an end to this devil's business quicker than you and I—with the help of your new beam system. Extraordinary coincidence that you and Gurminoff must have been working along parallel lines and discovered the atomic principle simultaneously and independently. He obviously thinks he's the only one in the field; that's why he's so careless. And now, with a bit of luck, we've got him cold—Hullo!—" The colonel broke off. His attitude grew tense as he listened with his head on one side. "Did you hear anything, Vereker? I could have sworn I heard a shot. And where the devil has Wilcox got to?"

The lieutenant was about to reply when McInnes's question was dramatically answered. One of the big back windows of the living-room was suddenly thrown open, and Wilcox, dishevelled and panting in great gasps, his hands still clutching a service ·303 rifle, plunged into their midst.

"You're wounded!" the colonel cried, rushing forward.

"It's all right, sir. Only a grazed forehead. There was a man spying about up the hill side. I frightened him off with a shot and chased him for a while."

McInnes looked seriously at the lieutenant. "We've got to get a move on. Come on, Wilcox," putting down the iodine pad with which he had been bathing his servant's head. "There's a spare aerial set at the back. Lend a hand, and we'll run it up to the hill top at the back of the home policy. We shan't be long, Vereker. So long for the moment."

The two men hurried out.

As the lieutenant, still seated at his control table at one end of the long living-room, was listlessly thinking that McInnes was right in his forecast that their "rest-cure" in the North would be a failure, his attention was suddenly attracted by a movement reflected in the highly polished wooden container in front of him. He crouched lower in his chair and his hand slid to the bell in the wall alongside him. "Yes," he muttered to himself,

(*Continued on page* 96)

PERFUMER
TO
H.R.H THE PRINCE OF WALES
BY APPOINTMENT

EAU DE COLOGNE
No 4711.
4711

● *The best and sunniest days in this life are tiring. The rest are tiresome. When there are no frets, there is still fag. When there are no clouds, there come long shadows bringing long yawns. . . . Could you imagine a better world for the blessing of Eau de Cologne to have fallen on? Of course, by Eau de Cologne, you mean "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne. What you have in mind—the cool touch that soothes your body, the fragrant vapour that clears your mind, the power to refresh and restore—these belong to "4711" alone. They are something that its imitators have forgotten or failed to copy.*

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Gor. E. 2a

"I can just reach it." He pressed it hard, and remembered with relief the noise it had made when the colonel had rung for Wilcox.

Immediately he saw the door, which had been slowly swinging open, halt, and as slowly begin to close. The interval had given him time to collect his rather dazed thoughts. Rising, he made a dive for a likely looking cupboard on the wall. If it contained a gun-rack all might be well. It did. He grabbed a twelve bore and a handful of loose cartridges. He was on the way to the farther door—loading as he went—with an alacrity phenomenal in a convalescent man.

As the lieutenant swung open the door, with his gun at the "ready," he was just in time to see the figure of a man bounding down the path to the lochside.

"Sixty yards," he muttered, and quick as a first-class snipe-shot fired.

At first he thought he had missed; but with a sudden wild dive the stranger left the path and fell headlong into the heather. Almost at once, racing down from the back, he heard the approach of McInnes and Wilcox. Briefly, he explained the situation, and together the three men went down the loch path.

The man was not dead. Far from it, for they soon found out that Vereker's shot had only slightly wounded the stranger in the foot. But travelling at the speed he had been going, it had been enough to capsize him and a boulder had done the rest.

In the living-room again, McInnes looked significantly at the lieutenant, as he placed in turn on the table a knife, a Mauser automatic pistol, a smaller revolver, and a considerable amount of ammunition.

"Enough to do us all in," he commented grimly, as he continued his search. He looked at an envelope he had found on the man.

"Henley," he muttered, "where have we heard that name lately?" His face cleared. "Of course, don't you remember, Vereker?"

"Lord, yes!" the lieutenant cried excitedly, "the last message from Krantz. But what's he doing here?"

The older man smiled for the first time. "This is not Henley, lad. We know him. Have known him for a long time." There was something particularly magnetic about this big, athletic man as he paced backwards and forwards in the living-room of that lonely shooting box. Now that he was in action, he exuded a dynamic confidence that Vereker found absolutely irresistible. "He's deceptive," the lieutenant reflected musingly, and recollected with an inward smile the reserved, almost diffident, stranger who had come to see him in the nursing home.

"Vereker," the colonel stopped suddenly. "We can't afford to leave you by yourself with this," he waved a hand at the control table; "and yet I've simply got to get two messages off. One to the Admiralty and the other to the destroyer lying just outside." He pondered. "I've got it!"

Striding to the door, he looked out. The moon was sliding behind a large bank of late summer cumulus, and below his feet the loch lay bathed in darkness. A black pit in which the jetty and boathouse were invisible.

The colonel turned abruptly: "Wilcox, bind up this man for a full due, then lock him up in the coal cellar. I'm going to take out the motor cruiser, and get off a short wave wireless to the *Vesta* lying at the mouth of the loch. I shall be away about ten minutes, Vereker, but in the meantime try to get a transmitting beam going. If we can do that we'll proceed to have an interesting conversation with friend Krantz." He waved his hand and was gone; and as is the case with all strong personalities, the room seemed strangely empty without him.

WILCOX, a burly marine servant, lifted with ease their captive, who had now recovered and was snarling and spitting like a rat in a trap. "This is just like old times, sir," he said, catching Vereker's eye. "Wherever the colonel is, sir, there always seems to be a drop of excitement."

The lieutenant laughed. "It seems to agree with you, anyway, Wilcox. You are not noticeably fading away."

The marine servant grinned. "No, sir. Exercise and excitement, as my missus used to say, are the human handidotes to the daily round."

Wilcox's voice chidingly reproving the bound man for his attempts to chew up his hands faded in the distance.

Footsteps on the path heralded the return of McInnes. The colonel, panting a little, for he had come up at the double, threw himself down in an easy chair.

"Dig out the tantalus, Vereker; we could both do with a drink, and we've got a long way to go yet."

Taking the glass from the lieutenant, he topped up his whisky with a soda, and took an appreciative sip. "I've got through to the *Vesta*, all right. She's coming up harbour now." He looked at his watch. "In five minutes, if you can manage a transmit, we'll try an experiment on friend Krantz. We don't know if that's his name, but the way he said 'K for Krantz' is promising anyhow."

"I think we shall be able with our new aerial to get Krantz all right," Vereker said confidently, "but we shall have the deuce of a job transmitting to the mysterious 'Chief.'"

McInnes rose. "Let's try Krantz now."

Vereker turned to his instruments. "He ought to be coming down the North Minch now," he murmured, adjusting the Direction Indicator.

Almost at once they reached their objective.

The colonel knelt alongside Vereker, ready to speak into the mouthpiece; in his hands a slip of paper covered with notes. The tense stillness was suddenly cut by the booming voice of the German:

"Hullo, Chief," it sounded a note of surprise. "I didn't expect to hear from you again until to-morrow."

As McInnes's voice replied, Vereker could scarcely control his start of surprise, for the German voice speaking at his shoulder bore not the slightest resemblance to the one which the lieutenant knew.

"Krantz, as it's just midnight, I've used the new call sign. Very important change of orders. Are you listening carefully? Get a pad and note this down. All previous orders cancelled. Present rendezvous dangerous. Arrangements made with Henley to meet you Loch Earg. Steam 10 miles up from entrance and anchor opposite small stone jetty where three green lights will indicate everything quiet and clear. Just above jetty there is a white house. One of Henley's men is now investigating house, which is empty shooting box."

The listener, although perturbed, was not apparently suspicious. "I've taken that down, Chief. Very clear. And I shall be able to get there an hour quicker." The guttural voice stumbled. "What about Johann?" it suggested tentatively, "he's coming through the Pentland Firth to-morrow."

The colonel drew in his breath sharply, and put a warning hand on Vereker's shoulder. "My God!" he muttered. "He's got another at sea!"

He was in a quandary, for he wanted all the information he could get out of Krantz, yet he mustn't make a slip which would give the game away.

Vereker passed over a rapidly scribbled note. McInnes hurriedly read it, then nodded his head approvingly.

"What's that? No, I cannot be disturbed at present." The colonel turned away his head and addressed an imaginary interrupter. "I, Karl Gurminoff, cannot be disturbed. What? Oh, that's different. Why, of course I must see him—" He broke off and turned towards the instrument.

"Krantz," he roared, "very annoying, I've got to go."

"Yes, Chief," came back the submissive answer. "I couldn't help hearing."

McInnes growled. "Look here, Krantz, get Johann on the short beam, you're near him. Transmit my new orders to him, and tell him all arrangements will have to be cancelled. He's got to be in Loch Earg at the new rendezvous at midnight to-morrow."

McInnes's blood froze at the incredulity in Krantz's voice: "To-morrow! Why, Chief, isn't that dangerous? I shall be there for at least three days—and two of us . . ."

McInnes took the only way out. And Vereker jumped half out of his chair as the snarling German voice blasted past his shoulder, cursing, damning and threatening as only a thwarted Prussian millionaire can.

In an interval of quiet, Krantz humbly begged for pardon. "No, of course," he assented tearfully, "the plans of the 'Chief' were his affair. Assuredly, they were beyond his province—"

"Then get on and carry them out as you are ordered," McInnes cut in, with a roll of Prussian expletives.

"Yes, yes, Chief," came back the subservient answer.

"And don't expect to hear from me again until to-morrow." McInnes signed to his companion, who switched off.

"Phew," breathed the colonel with a wry smile, as he wiped the sweat off his brow, "this game of blind man's buff is exhausting."

Wilcox entered. "The *Vesta's* just come abeam of the jetty, sir," he reported.

"Thank God!" McInnes ejaculated fervently.

Both men walked out to await her captain's arrival. Soon a man's footsteps sounded on the path, and in a few moments a young-looking Commander came forward into the lighted porch.

In five minutes, for it was getting dangerously late, McInnes, in curt, incisive sentences, explained his plan of campaign.

(*Continued on page 98*)

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"Three green lights, vertical," the captain of the *Vesta* repeated as he left.

"Yes," the colonel enjoined, "get them up at once; our friend Krantz is now at the entrance ; you haven't much time, but you've got to have your reception party all ready for him, and get your ship up the loch into some nice dark patch with every light dimmed. I leave the rest to you. You have my authority to take the most drastic steps necessary to capture the submarine and her crew——" He broke off as Vereker's startled shout came to his ears. "Carry on, *Vesta*," he roared, even as he hurtled through to join the lieutenant, "and good hunting !"

The big living-room was filled by the deep-toned bass of a German voice.

"Jam it, Vereker, jam it !" yelled McInnes as he took in this startling new threat to his plans. Beads of cold moisture broke out on his forehead as he watched Vereker's ashen face and trembling fingers, as the latter strove with every grain of intelligence he possessed to outwit that heavy rumbling voice.

The hum of an overloaded dynamo, its throbbing vibration filling the room, deafened the two men as Vereker cut out resistance after resistance, watching with bated breath for dangerous symptoms to manifest themselves. He was courting disaster. But the strange voice suddenly wavered : screams and ear-piercing whistles replaced it. McInnes clapped him on the shoulder with a force that nearly unseated him.

"We've jammed him," he roared exultantly, "he can't get through to Krantz or Johann !"

Vereker was gingerly reducing load. "Once we've got him jammed," he explained, "it's easy to keep it so on smaller power, and what's more," he added, "we'll be able to log his exact bearing." He produced a specially mounted chart, on which he placed the direction indicator. With a parallel ruler he extended the bearing, then looked significantly at McInnes. "Belgium and Brussels," he said slowly.

"Yes, we know now, all right——"

The lieutenant suddenly looked at the other with amazement, for McInnes stood rooted to the ground, his face set in lines of horror.

"The lights, man, the lights," he groaned, and with a sweep of his arm sent the table light crashing to the floor.

"Listen !" he enjoined. The two men in the pitch black living room strained their ears. Faintly, from far away, there came the purring beat of slow-moving propellers.

"Krantz !" McInnes whispered, "And we've got to remember that this is an untenanted house. Can you work without lights ?"

"I can try," came back the cautious answer.

"You needn't worry." The colonel gripped Vereker's arm as a confident, mocking voice spoke from the middle of the room, which was suddenly flooded by the blinding rays of an electric torch. "No, your precious set will not, I fear, be of much service to you from now on ; nor, Colonel McInnes, will the Admiralty ever receive that interesting report." The soft voice hardened into a definite threat. Then the beams of the torch wavered as the stillness of the night was suddenly shattered by a solitary shot from the direction of the loch.

Vereker, standing tense, was aware of McInnes stooping alongside him, and as the crash of battle joined at the loch side, while the staccato hammering of machine guns rent the silence, the colonel suddenly heaved back and up, bodily wrenching from its position the centre square of carpet on which the unknown intruder was standing. There was a hoarse cry and a report, a smothered exclamation, a gurgle and the main lights were switched on, to reveal McInnes panting, a revolver in one hand, the other hand by the switch, warily observing a groaning man lying full length in the centre of the room.

Wilcox, blinking, appeared, and looked with diffidence at the colonel. "Lor sir," he muttered with a sheepish smile, "you didn't ring, but I thought there was more excitement."

"Quite right, Wilcox." McInnes replied drily, "here's another to add to the big game bag in the cellar."

The marine servant went prosaically to work. "There seems to be an action proceeding outside, sir," he remarked, as if not quite certain that it was a matter worthy of report.

"Yes," the colonel replied tolerantly, "that is according to plan. When you've put that man away, go down to the jetty and ask Commander Searle, with my compliments, if he will be good enough to report as soon as he can."

Wilcox, bearing the second captive, departed. "Aye, aye, sir," he said gravely, in the tones of a man whom nothing can disturb.

KARL Gurminoff was disturbed. He sat alone in his vast office with his heavy head resting on one massive fist and stared into the face of the instrument on his desk. "Never, yet," he muttered, "have you let me down." His face became contorted with anger. "And now !" he snarled, "I cannot get into touch with Krantz. I cannot speak with Johann, passing through . . ." A gleam came suddenly to his eye. "Ah, but there is Wilhelm, yes, I will try on the alternative beam."

The disgruntled millionaire consulted a small book filled with notes. Then, happy again, he bent himself to the task of tuning in to his alternative beam. Soon he was successful.

"Wilhelm ? Ah, what is that you say ? You are in sight of a ship that looks like a destroyer !" The deep voice rose to a crescendo of fury. "Attack her ! Get close : it is night, and you cannot fail. You must blow her out of the water . . ." He made a gesture of annoyance, "Wilhelm, why do you not reply ?" His voice rose to a shriek. "Wilhelm, Wilhelm !" But there was no reply. Instead, a wild wail rose screeching through the silence of the big room. Gurminoff listened with gradually distending eyes.

"Mein Gott !" he whispered, the short hair on his scalp lifting and cold beads accumulating on his burning forehead. "Mein Gott ! what is this ? . . ."

For a heavy, pregnant silence had fallen on the room.

Suddenly Gurminoff crouched like an animal at bay. He looked frenziedly round as if to escape. His face went a ghastly ashen colour and burning spots mottled the vast cheeks, while the sweat poured down his twisted features in streams, dripping on the polished desk which he grasped with whitened knuckles. He listened with a terrible foreboding : a sense of fatality gripped him with overpowering force. He shook his head, trying to convince himself that he was held in the grip of a nightmare, but no, there was the voice again . . .

With an underlying tone of sadness, yet a force that was not of this earth, the strange but only too well-known voice issued forth from the instrument on the desk, which shook with accompanying vibrations. And as it spoke, the last few threads of sanity in the brain of Karl Gurminoff parted one by one, and the unanchored intelligence sped back to childhood days. Once more he was at play with Rudolf, the beloved elder brother. Together they were tasting the joys of their first ride through the paths of the Black Forest . . . pictures of friendly rivalhood at school—then Rudolf resplendent in his uniform of the Imperial Navy. Then War . . . red visions flashed across the tortured mind . . . blood red they became, and the big ashen face reflected maniacal fury as the heated imagination saw the German submarine, shattered and twisted, sink beneath the waves of the North Sea, carrying all that remained of Rudolf with it. . . . The hands wet with sweat clutched the table, and an inhuman snarl sounded through the room, for it was a destroyer, a British destroyer, which had been responsible.

A groan burst from the cracked lips, for the toneless voice went on and on. . . .

"Karl," he heard as in a dream, "Karl, it is I, Rudolf, who speaks from the grave of U.B. 94. You have disturbed the dead with your deeds of vengeance. In fair battle, in time of war, I was killed. Let me, then, rest in peace. You are responsible for the sinking of a British destroyer and a cruiser in time of peace. Confess, so that my spirit may not be disturbed. Communicate with Wilhelm immediately, give orders that he is not to undertake this wholesale murder." The voice became stronger, deeper, filled with awful threat. "Do this now while I listen from the ocean bed ; and I will tell you what I, your elder brother, then require of you."

The wreck of the man, strangely shrunken, at the desk, with trembling limbs and voice, did as he was bid. Then, his eyes fixed in a wide unseeing stare, he rose suddenly to his full height. His face became transfigured. "I come, Rudolf, I come to join you !" He lurched forward and lay flat on the floor ; his face buried in the deep pile of the carpet.

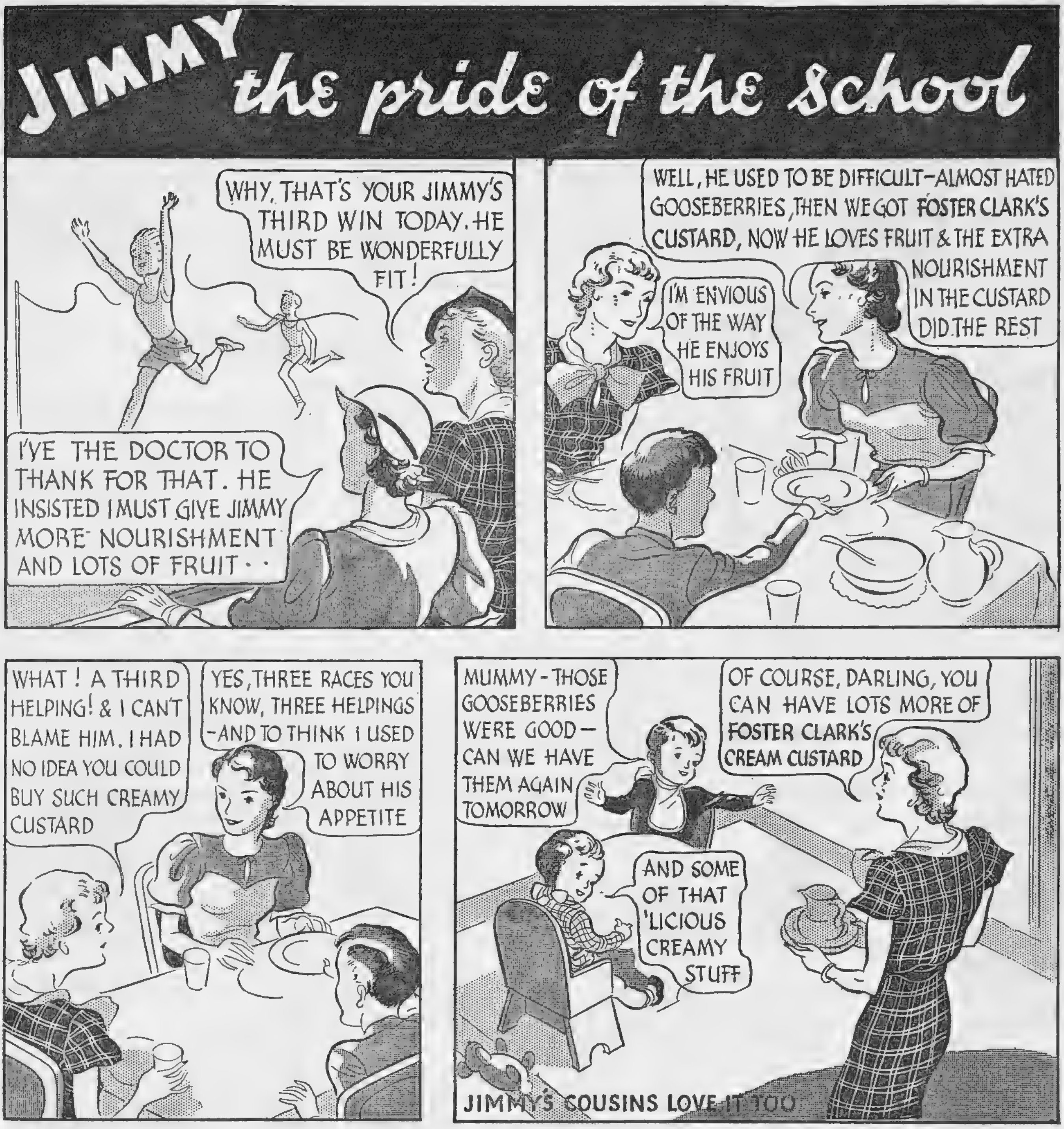
IN the lonely shooting box in Scotland McInnes rose stumblingly to his feet, and placed an unsteady hand on Vereker's shoulder ; then, observing his companion's face, he mixed him a stiff brandy. "Drink this, old man." he urged, "you want it."

The Lieutenant smiled in a ghastly way. "Thanks, you could do with one too."

"It seems a pity, somehow." There was sadness in Vereker's voice.

The older man sighed. "I know, but it was the only thing to do. Remember, it was that man's life in the balance against countless others, innocent men who were simply doing their job. We were dealing with a man obsessed. And his obsession was dangerous. And it proved his undoing, for no sane man would have been taken in by my histrionical display as his dead brother Rudolf."

(*Continued on page* 100)


JIMMY the pride of the school
WHY, THAT'S YOUR JIMMY'S THIRD WIN TODAY. HE MUST BE WONDERFULLY FIT!
I'VE THE DOCTOR TO THANK FOR THAT. HE INSISTED I MUST GIVE JIMMY MORE NOURISHMENT AND LOTS OF FRUIT · ·
WELL, HE USED TO BE DIFFICULT—ALMOST HATED GOOSEBERRIES, THEN WE GOT FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD, NOW HE LOVES FRUIT & THE EXTRA NOURISHMENT IN THE CUSTARD DID THE REST
I'M ENVIOUS OF THE WAY HE ENJOYS HIS FRUIT
WHAT! A THIRD HELPING! & I CAN'T BLAME HIM. I HAD NO IDEA YOU COULD BUY SUCH CREAMY CUSTARD
YES, THREE RACES YOU KNOW, THREE HELPINGS—AND TO THINK I USED TO WORRY ABOUT HIS APPETITE
MUMMY-THOSE GOOSEBERRIES WERE GOOD—CAN WE HAVE THEM AGAIN TOMORROW
OF COURSE, DARLING, YOU CAN HAVE LOTS MORE OF FOSTER CLARK'S CREAM CUSTARD
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The Lost Destroyer

THE long boardroom at the Admiralty was occupied by half a dozen men. The President lifted his head with an air of attention.

McInnes entered, followed by Vereker.

"We have all considered your report. I need hardly say we consider it admirable. You have together," the white-haired distinguished looking man smiled gravely at the two officers, "been responsible for saving many lives. Moreover, you have outwitted and sunk the biggest smuggling organisation of the century. Our information is to the effect that Henley has in a short space of time taken delivery of no less than six cargoes, representing 3,000 tons of highly contraband goods. And the number of submarines was increasing. Thanks to your invaluable work, they have all been captured. The whole case of the 'Lost Destroyer' has been satisfactorily cleared up. Public opinion," the measured voice became dry, "public opinion is satisfied." The voice became dryer. "Reading between the lines no doubt the public will realise that we have not been idle. Our official commendation"—the President turned again to McInnes and Vereker—"will reach you in due course."

There was a rustle and general movement.

Outside, the tall, impassive McInnes took Vereker by the arm. "That's a new experience for you, lad." He smiled. "Now for the 'Senior'; we may be in time to hear Admiral James John O'Doherty telling the smoke-room that he had known all about it from the beginning!"

Vereker looked at the colonel reflectively.

"There's one thing that still puzzles me," he said. "You said once that you knew Henley, the man who organised the job this side. You also said that you had known him for some time. Who was Henley?"

McInnes hailed a taxi. Then he looked at Vereker with a grin. "Not as well as you knew him," he remarked cryptically. "Don't you remember talking to him at the bookstall at Euston?"

"Not . . . not . . . well I'm blest! Boris Vernok!"

The colonel nodded.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 45)

vanished, and Fate, implacable as the will of God, fulfilled its destiny.

Once the ties of social duties and human rules are broken, nought can stem the ocean of desire. Paolo and Francesca, caught between the millstones of their headlong reaction against the legal crime and the fury of their new-found pent-up passion, had no eyes but for themselves, no thoughts which diverged from the imminent joy to come, no peace.

Only they retained the tact to lie in front of others; only the strength to endure the contact of Giovanni for those rare periods when he stayed at the castle.

SOME time elapsed without any suspicion reaching the ear of Giovanni. But a day came when, amongst the servants, one came forward with enough malice or courage or loyalty to his lord to denounce Madonna Francesca and Messer Paolo. The spy well knew that his life was in the hands of his master should he prove to be wrong, but he endured the ordeal and suggested a sudden swoop.

Then Giovanni became a killing machine coiled to spring. Only with a superhuman effort did he conceal his insensate rage.

He organised an impromptu expedition; had the control and duplicity to kiss his wife and his brother, the stoicism to drink their health before he went.

For the first time he realised that he was Giovanni the Lame, the Brutal, the Ugly, while Paolo was the Fair, the Velvet Tongued, the Irresistible . . .

Night was on its sable wing as the group of horsemen headed for Gradara.

The emotion ever new pervaded the hearts of the lovers: the minutes were centuries ere the immortal thirst could be assuaged. Hundreds of times they had grazed the danger. What was danger? Where was danger?

In the Sword of Giovanni?

Can the steel divide the flame? Can Death destroy the last impression in the human heart, or dim the last vision in the eyes that close for ever?

As the surrounding world was plunged in nocturnal peace, the storm of earthly heaven began. The lovers' lips found a million new ways to express the same thing. They were forgetful of time madly—free in each other's arms.

A blow like a battering-ram shook the door. A voice like a bugle demanded entry. The warrior laid siege to his usurped fortress. The lovers were petrified. Other blows followed, then the crashing impact of a heavy body covered with metal. Giovanni strove to break down the door, whose resistance enraged him more and more.

Paolo sprang to the middle of the room, and opened a trap in the floor: sole chance of escape. Before going he had whispered to Francesca: "Fling wide the portal. Be cool. Do not tremble. As soon as I have gone down, I shall hide under the trap. If he touches you, I will jump out. For the sake of our love, be natural."

He lifted the trap and made his way down, while Francesca went to the door, hesitated as long as she dared, then turned the key.

Like a thunderbolt Giovanni entered the room, looked round and saw nobody. Almost in shame, his eyes fell to the ground.

Francesca uttered a cry of horror. Paolo had not disappeared. He was struggling with an unknown hindrance under the half-opened trap-door.

Like lightning his brother was upon him, gave an upward tug to the flap and caught Paolo by his hair. With a brutal jerk he pulled him out like a rat from its hole. One side of Paolo's garment had got entangled in a protruding bolt.

Before Paolo had time to get to his feet, Giovanni had drawn his sword from the scabbard.

But Francesca sprang between the two brothers, shouting "No, Giovanni! *No!*"

But the second "no" was abruptly stopped.

The thrust aimed at Paolo with all the skill of the practised warrior and all the violence of rage met Francesca's tender breast, thrusting her back against Paolo.

He caught her in his arms and felt against his own ribs the point of the steel. . . .

He had no more to defend, no more to love. . . . He pressed the dying woman to his heart and, oblivious of what might be, whispered in her ear his last word of love.

Giovanni, roaring a curse against God, pulled his sword out and with doubled fury lunged a second blow.

He left the sword in his brother's heart.

The group staggered and fell compact.

Steel does not divide the flame.

The road leading to the gate of the castle was blocked with a dense crowd when the door opened. A few horsemen made a gangway. Behind them a crowd of servants advanced, some of them walking backwards. They bore on their shoulders something wide and low, something indistinct, of unusual form, from which a little shining cross emerged and glittered on the dark background of the vault.

As the procession came out into the daylight a murmur of horror spread through the crowd.

It was a low bed without a canopy on which two figures lay still.

Francesca, the beautiful wife of Giovanni, pale as wax, was stretched on her back by the side of a young man, whose voluminous hair, covering half of his face, did not conceal the brother of Giovanni, Paolo the Fair.

From his side emerged upright two-thirds of a sword. A tragic silence paralysed those by whom passed that terrible group.

Immediately behind rode Giovanni Malatesta, erect on his horse as if standing on the ground with legs apart. He resembled the statue of Colleoni of Venice: his face, olive green in hue, set rigid and motionless like a mask of implacable hate. Save for his helmet, he was in his full armour.

His empty scabbard told all there was to tell.

His horse, used to the thunder of the charge, was not accustomed to the funeral gait and every one of its muscles vibrated under the tireless pressure of the rider's knees, the tension of the reins.

If anyone had touched those reins, they would have sounded like a harp-string, so taut were they between bit and iron hand.

Through the streets of Rimini went the ghastly procession. Thus Gianciotto Malatesta had chosen to tell his story to his people.

Paolo and Francesca were brought to their eternal alcove to be buried together.

Forcing its way between weeping women and mourning men, the tragic funeral went farther and farther, while, visible to the last, the little cross—symbol of immortality, emblem of immortal love—shone forever above their heads.

END

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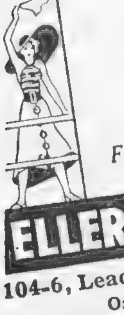
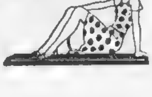
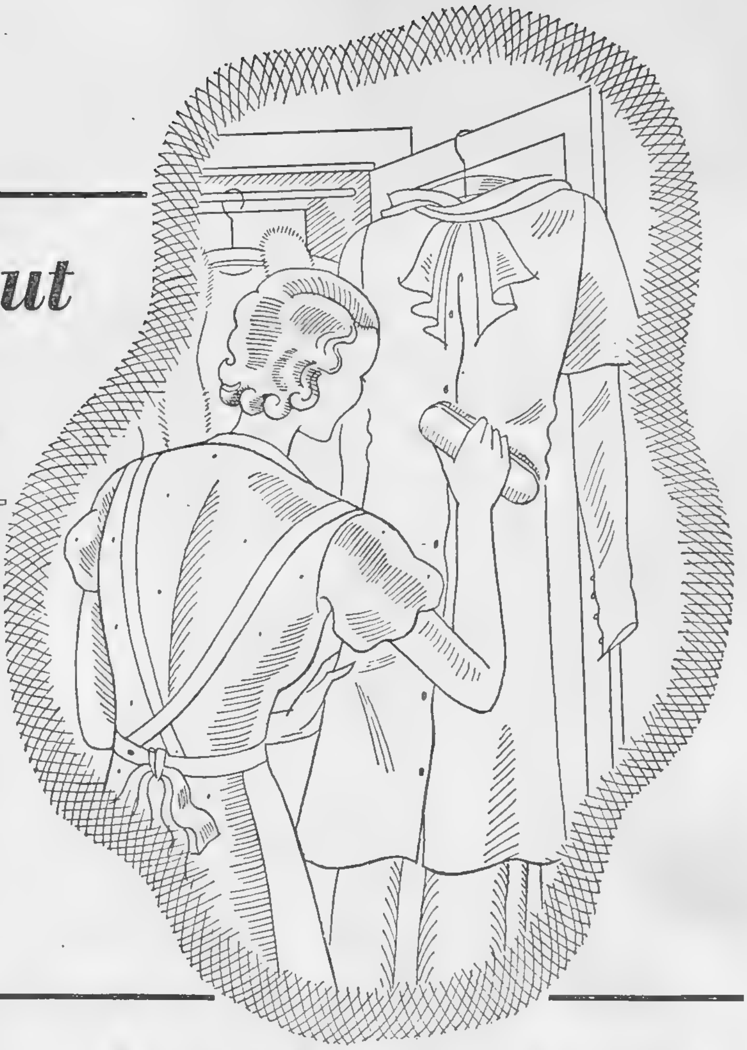
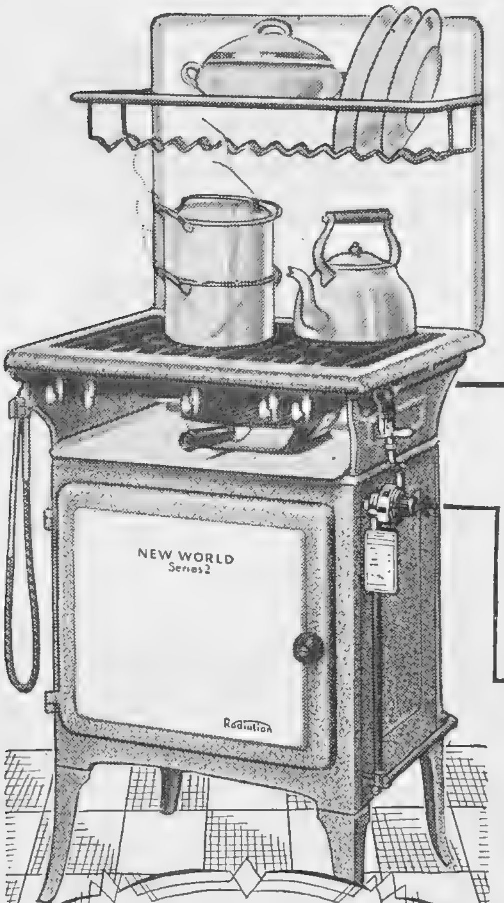




Don't worry about the dinner . . . .





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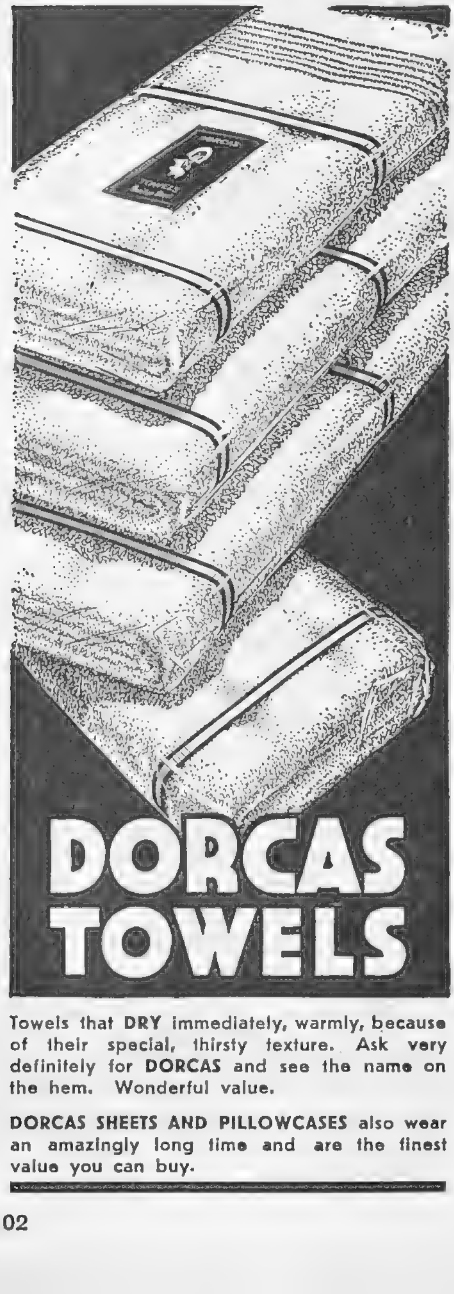

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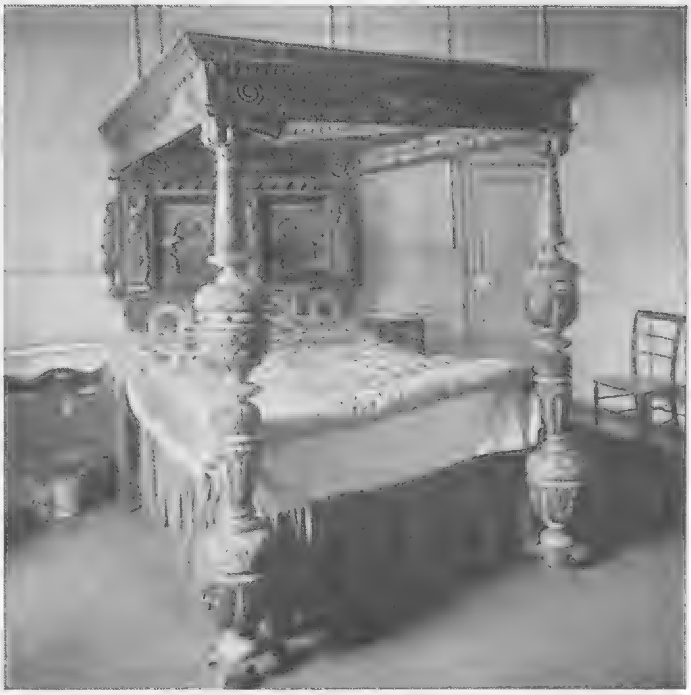
Some Interesting Beds *of the* 16th *and* 17th Centuries

By Ethel Hampton

IN modern times we pride ourselves on our beds—in fact, it has become a worn-out platitude that as we spend half our lives in them, they should be the best that we can afford; but few of us realise that our ancestors took even more trouble and in many cases spent a great deal more money on them than we do.

From earliest days the bed was the most important heirloom, and special mention was generally made of it in wills. This is not surprising when one learns that they have been known to cost as much as £8,000. I am not going to deal with beds of quite this magnificence, however, but of examples of the type found in Manor Houses, that are more within the reach of the average collector and lover of antiques.



A UNIQUE example of an Elizabethan bed at Burderop Park, Wilts. It is richly carved and painted in bright colours

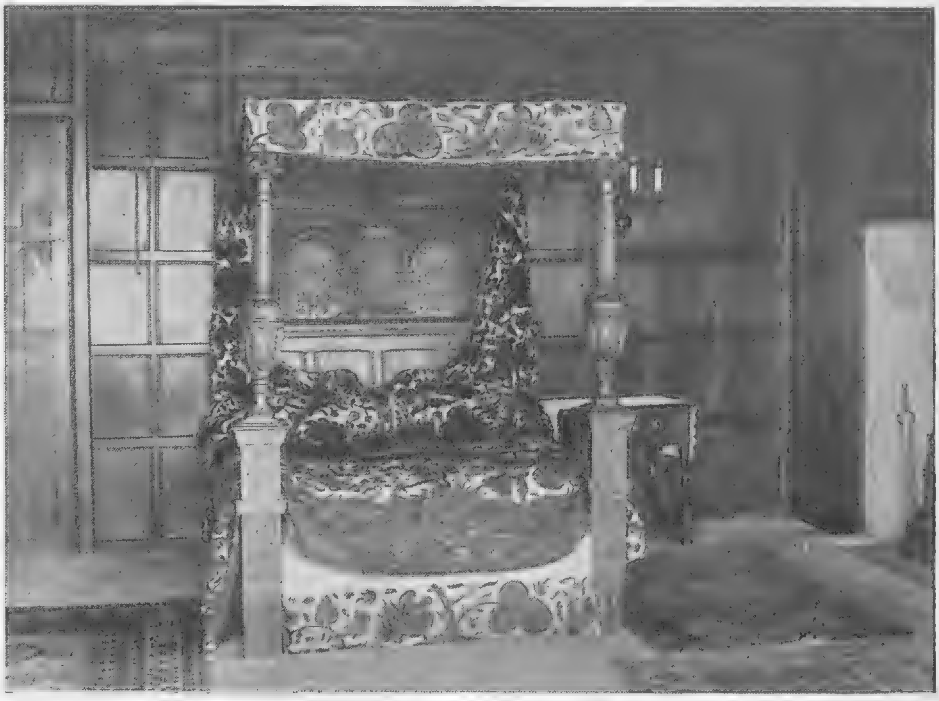
IN the Middle Ages there were no rooms set apart for sleeping; every room had a bed in it, which played an important part in the social life of the time, and was used as a couch or seat in the daytime. Old records tell us that the bedding consisted of a straw or wool pallet, two feather beds, sheets, sometimes of silk, and an embroidered quilt.

Beds began to be elaborate in the fifteenth century, and from then onward the curtains, valances and testers were of the richest satins and velvets.

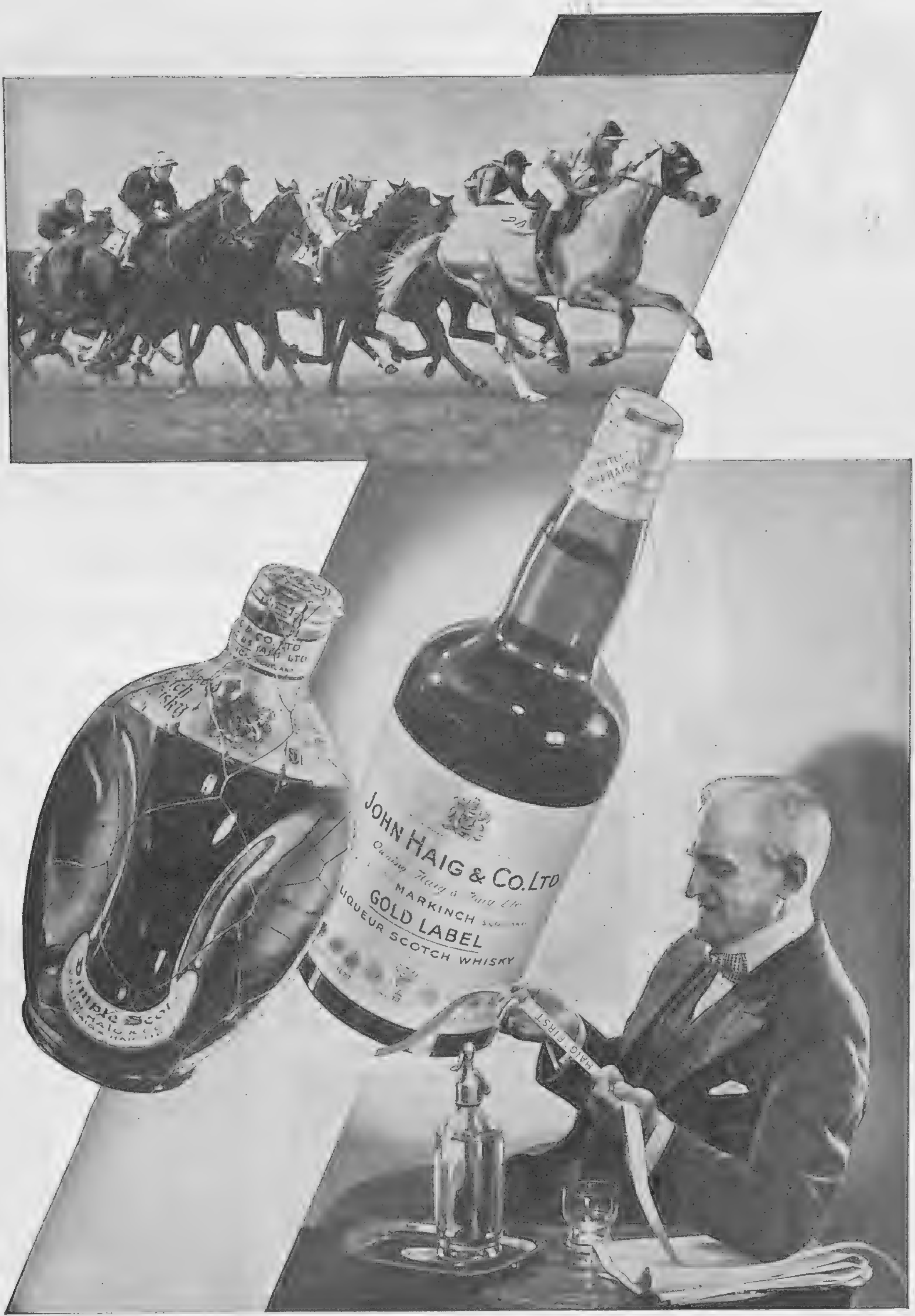
In Elizabethan times wood started to take the place of fabric; first carved posts made their appearance, then carved panels at the head, and later carved testers.

The Elizabethan bed at Burderop Park is a particularly interesting and beautiful one, for as well as being magnificently carved it is painted in bright colours. It is the only known one of its kind in England; it is quite untouched, and has always been in the house.

THE bed at Ockwells Manor is of slightly later date, the bulbs are a little smaller and the mouldings less heavy; its preservation has been aided (*Continued on page* 104)



A CARVED oak bed at Ockwells Manor, Bray. The hangings are of linen embroidered in wool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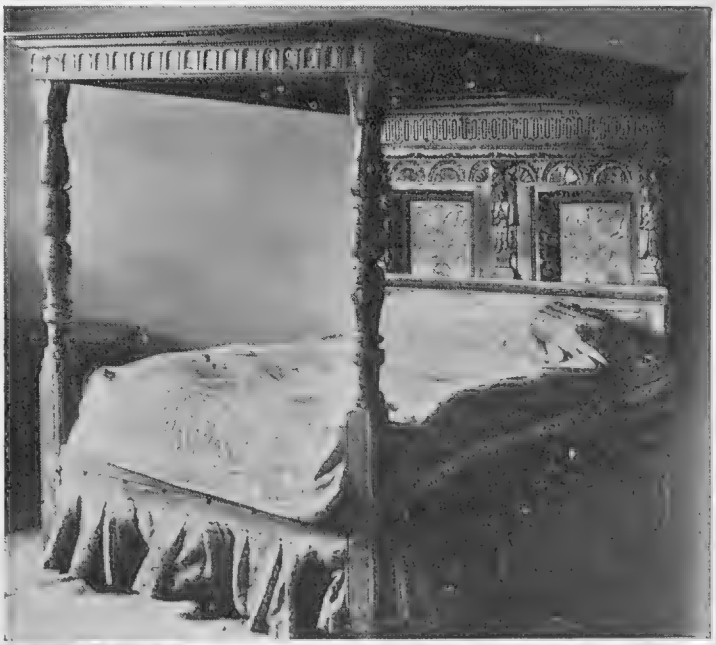
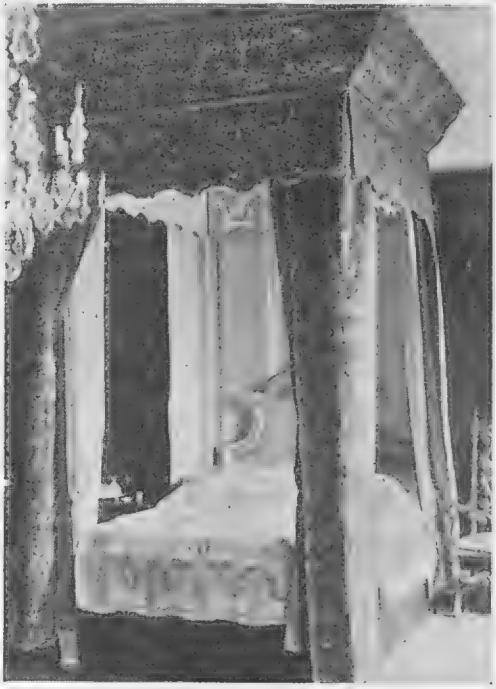
considerably by the thick coats of black paint with which, until fairly recently, it was covered; the hangings are Jacobean, and are of linen embroidered in wool, of beautiful colouring and design.

The state beds of the seventeenth century were of unparalleled splendour and magnificence; they became very high, some of them as much as seventeen feet, and the hangings were of the richest and most costly materials. Fabulous sums were spent on them; £1,000 seems to have been quite a usual amount for the hangings to cost.

The bed that was presented to Catherine of Braganza by the States of Holland, at the Restoration, cost £8,000, and in those days the value of money was about five times what it is now. One of the most extravagant examples is at Knole Park, and was made for the reception of James I; the hangings are of cloth of gold lined with coral taffeta, closely embroidered, the four corners surmounted by ostrich plumes.



AN oak bed of the type usually found in manor houses. Carved in a geometrical design with a figure at the head. This specimen is in the Manor House, Avebury



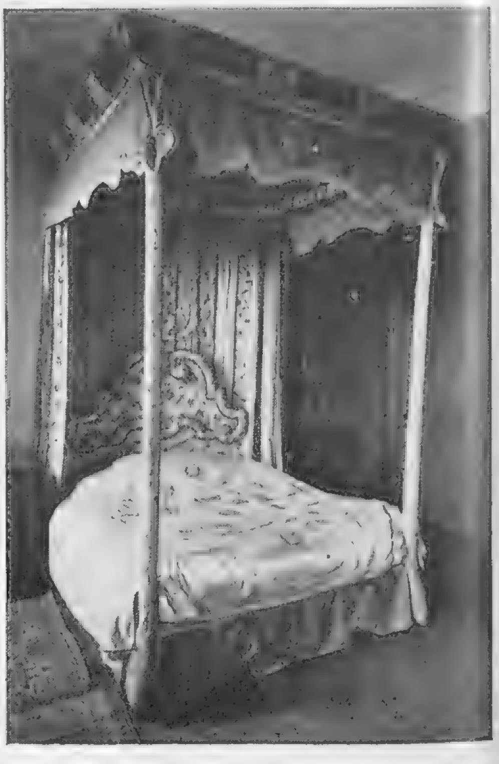
THE state bed at Nether Lypiatt, Stroud

THE state bed at Nether Lypiatt is a very early one; judging by the needlework, I should say the date was about 1650, though some people think even earlier. It is about ten feet high, draped with ivory satin, embroidered with silk and metal threads. The needlework on the curtains is done on strips of satin and mounted on a blue figured velvet, probably Italian. The canopy is very elaborately moulded and embroidered, and the pattern outlined with a narrow fringe; the head is done in the same style, and the cornice is covered with alternate strips of needlework and velvet.

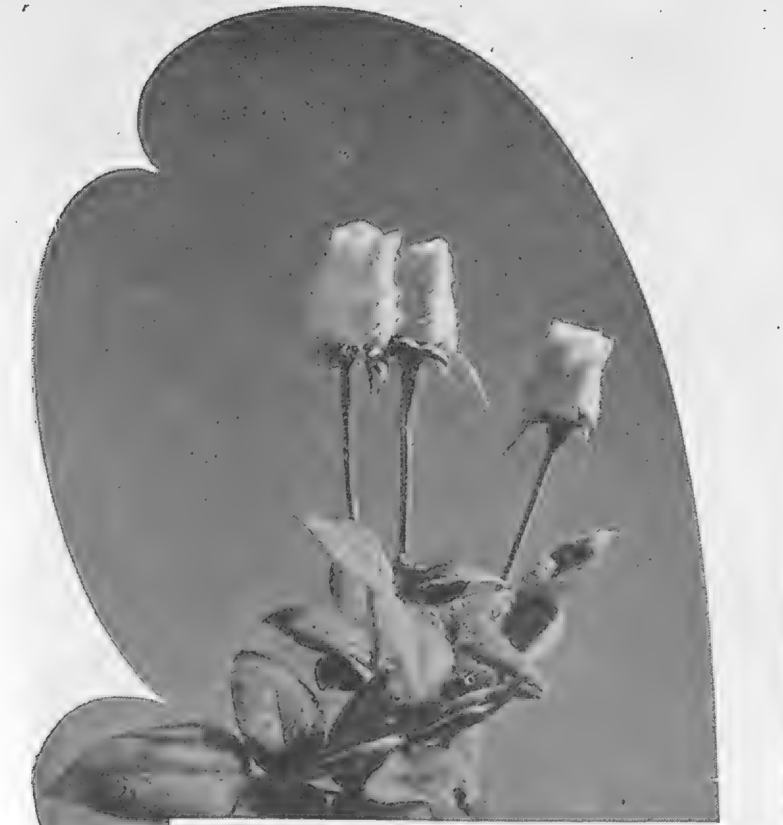
This bed has a dignity and grace that seems entirely lacking in the furniture of the present day: so many of us have developed a hospital mind which shudders at the idea of the germs harboured by the curtains and canopy of a four-poster bed; but our ancestors shut all the windows, pulled the curtains round the bed, and lived to a ripe old age!

Another point we are apt to lose sight of is that a seventeenth-century bed does not necessarily mean a seventeenth-century mattress!

We cannot all possess an old state bed if we should wish to, but what could be more delightful and interesting than to make one? The state bed at Avebury Manor, which is a copy of one of the time of Charles II, was entirely made by Mrs. Jenner, with the help of a carpenter, and it is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Perhaps we could not all do such beautiful needlework as this, but to create a beautiful thing that would be a joy not only to ourselves, but to future generations, would be worth a great deal of trouble and work.



A COPY of the state bed at Avebury Manor. The hangings are wide panels of needlework and green velvet



Nature's way with rosebuds points the way to beauty

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That, quite simply, is what led me to believe that lotions must be the best treatment for the skin. That is why I banished creams and greases from my beauty culture. And every woman who uses my lotions finds that they do indeed glorify her complexion. I don't ask you just to take my word for this. I suggest that first of all you spend 3/6 on an experiment. Send for my Initiation Casket. Use it according to the instructions. I'm sure you will be amazed at the wonderful effect the lotions have on your skin.

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The £100 Mandarin

(*Continued from page 57*)

sight. Broken bottles, spilt liquor, and bits of glass were scattered everywhere. It looked as though someone had hurled bottles of brandy and whisky at the whitewashed walls in a mad frenzy.

And lying amidst this chaos was the body of the burly Cockney. His bowler hat, incongruous object, had fallen at his side.

"Dead ?" I asked.

Andrews nodded. A pool of blood had collected beneath the dead man. Andrews turned him over, and I could see where a knife had stuck between his shoulder blades. I knew that knife. It belonged to Foo Wong. Andrews saw the realisation in my eyes and again nodded.

My eyes searched for the treasure-chest. The cheap tin trunk was still there. And the steel chain dribbled away from it to where a dead panther lay. It's head had been battered with one of the bottles.

"It certainly was a night of hell," muttered Jefferson.

"Where's the woman ?" I asked, remembering that incongruous, pathetic figure that had danced before our eyes.

"She left on the train for the coast at seven o'clock this morning," said Andrews quietly.

I regarded him closely. Obviously the affair was no mystery to him. He seemed to sense my suspicions, for he smiled.

"I half expected it," he added simply.

"But what in the name of creation has happened ?" asked Jefferson. "And where's that darned Chink ?"

"Me all li'," said a familiar voice behind us.

Jefferson and I swung round. The blue-slopped figure stood in the doorway. But the yellow mask was not the same. It had been gashed at the side, and a trickle of blood had dried there. There was a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

"Is there any liquor left, Foo Wong ? asked Doctor Timothy Andrews.

"Blandy."

"Well, serve it up, quick."

"Quick as 'ell, Mister Andrews."

Foo Wong shuffled back into the saloon.

"Now, p'raps you can explain, Doc," said Jefferson.

Andrews nodded.

"I think it's easy enough to see what happened. In the night, this Cockney fellow came down to help himself to Foo Wong's treasure. He wanted that hundred pounds, badly. And let me tell you, that Cockney was no coward. He knew that he'd have to tackle a panther, and he hadn't got a gun. But he seized a couple of bottles of liquor, stationed himself in the doorway, and tried to kill the panther by aiming at it.

"In the midst of the noise, Foo Wong appeared. The Cockney was ready for him. He knocked him down with one blow of his fist. It was easy. Too easy, perhaps, for Foo Wong had a reason for falling at the first blow. He lay there, one eye open, watching this man trying to steal the treasure-chest.

"The Cockney almost succeeded. One bottle aimed stunned the panther and sent it snarling to the ground. The fellow leaped into the room with another bottle in his hand and finished it off with one blow. Good work. Better than Foo Wong had bargained for. He thought the panther would surely win. And now it lay there dead, and the Cockney with a guffaw of triumph was bending over the treasure-chest . . . ."

There was silence for a moment. Foo Wong had shuffled in and was handing round the drinks. Andrews took his at one gulp. Then he turned towards the body. He bent down, and with a quick jerk of his hand drew forth the knife.

"Is this yours, Foo Wong ?" he asked.

Foo Wong looked at it.

"That's mine, all li'," he replied.

Andrews handed it to him.

"Take it away—and hide it," he said.

"Yes, Mister Andrews. Like 'ell, I 'ide it."

And he shuffled out of the room.

"Of course, Foo Wong killed him," said Andrews. "He stuck the knife in him while the fellow was bending over the chest. He'd hoped that the panther would do the job. When it failed, he crawled forward with murder in his heart."

"Yes, I guess the Chink wasn't going to lose those dollars," commented Jefferson.

Andrews smiled, and went over to the cheap tin trunk. He flung back the lid. We gazed over his shoulder. The treasure-chest was filled with stones. Not a single Maria Theresa dollar was to be seen. And lying on the top of those stones was a bent, artificial lily.

"So he fooled us," I exclaimed. "He wasn't a hundred pounds mandarin."

Andrews shook his head.

"He fooled you, yes. But he had the hundred pounds—in paper notes, concealed in his blue slop. The treasure-chest and the panther were just good for show. He argued, in his crooked Oriental fashion, that everyone would believe that his treasure lay in that tin box guarded by the panther. But the money was literally up his sleeve the whole time."

"And is it still there ?"

Again Andrews smiled, and shook his head.

"Foo Wong gave the hundred pounds to the woman early this morning and told her that a train was leaving for the coast at seven o'clock. Sally is on her way back to Limehouse now."

Silence for a moment. Our gaze drifted towards the body and the bowler hat.

"Well, this has got to be explained to the Abyssinian guys," said Jefferson.

"I know." Andrews was perfectly calm. "And he's got to be buried before nightfall. I think I can say, as a doctor, that he was killed by the panther. Don't you agree with me ?"

We looked at each other. I nodded my head. So did Jefferson. Doctor Timothy Andrews sighed.

"Good boys," he murmured. "Let's go and have another drink."

As he turned away, Jefferson was seized with an idea.

"I guess you knew all the time, Doc, that Foo Wong was fooling us about that treasure-chest."

Andrews smiled.

"And it was you who took that darned Cockney to see it, last night," continued Jefferson.

Andrews took him gently by the arm.

"Yes . . . the *deus ex machina*," he remarked, ushering us into the saloon.

Foo Wong was waiting there, the yellow mask calm and inscrutable. The doctor crooked his finger.

"Give us three more brandies, quick !" he commanded.

"Quick as 'ell," replied Foo Wong, and a smile spread over his face.

Dr. Whitehead's First Case

(*Continued from page 25*)

all, and, of course, I can't explain why I want her, and I doubt if they can spare one at the hospital."

"Don't bother your head about that. *I'll* be the nurse. I can easily borrow the kit from the District Nurse in the village, and you know I did once go through a course."

They had a little argument about this; but in the end Nancy had her way, and it was agreed after some telephoning that they should go up to the house with the ambulance at four o'clock. Nancy borrowed the nurse's uniform, and was told by her husband, with a kiss, that she looked much too pretty for a good nurse, but she was ordered to remove the last vestiges of powder and lipstick. They rehearsed the plan of campaign and even discussed the precise things that they were to say at the house.

But it all fell out quite differently from what they expected. Jack Whitehead went up to the bedroom with Lady Bennett. He first insisted on the patient eating the invalid food which he had brought with him. Sir Frederick made no demur and after he had finished it a spot of colour crept into his hollow cheeks.

Jack then broached the question of removal to the hospital. Good nursing was essential; the patient didn't seem to be improving so rapidly as he ought; change of air was always useful in these cases, and so on. Sir Frederick listened to all this without a word.

He then turned his head slightly on his pillows so that he could see his wife and murmured: "What do you say, my dear ? Is it worth while ? It will be very tiring; I think I would sooner stay here."

And then Lady Bennett gave Jack a surprise. She had a deep, thrilling contralto voice, and with much apparent emotion she said: "Darling, you must go. I beg you to do what Dr. Whitehead suggests. I implore you to go." And then she sank on her knees beside the bed and put out one hand on the wasted hand of her husband, which was lying on the coverlet. She gave a half sob and with her face down on the sheet, she added in a strangled voice, "I too want to get away from this unlucky house."

A strange expression, a sort of quiver, passed over the sick man's face, and he drew a long breath. "I'll go," he said. "When ?"

"The sooner the better," said Jack. "I have the ambulance and the nurse waiting."

"You seem to have the arrangements very complete, doctor. How did you know I should go?" A pleasant smile became visible on the wasted face. "But wait one minute." He turned to his wife and said, "You will want to come over in the car to fix up about your rooms near to the hospital."

"Yes, darling."

"And I must say good-bye to everyone, since the Hall will have to be closed for a while."

He hesitated a moment and then said, "Order the car to come round as soon as possible. Send the nurse up here at once. And when Brown has brought round the car I want everyone in the house to come up here, including the servants; mark you, everyone without exception."

He spoke in a tone of authority, and the objections which his wife and the Doctor entertained were not spoken. It seemed to Jack to be the whim of a sick, perhaps of a dying man.

Sir Frederick turned to his wife and said, "You will want to pack some things, I suppose. If so, you had better do it now. But I want you to be here when the others come up."

Jack Whitehead thought he had never seen anything so strange as the scene when the room slowly filled with people. He was standing on one side of the bed and his wife, looking the perfect nurse, on the other. The companion, the private secretary, the nephew, the butler and the other servants, including the chauffeur and the Malay servant, came in and grouped themselves in a sort of semicircle at the foot of the bed, the servants being in the background. The prevailing expression on their faces was one of sheepish curiosity. The companion, however, had a disapproving look. The private secretary from time to time raised his eyebrows as if to inquire "What all this damned nonsense was about." The nephew appeared to be overcome with embarrassment. Lady Bennett came in last and stood for a moment in the doorway unable to make up her mind where to go, since the doctor and the nurse were standing on either side of her husband. Jack noticed that she glanced first at Sir Frederick and then gave a quick look at the private secretary. He was about to speak when Sir Frederick motioned his wife to stand near Dr. Whitehead.

The curtains had been drawn and there was a bright light in the room. The sick man had put on a pair of dark-coloured spectacles, which made the expression on his face more inscrutable than ever. He was sitting propped up with pillows. When he spoke it was in a low, but surprisingly distinct voice.

"You may be all wondering why I have asked you to come up here. It's because I'm going away this afternoon in the ambulance which you have seen outside. Dr. Whitehead here has recommended me to spend a few weeks in hospital, and this house will be practically shut up to-morrow."

There was a slight movement of surprise as he paused for a moment.

"I therefore want you, Edward," he said, turning to his nephew, "and you, Price"—he glanced at his private secretary—"to make your arrangements to leave to-morrow. Mrs. Taylor," this was the companion, "will tell you after I am gone which servants are to remain, and she will settle all accounts for wages in lieu of notice and so on."

Jack thought he saw on the faces before him in some cases regret, and surprise—in some vexation and even anger; but the next words of Sir Frederick almost took his breath away.

"Dr. Whitehead has discovered what my illness, which has now lasted for some months, is due to. I am suffering from the repeated administration of an irritant poison, probably arsenic, and that is why I am going away."

There was dead silence for a moment and then a murmur of horror mixed with doubt and incredulity.

"Yes, poison! It's a word with a nasty sound, isn't it? Which one of you have I injured sufficiently to cause a wish for my death, and a willingness to commit murder to gain your end? For the poisoner or poisoners are before me in this room."

His voice had risen a little and seemed to ring through the room. As he spoke he removed his spectacles and his eyes travelled round the group, beginning with his wife. He went on very quietly.

"The game's up. I am going out of the reach of poison. Inquiries are on foot to discover the guilty person or persons. This very afternoon a detective will be here and will ask a number of questions of each of you. I beg the innocent to help him in every possible way. And now I wish you all—all of you who are innocent—good-bye!"

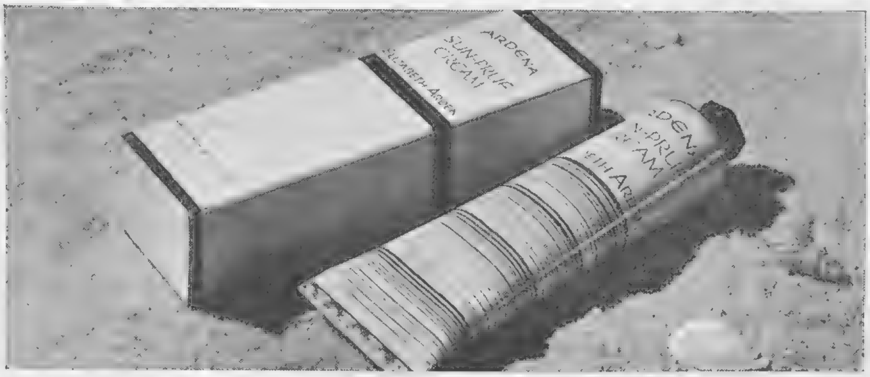
The servants stared at him. One or two looked as if they wished to say something. Then they began to file out of the room. As they were going, Sir Frederick said, "Brown, is the car at the door?"

"Yes, sir," the chauffeur replied.

"Plenty of petrol?" (*Continued on page* 108)

Be Fit for Fun!

It is so essential that you be lovely every minute of the time you are away. In order for you to know just what you should have, Elizabeth Arden has assembled the preparations that are indispensable to a successful holiday.



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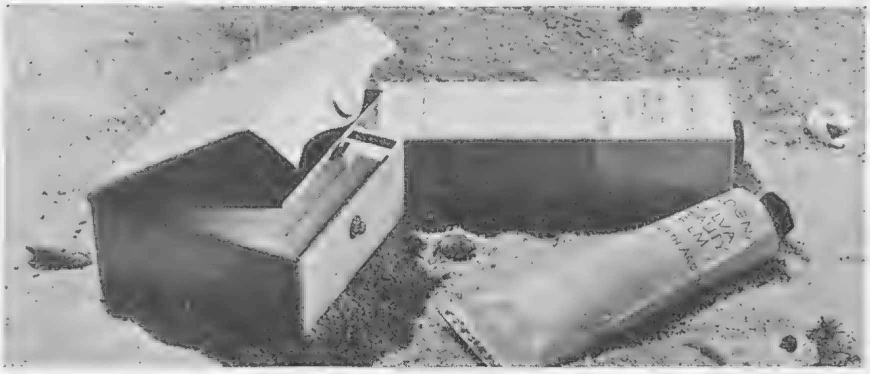

Elizabeth Arden's Powder in Summer Shades

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"Almost full up, sir."

"Good! Kindly sit out over there for a minute. I may want you to help me downstairs."

Edward and Mr. Price came up to the bed and shook Sir Frederick by the hand. The latter said that he hoped Sir Frederick was mistaken. No one in the house would do such a thing. Edward said he could not believe it. Sir Frederick looked at each of them in silence. Lady Bennett, the companion, Jack and his wife were left in the room. "I'm just a little tired," said the patient. "Nurse, will you kindly give me a glass of water? And will you all stay here while I drink it?"

He sipped it very slowly in complete silence, broken only by the song of a blackbird outside. Some long minutes passed. Then they heard the sound of a car being started up. A curious smile came over the face of Sir Frederick.

"Darling"—he was addressing his wife for the first time since she entered the room—"would you please see who is in the car?"

She gazed out of the window and in a voice broken with amazement she exclaimed, "Good God! It's Anthony—I mean Mr. Price—and one of the maids . . . They are . . . they are going away in the car!"

"Price and a maid! Which maid? Do I know her?"

"They are going, they've gone up the drive. The maid? It's Maud Peterson—you may remember her—the good-looking fair one. But what does it mean? Not"—she went on with a kind of sob—"not—not, surely——" Her voice was strangled with a sob.

"I'm afraid so, my dear. In that car went the poisoner and his assistant."

"But why——?" She stopped again and her face became crimson for a second and then white as death. Dr. Whitehead ran to her assistance.

"I'm not going to faint," she said. But her looks belied her, and Jack and his wife carried her into the adjoining room.

When the former had returned and had assured Sir Frederick that his wife had recovered, and would return to the room in a few minutes, he smiled and said:

"Well, that strange episode is over, thanks largely to you, Dr. Whitehead. And now, Mrs. Taylor, would you be kind enough to tell Edward and all the servants that I've changed my mind. My house will remain open, and everyone shall stay, but warn them that they are to be perfectly silent as to what they have heard and seen this afternoon. And please send away the ambulance, and telephone the hospital that I'm not coming, but will send a subscription in a day or or two."

There was, however, a difficulty about telephoning, for Anthony Price had had time before leaving to tear off the receiver of the only instrument in the house.

"Shall I go off in my car and inform the police?" asked Jack.

"No, on the whole I think not. I have no evidence at present and the police could not do anything. What I do want is rest, doctor, and"—he smiled grimly—"some wholesome food. Leave me with my wife, but come to-morrow morning with any medicine you think suitable. Meantime you had better go with the nurse you have so kindly brought here, for I can be adequately looked after at home. One thing, however—I beg of you—not a word to a soul of what has passed to-day."

IT was not till a year later that Sir Frederick, who had entirely recovered from his terrible experience, gave any explanation to Jack Whitehead. The two men had become great friends, and Jack and his wife had been invited to spend a hard-earned holiday at the Hall. After dinner, when Nancy and her hostess had left the room, Sir Frederick said that he had admired Dr. Whitehead's discretion, since he had never made any remark indicating any curiosity as to the poisoners or their motives. "And," he added, "I suppose my conduct in the matter rather surprised you?"

"It did, indeed. But the first duty of a doctor is to be discreet, and I thought that my best course was to wait till you chose to tell me something. The truth is that my wife and I have always been consumed with curiosity about the whole affair, and you would be surprised if you knew how often we have talked it over."

Sir Frederick laughed. "Well, I owe you an explanation, for I have no doubt that if dear old Dr. Mackenzie had remained here and you had not turned up as locum tenens I should now be lying in the churchyard. Come into my room, if you won't have another glass of port, and I will tell you all about it; or, at least"—he paused for a moment—"all I can tell. Some of the story I shall leave you to guess."

When they were in comfortable chairs with the glow of a big wood fire shining on their faces, and had lit their cigars, Sir Frederick began:—

"You know, I suppose, that Mary is my second wife. I had been a widower for twenty years, and held the views of George Meredith as to the folly of old men marrying women many years younger than themselves. What Meredith may not have wholly understood is the way it comes upon men. I simply fell head over heels in love with Mary as soon as I saw her, and all my common sense, all my experience in the East and elsewhere, went for nothing. She astonished and touched me at the same time by appearing to enjoy my company. Her eyes invited me to be courageous. We married quickly, and I enjoyed a couple of years of perfect happiness before I retired and came home."

He paused and then said, "I suppose you've never considered the case of the man who has lived nearly all his life in the East and has held positions of great authority, and who then comes back to England?"

"No," said the doctor with a laugh; "except that I've had to attend one for a liver complaint."

"Ah! I wasn't referring to their livers, but to their minds. I at any rate was a little queer, I think, at first. I couldn't get used to my surroundings. I was restless and I fear very irritable. My poor wife must have had an awful time. I could get nothing to do—after a lifetime of really hard work. I tried everything, even whisky," he added with a wry smile; "and my poor wife had a good deal of worry over that for about a year."

"But you found a cure?"

"A cure? I don't know. But at least a palliative. I took to writing."

Here Sir Frederick stooped forward and gave the fire a vigorous poke.

"That was why I came down here, and that was why I engaged Anthony Price as my private secretary. I met him in India; and he had the advantage of having a knowledge of the East." He looked up at Jack and asked, "You saw him, of course. What impression did he make on you?"

"He seemed to me to be too good-looking not to be conceited," was the guarded reply.

"Good-looking? Well, no doubt he was that. It didn't bother me when I engaged him. He seemed to be very competent, and his references were good, though I have since ascertained that he wrote all of them himself!" Here he paused and said, "I told you that some of the story you must guess for yourself. It seems that Price fell desperately in love with my wife, and that a parlour-maid, as silly as she was pretty, fell desperately in love with him. The reactions of these two events, if I may use a pedantic phrase, I shall leave you to conjecture. Anthony Price let my wife see that he adored her, but he never—to the best of my information and belief—said a word to which she could object. And she was full of pity for him. That's natural, isn't it, with any woman who finds a good-looking and romantic young man hopelessly in love with her?"

"I suppose so," said Jack, since Sir Frederick paused for an answer.

"It seems he was as successful with women as a male film star. And he was a criminal and a fool into the bargain. Full of personal vanity, he never thought that Mary would refuse to marry him if I could be conveniently removed. Having no scruples, he lacked the opportunity of tampering himself with my food. So he made violent love to that poor little idiot of a maid, Maud Peterson. She fell to him quickly enough. He appears to have supplied powders for her to add to some medicine Dr. Mackenzie gave me shortly after my arrival here for a trifling complaint, and later to mix with my invalid food, for she used to prepare it. What he told her to induce her to do it I don't know; but perhaps some yarn about a legacy that he expected at my death—I had, in fact, put his name in my will—and he may have promised to marry her as soon as he received it."

"What was he going to do with the maid afterwards?"

"There you have me guessing," said Sir Frederick. "But history tells us that the poisoner seldom stops at his first victim. If I had gone, I don't think Maud Peterson's life would have been worth a year's purchase."

Sir Frederick rose and threw the end of his cigar into the fire. "That's the outline of the story," he said. "Will you have a whisky and soda?"

Jack looked doubtfully at him. "May I ask no questions?" he said.

Sir Frederick laughed. "A man may *ask*."

"Well, when did you begin to suspect?"

"I can hardly answer that. Suspicion grew like a gourd—from a tiny seed. I caught, one day, a look from Anthony Price directed at my wife which betrayed his feelings. Then, as I had recurrent attacks of pain after food, I recalled a case I had known in Singapore. Arsenical poisoning, you know, is common in the East. But it seemed impossible that such a thing should happen to me. And you must remember that I knew nothing against Price. He had provided himself with such excellent testimonials!"

"But why didn't you take precautions even on the merest suspicion? Why didn't you, for instance, tell Dr. Mackenzie?"

Sir Frederick bent over the fire so that Jack could not tell whether the colour on his face was due to the flames or to some other cause.

"Novelists and others," he said after a pause, "have treated of the psychology of the poisoner. I don't know that anyone has said anything about the mentality of the victim. Do you suppose that Angelier, Bravo, Maybrick and the rest had no suspicions as to who had poisoned them? Do you know anything of the history of these crimes?"

"Very little indeed," said Jack.

"If a man is sick, sick unto death, and fancies that a woman he loves may be," he hesitated for a word and added with emotion, "may be happier if he dies, I think I can tell you that he keeps silence, more especially if he knows he is an old and unattractive man and that the woman is full of youth and beauty. It wasn't till Mary implored me to take your advice and to go to hospital that I felt quite certain that she wished me to live. That was one of the happiest moments of my life, and I shall not forget that it was largely due to you." Sir Frederick rose and said, "Shall we go to the drawing-room?"

"One more question, Sir Frederick. How about the criminals? Have you done nothing about them? Are they to go unpunished?"

Sir Frederick emitted a sound which might have been a laugh.

"Unpunished! Good Heavens! I won't quote a text of Scripture at you, but I will ask you to consider the case of these modern fugitives from justice. It calls for pity. Price and his wretched assistant in crime had to leave the house with few of their belongings and with very little money. Price had to change his name and adopt a disguise; and he could not draw out his balance at the bank for fear of arrest. The woman probably insisted on marriage, and Price had to comply in order to keep her silent. His best chance for the future was to fly the country; but not knowing whether there was a warrant out for his arrest, he did not dare to use his genuine passport, and his wife—for I assume he married her—would have none. While they were getting false passports they would be getting poorer and poorer, living in cheap lodgings, and their clothes would be wearing out. They would be beginning to hate each other. What happiness could either expect in life? As for Price, I should think he has probably taken some of his own medicine or perhaps a pleasanter poison by this time." Sir Frederick hesitated a minute and added, "You must remember, too, that I should have hated my wife's name being dragged into the gruesome story, and that I had no evidence beyond the flight of the supposed malefactors. But I'm not a very revengeful man, and if I had wanted vengeance on Price I am sure I have had it in ample measure, brimming over! And now let us join the ladies!"

END

Jams and Jellies

(*Continued from page 73*)

Strawberry jam is made in the same way; this makes about 5 lb. jam.

All the family like raspberry jam:

RASPBERRY JAM

Ingredients.—2 lb. berries, 2¼ lb. sugar, ½ bottle "Certo."

Method.—Use only fully ripened berries. Crush and put with the sugar into a large preserving pan, mix and bring to full boiling point, over a steady heat.

Stir constantly before and while boiling, and boil hard for one minute.

Remove from the fire and stir in the "Certo." Then stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent the fruit floating. Pour quickly into jars and seal the hot jam at once, then cover when cool.

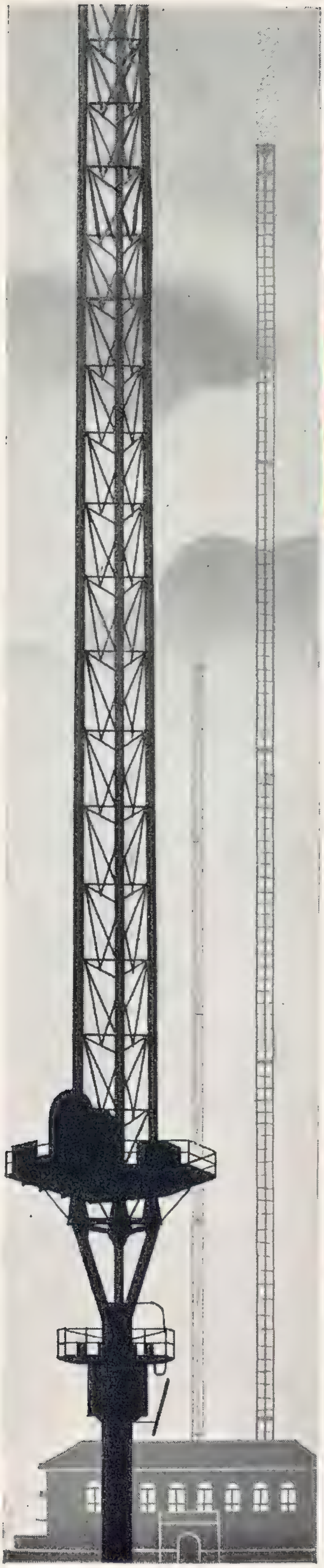
Have you red roses in your garden? Then make this old Greek delicacy:

RED ROSE CONSERVE

Spread the rose leaves on a tray to dry and when they are dried, weigh 2 lb. of them. Wash them quickly in boiling water, drain and dry them.

Have ready a thick syrup made with 2 lb. loaf sugar and ½ pint water. Put in the rose leaves with a few drops of rose water or orange flower water, stir and simmer until the conserve thickens, then pot.

The Greeks serve this instead of afternoon tea. A tray with little dishes of the conserve is brought in and glasses of water. You take a teaspoonful of conserve and drink some water after, as a "chaser."



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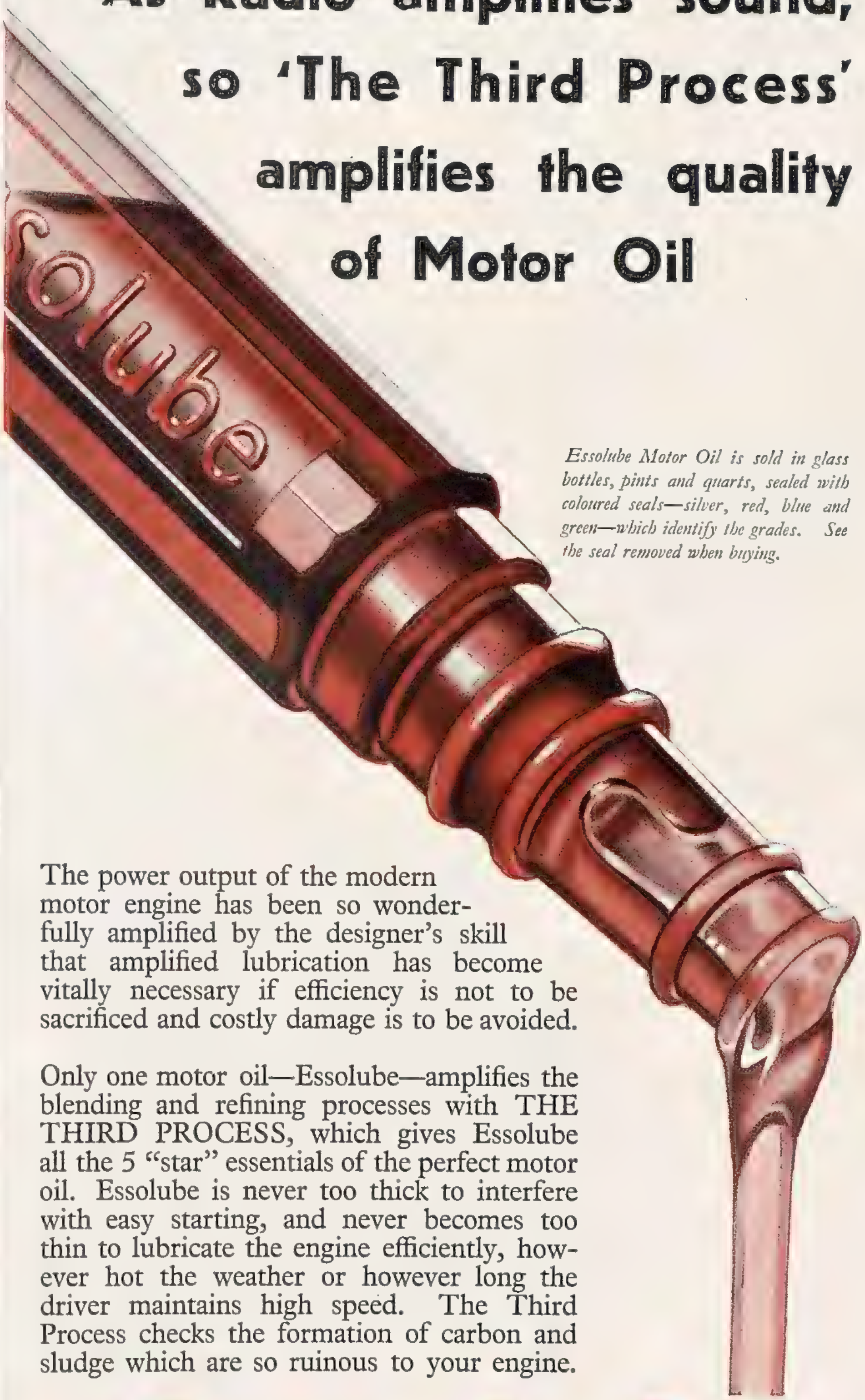

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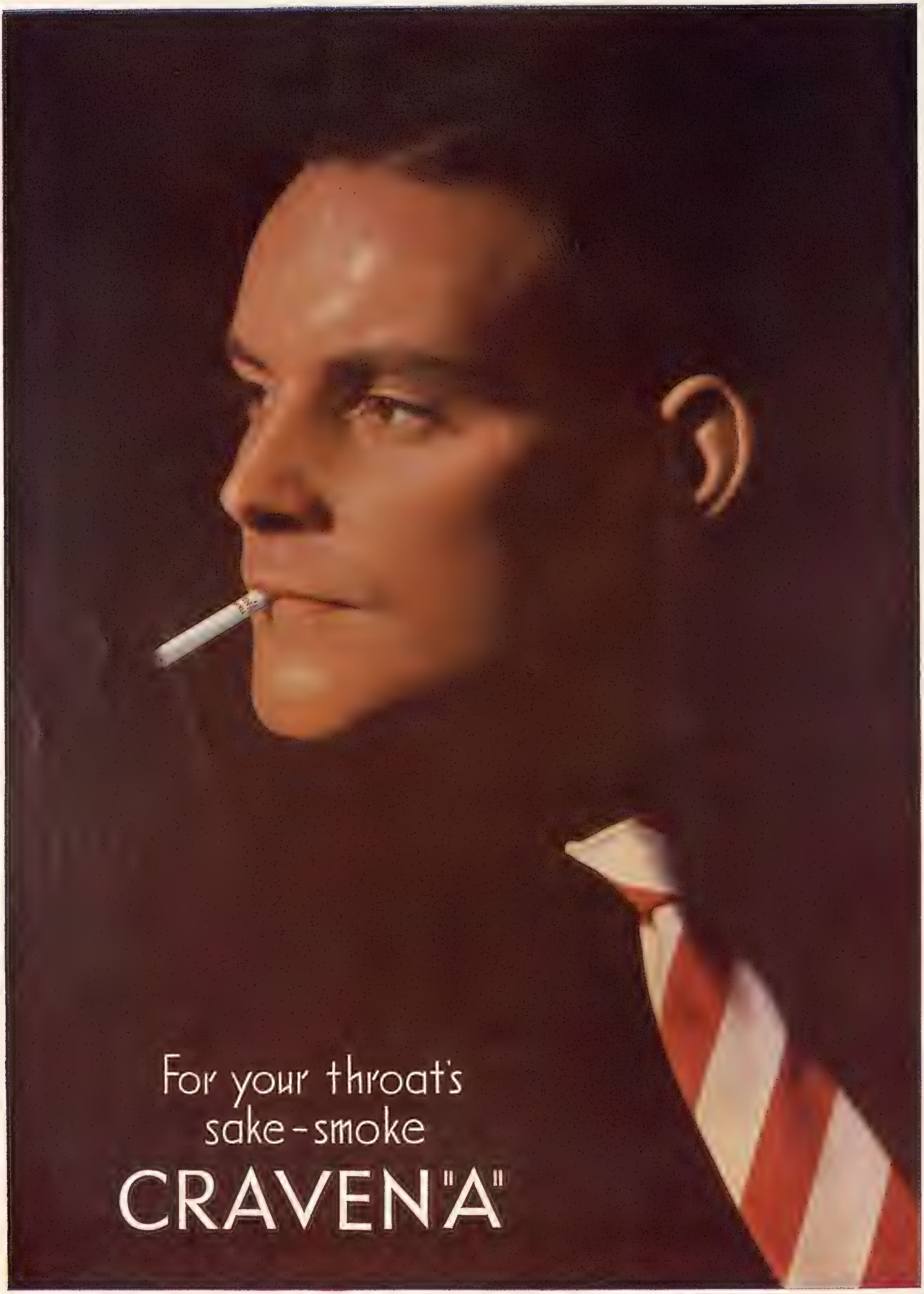
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sake - smoke
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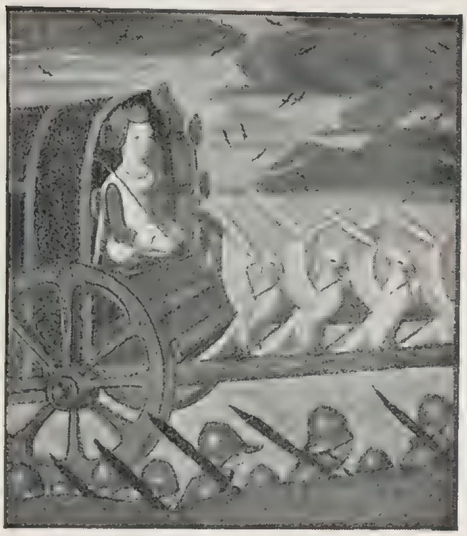
Women *and their* Pets— Through *the* Ages

By Pamela Murray

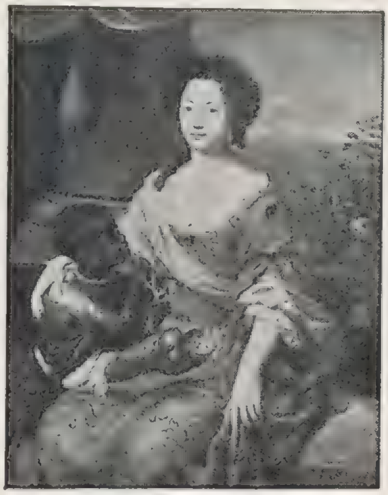
FASHION is a key to feminine psychology and so are pets. From civilisation's infancy the sophisticated woman has expressed herself not by art, literature and politics, but by hats, colour schemes and pets. Just as the waistline has wandered restlessly up and down since Mrs. Noah's day, so has the taste in accessories, of which pets are by far the most effective.

The eccentric woman has always known that her news value is enhanced by the ownership of unusual animals, while the beautiful woman never forgets that she is doubly alluring when Fido fills the rôle of " Mary's little lamb." Beaux lose their ardour if asked to push prams in the park, but to chop up Fido's dinner and to buy the darling another collar is their unfeigned delight.

Although pets are emblems of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, like " Empire-building " and " Fair Play," they were not invented by those kind-hearted Victorian ladies who left larger legacies to their cats than to their cooks, nor by Greuze's eighteenth-century Jeunes Filles and their rather grubby lambs who still seduce connoisseurs in saccharine innocence, but by some long-forgotten goddess in the groves of Greece or behind the Great Wall of China who vanquished a rival by launching the pet stunt with the agreeable publicity attached.



VENUS and her team of doves. From a MS. in the British Museum



LOUISE de KERONAILLE, Duchess of Portsmouth, with her black page. From the painting by Pierre Mignard

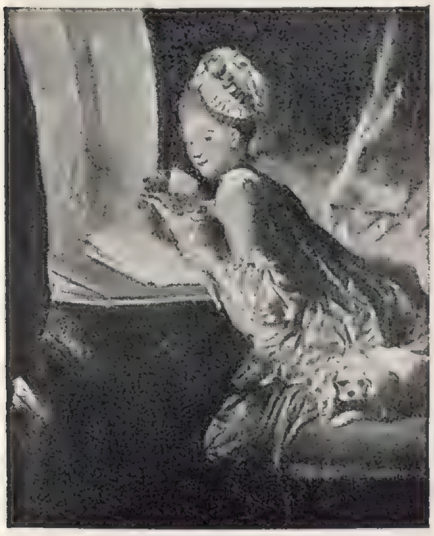
Was Minerva's choice of an owl as confidante made in the interests of War and Wisdom, or because she felt that a common sorceress like Circe enjoyed too much limelight by keeping a leopard in her cave? Did Cleopatra soften the bitterness of her fatal gesture with the reflection that hers was the only pet asp in history? I hope so.

Venus, as befits a professional beauty, was driven about by a team of snow-white doves only less graceful than herself, while the Japanese fairy, Lao Yu, took her phœnix to every party.

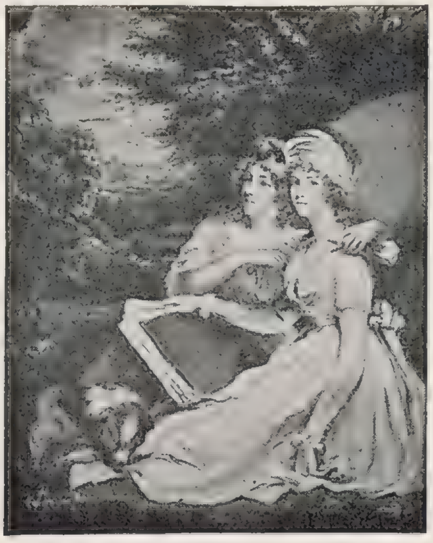
Old Japanese prints of women watching goldfish swimming in a jade bowl indicate the origin of our craze for shining fishes in ornamental tanks. Indian ladies of long ago favoured the gracious gazelle, who was also beloved by Hans Andersen's heroines in another century and continent.

The magnificent Eastern Queen, Chand Bibi, who ruled over Bijapur, rode a white steed with a hawk perched on her jewelled wrist, and alluring Diane de Poitiers, the *chère amie* of

(*Continued on page* 112)



LE Billet Doux. From the painting by Fragonard



THE FRANKLAND SISTERS. From the painting by Hoppner

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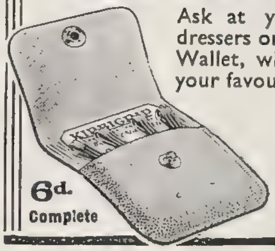

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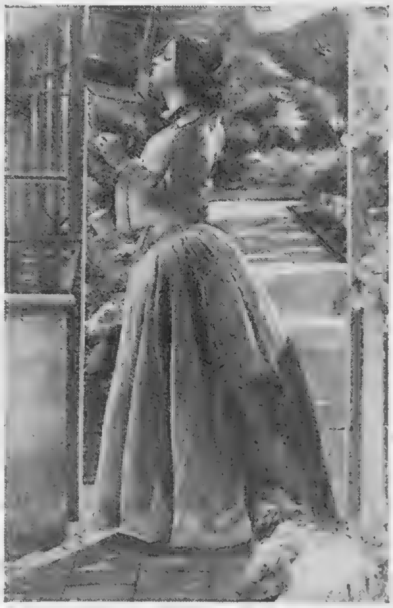
Henri II, was another to follow the "sports girl" type as she posed for the sculptor with hounds and a royal stag, fully aware that they offset her warm-blooded attractions.

It is a far cry from naughty Diane to saintly St. Barbara, but she too loved animals and is depicted with a becoming halo and two small dogs skipping at her side while a peacock and his peahen look on in devout admiration.

That parrots were *persona grata* in sixteenth-century Flemish homes is evident from a picture by Mieries of a woman, wearing a curiously modern pink velvet coatee edged with white fur, who is feeding her blue parrot. She probably chose his feathers to contrast with her coatee, but her affection for "pretty Polly" has crept into the tiny canvas to remind us that many women do not regard their pets as purely ornamental, as they supply the tenderness and fun which is lacking in spinster lives.

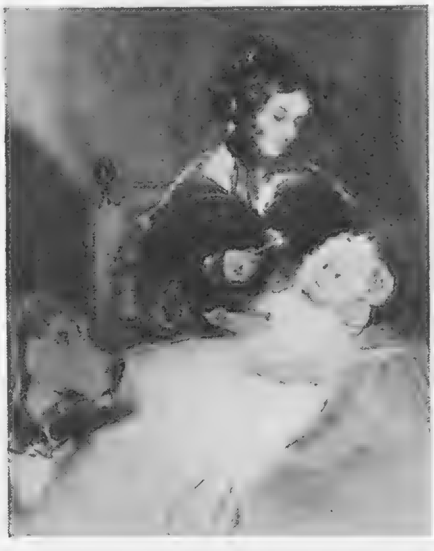


LADY Feeding a Bird. From the painting by Deverell

This hardly applies to Catherine the Great, who was surrounded by a menagerie, treating it with a barbaric mixture of adoration and cruelty, but seldom holding audience unless her giant, her clown and several dogs were present, which must have irritated her ministers.

Perhaps the oddest of all pet complexes raged in Stuart times, when every great lady owned a little black page boy who waited on her at table and sat in her carriage, but was as spoilt as a fêted child. Mignard's pictures of Charles II's Duchess of Portsmouth gives an idea of the affection with which these pages were treated and the luxury of their clothes. The lovely Louise's hand rests on his shoulder as it might on the head of a favourite dog!

IN the eighteenth century birds, cats and lap-dogs enjoyed pets' privileges. When little Miss Bowles clasped her chubby arms round the neck of her puppy, Reynolds was inspired to paint his masterpiece, "Love me, love my dog," and when wistful Robinetta, with the tame robin perched on her shoulder, caught his eye, he gave posterity another "joy for ever."



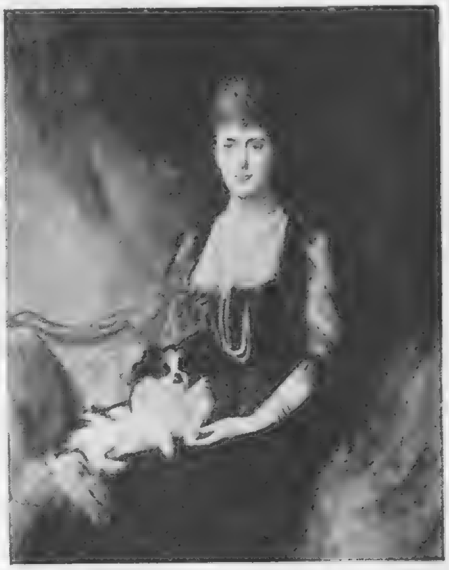
THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN and Child. From the painting by Landseer

By playing the farmer's wife in her *hameau*, Marie Antoinette started a vogue for countrified pets, including little spotted pigs; but Hoppner's Duchess of Dorset, which hangs at Knole, was much too conventional to have anything except a spaniel clinging to her skirts, which also applies to the gentle Frankland sisters, so we must conclude that spaniels were the rage or that Hoppner found them easier to paint than other breeds!

The poodle who sits in Nellie O'Brien's lap at the Wallace Collection is a fussy fellow, ready to yap if his whilt were disarranged, though serenely confident that no other pet could have matched his mistress's elaborate hat.

In eighteenth-century France, grey-eyed girls held grey cats in their arms and were painted by Perroneau, while pert minxes opening *billet doux* were guarded by lap-dogs and painted by Boucher or Fragonard; just as our beauties, complete with chow or Siamese cat, are photographed by Beaton or Peter North!

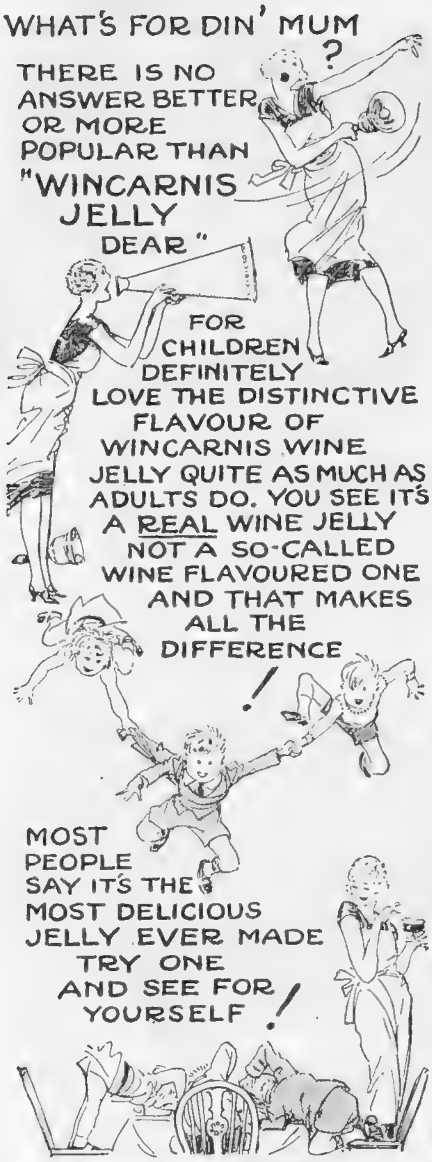
In the reign of Victoria womanhood achieved a glacial purity and doves were quite the thing. Miss Nellie Power with hers, painted by Landseer, might have illustrated Jane Austen, while the Duchess of Abercorn and infant, watched over by a powerful mastiff, chose the pose calculated to wring applause from her sentimental contemporaries.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA with her favourite dog. By Sir Luke Fildes

Few royalties have so genuinely loved their pets as Queen Alexandra, who set the mode for Pekinese and held one on her knee for her official portrait, which was a becoming departure from convention. Meantime Sarah Bernhardt was filling her *appartement* with a zoo as an expression of artistic temperament, and millionaires' daughters in the Western States of America were cherishing horned toads and tortoises, while the famous "monkey woman" of Cuba was striking up her curious friendship with our plainer cousins.

Lady Harris, wife (*Continued on page 114*)



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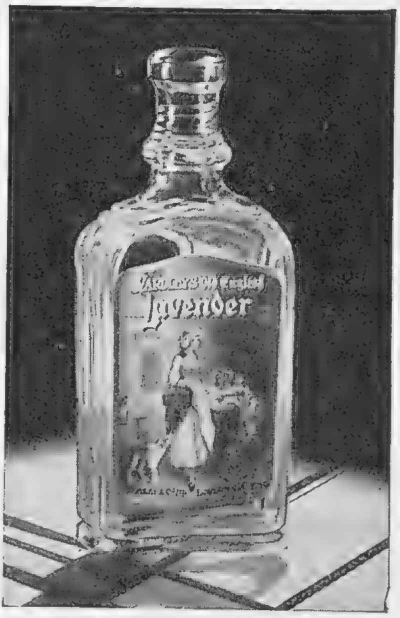

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of the Edwardian cricketing peer, gave the best room in her house to her twenty-five parrots, and Elinor Glyn collected amber cats to match her own auburn hair. Their descendants, Zadig and Candide, have more "It" than any cats in London, and what is more Zadig can retrieve a thimble! Lady Milford Haven has a mongoose who knows her voice. Spinelly keeps the two ugliest pugs in Paris, and every society, stage and screen beauty has her Cairn or her Dalmatian, her Alsatian or her Great Dane to add that extra "pet-appeal."

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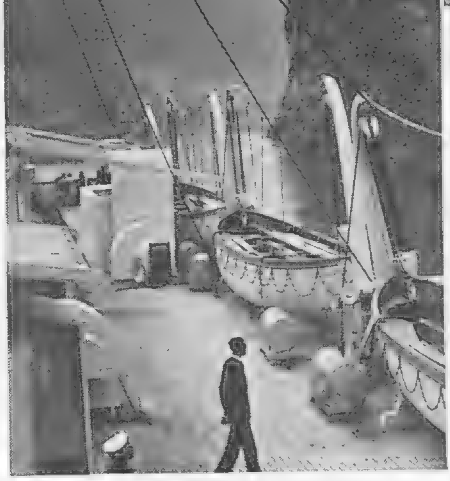
On Saturday, July 14th, this magnificent liner commences a 19 days' cruise from London (Tilbury) to the Land of the Midnight Sun. The ship calls at Iceland, Hammerfest, Lyngen, Tromso, Trondhjem, Merok, Bergen, and many other places, and the fare for some of the cabins for this care-free holiday is as low as 30 guineas.

Mundal, Norway, where the snow-capped mountains come down to the sea



The s.s. Atlantis cruising in a Norwegian fjord

For those who cannot spare the time, or want a cheaper holiday, there is a short Bank Holiday cruise of seven days.

The s.s. *Atlantis* leaves London (Tilbury) on Friday, August 3rd, for a cruise to Norway, visiting Balholmen, Hellesylt, Merok, Olden, Loen and Bergen, returning to London on August 10th. The lowest fare for this cruise is 11 guineas.

In September the s.s. *Atlantis* is making cruises to the Mediterranean Sea, so if you are taking a holiday later in the year write to Royal Mail Lines, Ltd., Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, and ask them to send you particulars of these cruises.

The s.s. Atlantis at Hellesylt

A HINT TO HOSTESSES

by

The Duchess of Leinster

Half the troubles of a hostess are caused by her being too ambitious! People usually prefer simple foods, but a Salad — simple as it sounds — is difficult to prepare, and receives more criticism than any other dish. Consequently, much more care and attention is needed.

It has always puzzled me why the majority of Hostesses think only of Potato, Beetroot, and hard-boiled Eggs in connection with a Salad when there are such interesting ingredients as Artichokes, Asparagus, Chicory, Seakale, Endive, Cranberries, and Grapefruit — to mention only a few!

• • •

Why not experiment, and invent a Salad on which you will be complimented, and which other Hostesses will endeavour to imitate? It is really quite easy, provided you use imagination, and give the preparation your own undivided attention. By this way you can achieve originality, for which — after all — every Hostess strives!

• • •

There is one thing, however, about which you cannot be too careful — the Salad Dressing! It's so dreadfully easy to ruin really delicious salad by the wrong dressing.

Experiment by all means with your Salad, but never harbour the illusion that you can also make your own Dressing — irrespective of who gave you the recipe. This is where the clever woman will use Heinz Salad Cream, because she realises that this is a closely guarded recipe that has taken years to perfect, and that it is a sheer impossibility to copy it — or even rival it!

Use this — and you will rest content that your salad will be a marvellous success.

Rafaelle Leinster

Salads for clear complexions . . .

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Isabel Jeans

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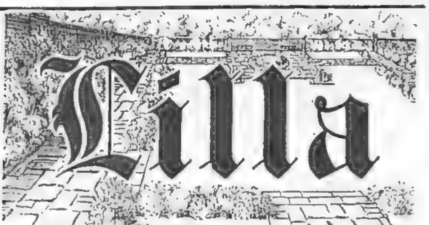

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No. 44

By Buckingham Palace

Switzerland *for* Summer Holidays

(J. Naegeli)

The bathing pool at Gstaad

WINTER-SPORT enthusiasts who only know Switzerland under snow can little realise the feast of colour that country offers to the eye in summer. Emerald meadows with an infinite variety of strange multi-hued flowers lie in the shadow of great bronze peaks that tower against an incredibly blue sky. Dark green feathery pine-woods stretch down to the shores of steely lakes. Lone glaciers bridge barren mountain passes with pale fire. All this must be seen to be believed.

The beneficial effects of high altitude on the health of the individual cannot be exaggerated. The dry snow-purified air, charged with ozone, cleanses the lungs and builds up health that will last right through a trying city winter. The sun set in a cloudless sky will bathe you in its vitalising rays all day and every day as you wander through the clearings of sweet-scented pines.

Swiss resorts cater for all manner of different tastes in summer amusements. All over Switzerland you will find excellent facilities for bathing, from the yellow sands of Lucerne washed by pine-scented water to the artificial pool at Gstaad, with its sunporch and terraces down to the water's edge. There are excellent eighteen-hole golf courses at many places, including Crans, Aigle and Samaden, the last being one of the finest on the Continent, natural mountain grass providing an excellent fairway. The leisurely pleasures of angling may be indulged in to their hearts' content by those who visit the amply trout-stocked waters of the Poschiaversee, the Engadine Lakes and the lovely little lakes of the Bernese Oberland. There is a superb racecourse at St. Moritz, and during the summer important lawn tennis tournaments take place here and at Engelberg. These are only some of Switzerland's summer sports.

For those people who are connoisseurs of the countryside and like to strike off the beaten track, Griesalp, lying in a forest clearing at 6,000 feet, is an ideal centre for exploration into the lovely Kander valley—only sixteen hours' journey from London—past the famous Reichenbach glacier gorge. At the foot of the Mischabel peaks lies Saas-Fee, an ideal centre for climbing.

Particularly interesting centenary celebrations are taking place this summer at Einsiedeln in the canton of Schwyz. A thousand years ago Saint Eberhard, once provost of the Strasbourg cathedral, founded a Benedictine monastery on the spot where the saintly hermit Meinrad had his cell. Einsiedeln Monastery became a centre of Catholic life and its miraculous image of the Madonna an object for pilgrimage. Last century Benedictine monks were sent to found two Meinrad monasteries in America from Einsiedeln.

Walking in Switzerland provides one of the loveliest holidays imaginable, because everything is so unexpected and one may walk for hours evading everyone and catching sight of all kinds of beasts and birds in the forests.

(L. Bulner)

THERE are many golf courses in Switzerland. A view of the Villars golf course

Schulz-Tarasp—a lovely spa in the Lower Engadine

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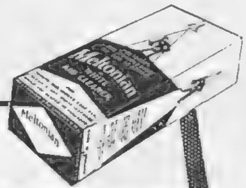

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Leading Lady

(*Continued from page 15*)

understand him so well. He had never found anyone who could listen to him like this, not even his wife.

"I want you to sit by the fire, and smoke a cigarette, and tell me all about yourself," she had said.

He found himself speaking to her as if he had known her for years, explaining all the worry of those early years, how he had fought and struggled with his family.

"You seem to understand things about me that nobody else has ever dreamt existed," he said. "The serious side of me. What I really feel about life. Because I do feel things, you know, tremendously. People have often told me that when they first meet me I seem horribly shy. All my life it's been the same. My mother, bless her, could never understand my passion for the stage. You're so awfully sympathetic." He gazed at her with worship in his eyes. "You'll think me absurd," he went on, gaining confidence, "but the one ambition of my life, ever since I first went on the stage, was to act with you. I've dreamt of it for years, grinding away in the provinces."

"No, no—you're joking!" she smiled.

"I promise you it's absolutely true. I saw you first about five years ago, and I remember thinking to myself: 'There is somebody worth while, who spends her time giving happiness to other people.' Oh, you were simply wonderful. You became my ideal, my sort of guiding star, my good angel. I judged everything by what I imagined your standards to be. I guessed you would never put up with the second-rate in life, or in acting. You would only accept the best. I love it more than anything in the world—the theatre, I mean."

She stirred slightly, and reached for his hand. "You dear," she murmured; "you dear quixotic person." Then she leant back in her chair, pillowing her cheek against a cushion.

If he went on much longer she felt she would scream. It was incredible that anyone should talk so much. What a fool he was! She turned her rising yawn into a smile. "You know, you remind me of myself," she told him. "Oh, yes, quite a lot. All your ideals and beliefs. I so appreciate your outlook on life. All for Art, and the world well lost. Ah, how well I understand! I adore my work passionately. I couldn't live without it. One doesn't care about money, people, or success—it's just the longing to achieve something, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes!" he said eagerly, the light of a fanatic in his eyes.

"To create a living character out of a mass of words, to breathe life into it, to—to—" She made a little gesture with her hands, uncertain how to continue. "Oh, how marvellously you understand!" she ended, and: "We're going to be such friends, you and I."

She slipped from her chair to the floor, crouching, her hands spread to the blaze of the fire. Her head was aching; she had had a tiring day. She was longing to go to bed and to sleep. What on earth was he talking about now?

"Hamlet," he was saying. "I want to play Hamlet as no one has ever dared play it before. There is something terrific about him, misunderstood, suppressed. You remember, in the beginning of Act Three, when he is with Ophelia, when she starts, 'My lord, I have remembrances of yours,' you know . . ."

"Yes, wonderful, wonderful!" she murmured. O God, not Shakespeare, not at this hour! She made no attempt to listen. She was wondering what time Paul Haynes arrived back from Manchester. He was certain to ring her up. The boy mustn't be here then.

"It will almost break my heart if I don't play this part with you," said Martin Wilton. "It's the chance of a lifetime. It's going to be hell until it's settled. Supposing Haynes thinks I'm no good?"

She broke from her thoughts with an effort.

"Of course, you are young," she said gently; "a little too young. Personally, I think it makes the part all the more sympathetic, and I shall tell him so. Paul Haynes is a very difficult man, but I think I can persuade him. Unless he gets some absurd idea into his head. He's very thick-headed and obstinate, and once he has made up his mind, nothing in the world will make him change it. But I am sure he will like you; he is bound to agree with me."

He seized hold of her hands and kissed them. "You are being an angel to me," he said, flushing. "I can't ever forget this."

She smiled at him sadly; she ran her hand through his hair.

"You remind me of someone I used to be fond of . . ." she began, and then broke off, as though emotionally moved. He cursed himself for his lack of tact. Of course, her husband was dead.

It must be terrible for her. How brave she was, facing life alone like that! No one to look after her.

"You must go soon," she whispered. "It's getting late. And I've got to say good-night to my little girl. She won't sleep until I've tucked her up myself." The child was with a nurse in lodgings on the East Coast, but he would never know that. He had probably seen pictures of her soon after she was widowed, holding the child in her arms. When she had appeared the first time after her husband's death, in one of his plays, carefully made up, allowing herself to look a little wan and pale, the audience had gone nearly mad. The publicity had helped her enormously at the time.

"She is the only thing I have left," she said gently.

He stroked her hand awkwardly, like a clumsy animal.

"I wish I could help," he began. "I hate to think of you like this . . . I had no idea . . . ." He fumbled with the bangle on her wrist. She seemed very young suddenly, very pathetic. He wished he knew how to comfort her. The world who watched her act would never guess that off the stage she was this sweet, simple woman, broken-hearted, her life empty.

"It's all right," she was saying, "but sometimes one gets so frightfully lonely. . . ."

Awkwardly he put his arm round her, patting her shoulder as though she was a child. She reached for her scrap of a handkerchief, turning her face from him, blowing her nose and laughing shakily.

"I feel so ashamed," she said. "I've never let this happen before."

He brushed the top of her head with his lips, at a loss for words, and then, impulsively, "Look here—you ought to meet my wife; she's the most sympathetic person in the world. I know you'd like her; she has a sort of gift of killing depression; she's an absolute angel. We've only got a tiny flat in a mews, but she'd adore to meet you. Come round now—it's not too late. She said she would go to a film when I rang her before dinner, but she'll be back by twelve. And we've got some wonderful records I'd love you to hear. A Bach concerto, César Franck . . ."

"No, no, you mustn't tempt me like that; it isn't fair. I've been foolish to-night. I can't understand myself. And I should love to meet your wife, some other time. . .But I'm tired now; we are both tired; and you must go. Bless you for being so sweet to me."

"Good lord! I've done nothing. I've just blundered on about myself. It's been the most marvellous evening. You've brought back all my old ideals and faith in the theatre; you've made me feel that everything's worth while. Any success I make I shall owe to you."

HE stumbled out of the flat, not looking where he was going, his head in the clouds, his mind filled with the glorious, impossible future.

Thanking God she was alone at last, she sank into a chair, a cushion behind her head, a cigarette between her lips.

Five minutes after he had gone, the telephone rang. It was Paul Haynes.

"Hullo," he said. "I'm only this minute back from Manchester. Have you gone to bed or can I slip round for two minutes?"

"No, I'd love to see you," she lied. "Come along at once."

She powdered her face a little whiter than usual, using no colour, but shadowing her eyes. She looked very beautiful, but tired, strained.

"Now, I'm not going to keep you up," he said, as soon as he came into the room. "You've had a long day, and so have I. We can't afford to burn the candle at both ends in our profession, eh? Got to have our beauty sleep." He smiled broadly, showing large gums. "Well, just tell me how it went. Everything go off all right without me?"

"Marvellous—considering. You know what first rehearsals are."

"Tell me—how did they all seem?"

"Splendid, on the whole. I don't think we need make any change."

"And what about young Martin Wilton? Is he going to be good?"

"He was very much all there. Knew exactly what to do. He won't require much producing. His technique is marvellous in anyone so young. I can't understand where he's learnt it all."

"He's not too young, is he?"

"No—not really, I don't think. I hope not. We don't want to make a blunder, though. Oh, how I wish you'd been there!"

"Yes. I could have told you what I thought as soon as I'd clapped eyes on him. How did he strike you personally? Did he seem a nice chap?—unconceited? Will you like having him in the theatre?"

She did not reply for a moment, and then laughed a little self-consciously.

"He's very good at his job—I've said so already. What more can I say?"

"Look here, you're (Continued on page 120)

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keeping something back. Don't pretend with me. Part of our bargain is to tell the truth. Martin Wilton was rude, bad-mannered?"

"No, no. Please don't ask me any more. Let's forget about him."

"I don't forget, and I shall worry you until I've had this out with you. Come on, my dear; what was the trouble?"

"It's so unfair to the boy," she protested. "He probably didn't realise what he was doing. He's young, and I suppose mixes with a crowd of awful people. I know the type—half-drunk and very promiscuous."

"What are you driving at? Wasn't he sober? What did he do to upset you?"

"Well, he—he tried to make the most violent love to me, that's all." She laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

Paul Haynes looked at her in amazement. "Good God! what on earth do you mean?"

"My dear, I assure you I was never more embarrassed in my life. Those sort of things don't happen to me. However, let's forget it."

"No, by heaven, we won't forget it," he said savagely. "I want to get to the bottom of this. What did he do, the little swine?"

"I asked him back here to talk over the second act and he stayed on and seemed to expect dinner. Perhaps he drank a little too much—I don't know. But he started talking the most frightful nonsense about being here alone with me, and said he'd been waiting for this for years. He tried to kiss me, and was well, rather rough. I was so surprised that I wasn't prepared, you see, and—Oh, I hate telling you all this!"

"Go on," he said.

"I think he must be very unbalanced and rather peculiar. So many young men are, nowadays, don't you think? I feel so sorry for his poor little wife."

"Do you mean the little rat is married?"

"Yes—that's the awful part about it. He seized hold of me and said would I go to his flat—his wife was out—wouldn't be back till late. He was quite uncontrolled; it was revolting. Finally, I quietened him down and managed to get him away. He'd been gone only a few minutes when you rang up. That's why I'm looking so exhausted. I suppose he lost his head for the moment—probably took advantage of my being here alone. Promise me not to think any more about it."

"I'm very sorry," he said slowly. "But you remember what I told you the other day? It's just that type of thing I'm out to smash. It's vicious and disgusting. My God, I've a mind to get the boy kicked out of the country. How he dared try it on with you, that's what gets me! He's probably stiff with drugs. An out-and-out rotter. And to think I was going to offer him the chance of his life! But, my dear, you weren't going to tell me. That's carrying chivalry a bit too far, isn't it?"

"But I hate making trouble," she broke in.

"Trouble? Don't talk such nonsense. If I let that boy play the part it would go against all my principles; it's one of my greatest ambitions to break up that gang of degenerates and I'm going to start right now. Young Mr. Wilton is going to get the surprise of his life. He'll be finished in six months. As for the part, I'd rather give it to a stage-hand than to him."

She shook her head hopelessly. He moved towards the door.

"Well, you're dead-beat, my dear, and must go to bed. You've been through a very trying time." Then, as he reached for his hat, "What's the name of the chap who played your brother?"

"What?" she said carelessly. "Oh, Bobby Carson. Why?"

"We'll get on to him in the morning. Tell him to be down at the theatre for rehearsal at eleven o'clock sharp. Good-night, my dear."

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The *Old*-Timer

(*Continued from page* 49)

Well, it was nice to be in the Royal Programme. But how could she dress with the chorus? That was a bit of a fall—for one of the old-timers. So she just waited around.

They're kindly folks, scene-shifters. Besides, they remember the past, if other people don't. Bessie belonged to their boyhood. And all those Yankee acts were much too up stage, nowadays. They lived at places like that new big hotel in Park Lane. The old days of the stars who went into saloon bars was long over.

Why, the new lot sometimes went to a Royal party, nowadays!

"Hullo, old-timer," said the stage manager, smiling. He remembered. . . .

For over two hours, Bessie stood near the wings, waiting. After waiting for twenty years, even two hours of standing did not seem long.

BILLY BUNNER was merely one of the crowd, that night. There were over 3,000 like him, seated either in wide boiled shirts in the stalls, looking very important in the boxes, or crowding the circle and the gallery, or standing jammed at the back, closer than sardines, one vast audience.

He used to stand on that stage. He used to be a star. Yes, he had been top of the bill. Now, to-night—well, few recognised him. For, without his make-up, to which he was unaccustomed, nowadays, he did not look a funny man. Nor, indeed, had he been funny for years. Now, he found a "nice little business in the suburbs" good enough for him.

Something had taken him along that night—something he could not resist.

And, as he stood there watching one turn after another, following with his eyes the glances thrown up, every now and then, at the Royal box "to see if the Queen were laughing," his mind went back, not only to the old days, when he created the laughter and he drew the applause, but when he and Bessie Turner had been man and wife.

They were single acts. And then she rose in popularity, and he declined.

Few people know it, but when two stage performers are man and wife, one is always better than the other. They are sometimes compared by the public. But often, at home, they compare each other to themselves.

And, as Billy Bunner went down, Bessie Turner went up. His gags became mechanical. And then the time came when "Roses" swept the town. More than that, it haunted him. And, the more the public sang it, the less grew the laughter which his own turn evoked.

It all went through his mind that night—the day when he threw the word "Roses," with bitterness, in Bessie's face, and she slapped him and he left the house . . . and there was a divorce case . . . and that was the end of it.

Their ways had parted, ever since. Indeed, they had never met.

FOR over two hours, he stood in the jam of people pressed at the back. Few left during the interval, for fear they could not get back again. How he hated these Americans with their new quick-fire talk!

"You have to be either an American or a nigger to get a show here," he thought. . . . "I wonder what the 'surprise' is, at the end. . . . Some film star, I suppose. They make me sick, lording it. . . ."

WELL, they came then nearly to the end. For two hours, Billy had been comparing all this slick modern stuff with the more leisurely methods of the old days. And then there came on the syncopated band that was to open the finale. It moaned through a blues and it jazzed something of Schubert's.

"And I've got a surprise," said the conductor. "I have to introduce to you one of the old-timers—Bessie Turner!"

And, with her hair white and in a pale blue dress, but looking, oh, so young, he thought, came on Bessie.

And the cheers rang out. No one shouted "Roses" this time. For the King was there. But it was "Roses" that she sang.

Something dug at his heart. Something hit him, just like a big blow in the pit of the stomach. For, as he stood there, the entire audience joined in the words:

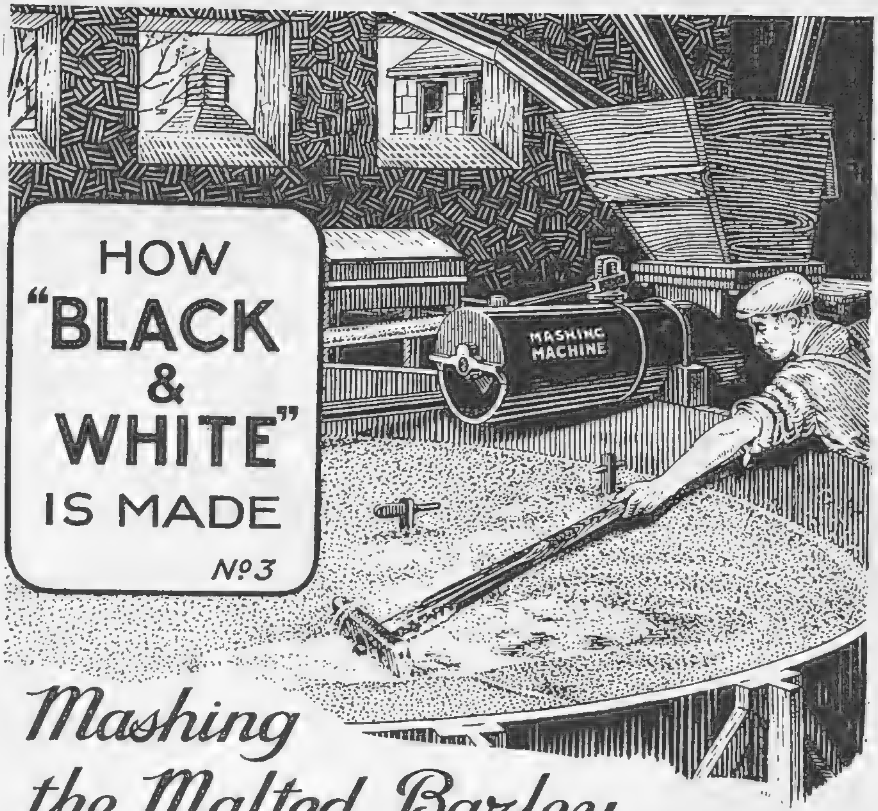
"The roses will always bloom
While you are in my heart."

Bessie was the hit of the bill!

Billy, from where he stood, could see even the King moving his lips, and the Queen waving her programme to the beating of the time. And he could see that Bessie's eyes were filled with tears. And so were his. Then they sang it again:

"The roses will always bloom
While you are in my heart."

And then he found (*Continued on page* 122)



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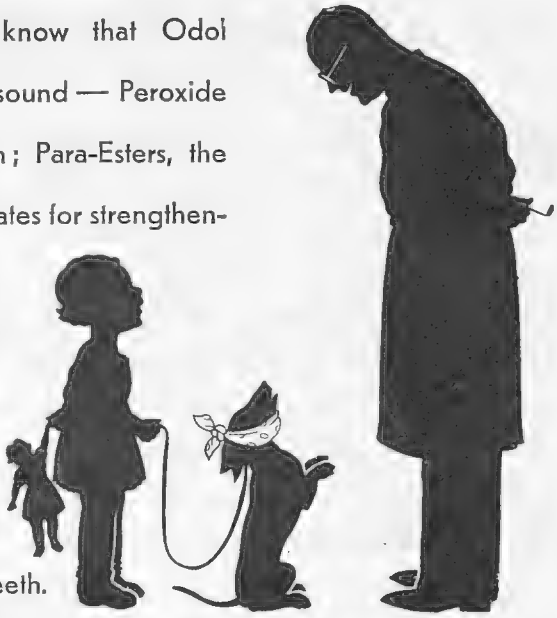

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himself crying. He heard himself shouting it, louder than anybody. And then he saw Bessie sway and fall . . . and the curtain came down.

"I MUST have fainted," said Bessie, when she saw light again. "Why did I stand about all that time?"

And then she saw, in front of her—Billy!

"Bessie, you were fine, old girl," he said. "What a reception you got! You can still knock them cold!"

"Billy," she said . . . "Billy!"

And she held his hand.

"Bessie," he answered. "The roses are still blooming."

"Yes, Billy," she said—"and in my heart, too."

It sounded very child-like and silly. But the old-timers are like that. They are sentimental old things. They belong to the old days, when roses bloomed.

"Billy," said Bessie, "can't we make some fresh roses bloom?"

"Your roses, your old roses," answered Billy, "are quite fresh enough for me!"

And, being silly and sentimental and old-fashioned, Bessie kissed him. For she was only an old-timer, you see. And so was Billy.

END

New Wings *Over* Germany

(*Continued from page 17*)

in the world, was sent by Providence to deliver her from that bondage, fanatical Nazis tell you.

More important by far than such actual arming in the air as Germany may now be engaged upon under the mantle of secrecy covering the country in these matters (but which to no small extent has failed in its purpose), is the extraordinary scope of the preparations for "production capacity" of aircraft, and the training of flying personnel.

The number of aircraft works, their enlargement, and the equipment of new factories, the number of employees in all these as checked by those who have an interest in such matters, together with known foreign orders for aero-engines and engine parts, importation of aircraft materials, has led some experts to the conclusion that the basis is being laid for a German Air Force of 2,000 to 2,500 'planes.

The German Air Minister, General Goering, himself denied this to me the other day in Berlin.

"I wish I had them," replied the Minister, when I called his attention to that supposed number, explaining that it was not assumed that Germany possessed that many at the present moment, but was "preparing to have a fleet of that size."

"All I want is thirty per cent. of the number of military 'planes that France, Belgium, Czecho-slovakia and Poland have," he declared. "And," he added, "I am not asking for any bombers."

The Germans credit these four nations which surround Germany with a combined air fleet of six thousand five hundred 'planes. Thirty per cent. of this number would be one thousand nine hundred and fifty 'planes. The German air programme, therefore, may very well be two thousand to two thousand five hundred aeroplanes.

Production capacity, that is, well-equipped factories, prepared materials and skilled workmen to produce aircraft and aero-engines in large numbers within a given time, is beginning to be considered as being of very great importance for national defence. How important a factor that can be in time of war was demonstrated in the World War. The Germans for a long time set the pace in the air for the Allies. The German figures on Germany's flying forces, and her aircraft production in that period, furnish an illuminating study.

IN August, 1914, Germany had a total of 218 military aeroplanes, divided amongst forty-one "Flying Detachments." There were then eight factories or works in Germany concerned with the manufacture of aircraft. When the war ended, November 11th, 1918, there were fifty-three aircraft factories, employing around 100,000 workmen.

The German aircraft industry produced in round numbers 44,000 aeroplanes, and 48,000 aero-engines during the four years and two months of the war. In the last month of the conflict, October, 1918, no fewer than 2,200 'planes and 1,900 aero-motors were made.

Extraordinary as this production may seem at first glance, it should not be forgotten that this was fifteen to twenty years ago. Since then the processes of aircraft manufacture have been vastly improved and facilitated. It is staggering to imagine aircraft production in the next war.

In the last months of the World War, approximately five thousand (*Continued on page 124*)

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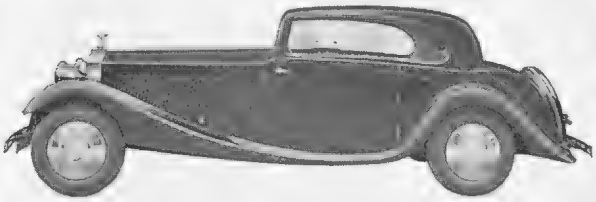

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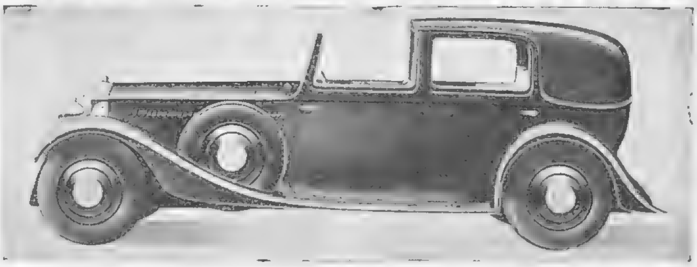

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German airmen, fighters, bombers, observers and wireless operators were engaged in aerial warfare on all the German fronts. There were in first line active service five thousand 'planes, in which were mounted seven thousand machine-guns and numerous light cannon of small calibre. According to their own records, the Germans fought approximately seven thousand five hundred "air battles," and dropped about one million bombs, said to have had an aggregate weight of twenty-seven million kilogrammes. This latter figure might be questioned, since it gives the high average weight of over fifty pounds per bomb.

The German casualties in the air are given as seven thousand seven hundred flying officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, dead, wounded or missing.

WHEN the Great War ended with the collapse of Germany, the Germans were compelled under Article IV of the Armistice immediately to surrender two thousand 'planes. A still greater number were rendered useless, or abandoned by the retreating German armies. The Versailles Treaty imposed the complete annihilation of the remaining vast German air fleet. About fourteen thousand 'planes and twenty-seven thousand seven hundred aero-motors were broken up, and a considerable number of each, with all accessories, were surrendered to the Allies. All but a few of the aircraft factories and hangars had to be razed. Six or eight of the Zeppelins were set on fire and destroyed rather than surrender them. It was a sort of "Scapa Flow" of the air. Mr. Karl von Wiegand, noted American war correspondent, together with Captain Ernst Lehmann, now Executive Officer on the Graf Zeppelin, and Captain Frank E. Mason of the American Military Intelligence, concocted a daring plot to steal the "L.72," the newest and largest of all the war-time Zeppelins, and fly it across the Atlantic to America. The plot was foiled, it is said, by President Woodrow Wilson, to whose attention it was called. He threatened to put everybody concerned in a military prison upon arrival of the Zeppelin in the United States. Under orders from the Allies, extra guards were placed round the hangars in Friedrichshafen. The "L.72" was later given over to the French. It became the "Dixmude," and vanished with all its crew over the Mediterranean, presumably between Sicily and Tunis. Not a trace of the airship has ever been found.

Crushed, but with their air-minded spirit unbroken, the Germans began, literally from the ground up, to rebuild their aviation. Barred from the air militarily by the Peace Treaty, they re-entered it commercially. Despite all the restrictions and fetters upon her, Germany to-day has the largest, and one of the best commercial air-fleets in Europe. From my own experience and personal observations whilst flying on the Continent in my own 'plane, or travelling by air-transport lines, I have come to the conclusion that, broadly speaking, Germany is the most air-minded nation in Europe. Whether you land at Berlin, Hanover, Munich or elsewhere, on one of the large, well-kept aerodromes, you will find in the afternoon always a crowd, large or small, having their coffee or beer on the terraces, or in the open-air restaurants connected with all the larger aerodromes. In Germany, the aerodromes in summer have become social centres. Saturday and Sunday afternoons especially, there are often thousands of people. I have on exceptional occasions seen from 50,000 to 100,000 at Tempelhof, the aerodrome only twelve to fifteen minutes from the centre of Berlin. Usually there is music, and an announcer heralds the departure or landing of 'planes, often explaining the type of the aircraft.

This great public interest in aviation in a country where the teaching of pacifism is a crime, and has been replaced by "heroism," where every boy dreams of becoming a von Richthofen "Red Knight," was extensively exploited and capitalized last month, June 1st to 8th, with an eight-day nation-wide aviation campaign. Following the examples of Russia and Japan, where many aeroplanes have been bought from funds raised by public subscriptions, something like one million pounds sterling was raised during this week by collections and subscriptions towards making Germany a "nation of flyers."

The campaign for interest in aviation, as persistent as it is consistent, is steadily maintained by the Luftsport Verband, or Aero League. The League has 850 local groups, and twelve divisional headquarters throughout the country. Captain Bruno Loerzer, a war ace under Goering, after the latter took over Baron von Richthofen's squadron following the "Red Knight's" death, is in charge of all the "Sport Flying" activities.

Then there is the German Air Defence League, with 1,600 local groups, and a membership that is expected to reach eight million before the end of this year. These two Leagues are doing for the German air programme

(*Continued on page 126*)

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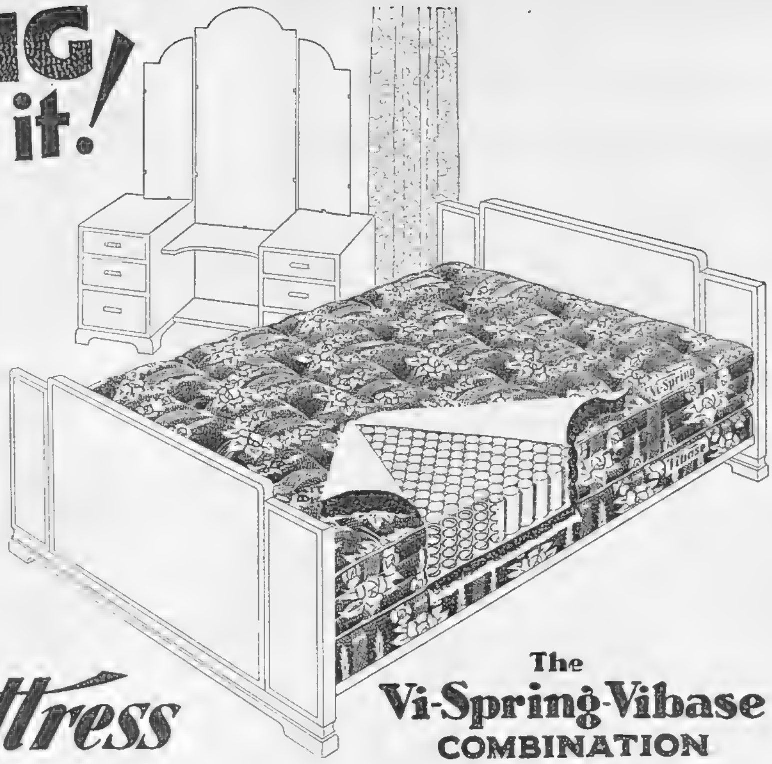

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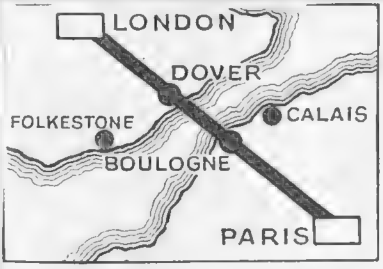

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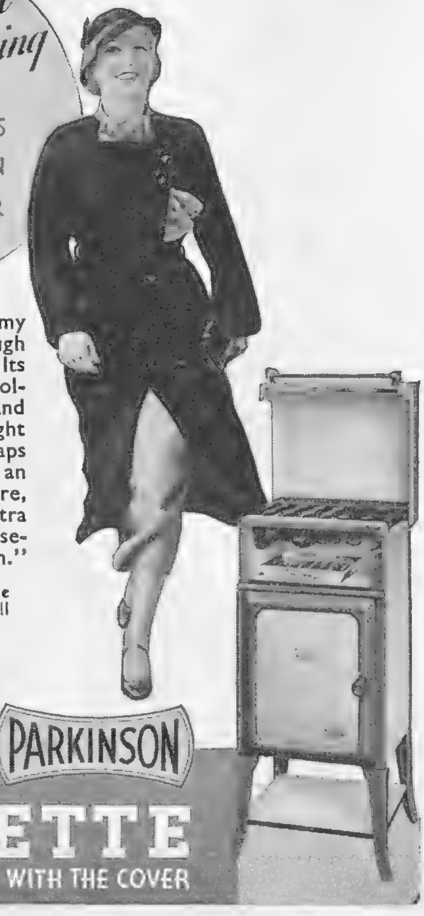

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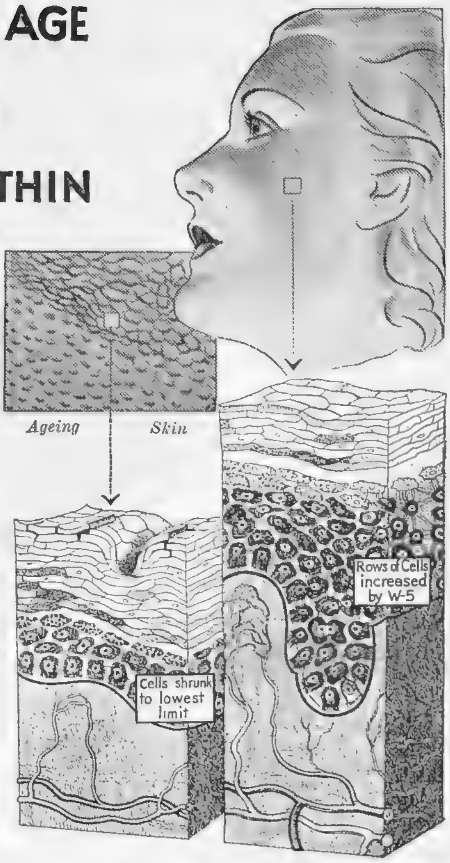

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what the German Navy League did under the Kaiser for the German Navy.

Behind the Aero League and the Air Defence League stand the Reichs Air Ministry and the sixteen newly-created "Air Offices" located in the sixteen largest cities. These sixteen sub-Air Ministries are an important part of the new air programme. The Reichs Air Ministry, headed by Goering, is one of the largest ministries in the Hitler Government.

General Goering was indignant when I remarked that the impression was spreading abroad that not he, but Herr Erhard Milch, Secretary of State for Air, was the driving and directive force in Germany's air programme, and that the Air Minister himself was fully occupied with his duties as Prussian Prime Minister, and as head of the Prussian Secret State Police.

Captain Christiansen, now "Air Commodore," with whom I was on the Dornier "Do.X" when that gigantic twelve-engined flying ship made its first attempt at a trans-Atlantic flight, is in charge of the Division of Training of flying personnel.

WHAT is Germany really doing in the air? Is she actually engaged in building up aerial armament?

How many 'planes has she?

I put these questions to General Goering during a pleasant chat with that most colourful, in some respects the most outstanding, personality in Hitler's Cabinet.

Considering that these three questions may come under "State Secrets," the revealing of which brings the death sentence, I did not expect an illuminating answer.

General Goering cited the familiar figures in the Aviation Year Book. I asked him about the orders placed in America and England.

"I am buying types of aircraft and of aeromotors to determine which will be the best for Germany from practical experiments with them," he replied. The former war ace, now Air Minister, smiled sceptically at the idea that England was disturbed over Germany's activities in the air. It is not the 'planes that Germany may have, or may be building, but the spirit manifesting behind them that can cause uneasiness, I pointed out to him. London was the chief target from the air during the war, and we have not forgotten that, I explained.

"England need not worry about Germany on that score. Besides, I am not asking for bombers," replied Goering. "Let others renounce their bombers, and there will be no more bombing," he added.

Goering stressed the "defensive" character of Germany's air activities. Hitler's Germany entertains no illusions about "eternal peace." Obviously from what General Goering told me, the Germans are visualizing as is no other nation the terrible destructiveness of the next war, when cities far behind the front will be on the firing line from the air.

"We are preparing to build great underground cities, bomb and gas proof, for the protection of our civilian population against the terrible day that may come. If you and the others will do away with your bombing squadrons, Germany will be spared that enormous expense," said the Air Minister.

He spoke of a law in preparation for the compulsory construction of gas-proof underground cellars beneath city blocks of flats, with specified capacity for so many occupants. The eight million members of the Air Defence League already mentioned, are to be organised, and drilled in the rudiments at least of chemical warfare, the uses of gas-masks, first-aid, how to deal with fires caused by incendiary bombs composed of almost unextinguishable chemical ingredients. Germany is going underground in the next war.

The Lufthansa, Germany's air-transport monopoly, is closely associated with the Air Ministry. Herr Martin Wronsky, chief director, concentrates all his time and energy exclusively upon the commercial extension of the splendid Lufthansa fleet. Herr Milch, Secretary of State for Air, also remains a director.

Through the Lufthansa, the German Air Ministry has purchased three American fast Boeing twin-engined Boeing transport 'planes. Two of these, with supercharged Wasp motors, have been delivered. The third, a considerably faster type powered with Hornet motors, which will cruise above 180 miles an hour, is promised for late summer. Two samples of Curtiss "Hawks," fast American military 'planes, have been acquired. They are single-motor machines with 715 h.p. Cyclone motors, usable both as diving-bombers and as pursuit or interceptor fighters. The Germans refer to them as "aerobatic" 'planes. Negotiations for a sample of an American Douglas twin-engined transport 'plane, with a cruising speed of 200 miles an hour, have been concluded. (*Continued on page 128*)

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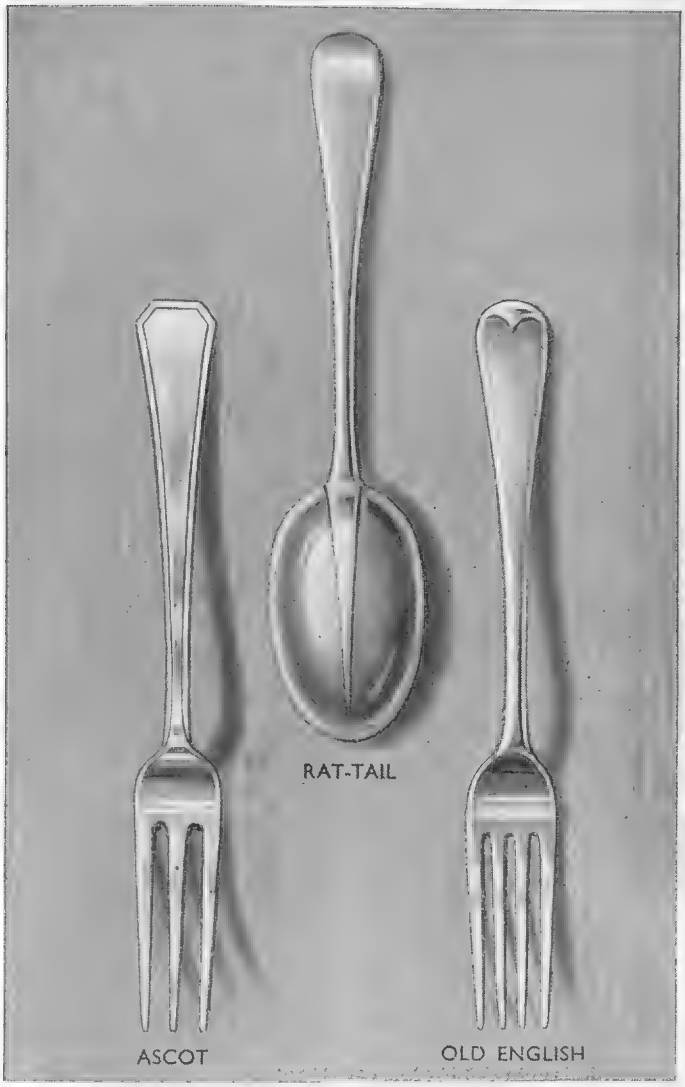
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Both the Boeing and the Douglas type are used in America also as bombers.

STATISTICS recently given out by the Department of Commerce in Washington show that Germany bought from America in the first two months of this year aircraft and aircraft material to the value of £130,000 as compared with £70,000 for twelve months last year. In January and February America sold to Germany twenty-two 'planes, seventy-five aero-engines, and engine parts estimated to be sufficient for 215 motors. There have also been published reports of orders from Germany accepted by manufacturers in England estimated at over three hundred aero-engines.

The German Air Ministry is seeking the best types obtainable, and is little hindered by national prejudice in its search for suitable goods. Obviously, too, Germany is in somewhat of a hurry.

Perhaps the greatest weakness in Germany's air programme is the lack of high-powered, dependable aero-engines for fast aircraft. In these Britain and America lead the world, and to those countries the Germans have turned for the best types until they develop their own. Because of the restrictive fetters of the Versailles Treaty, Germany is years behind in the development of aero-motors. The Bavarian Motor Works has acquired the licence rights to build the American Hornet motors. Three or four German aero-engine factories are concentrating on perfecting a crude-oil motor.

The Askania Werke in Berlin has acquired from the Sperry Gyroscope Company in America, the rights to manufacture the Sperry Artificial Horizon, which I was the first to introduce in light 'planes in England. Also the rights to the Sperry Gyro directional compass and the automatic " Robot " pilot.

The flying schools in Germany are either State or semi-State institutions. They are crowded with flying pupils. With several thousand glider pilots to draw upon, and every young man ambitious to become a Richthofen, the very cream of the German youth is going into the air, and Germany will have one of the most select air corps in the world. At the Stettin Fliegerschule three of the sons of the ex-Crown Prince, the Princes Wilhelm, Luis Ferdinand and Hubertus are among those taking advanced training. One also finds young police lieutenants learning to fly there.

The tendency towards "militarisation" of civil flying in Germany was emphasised by the revised rules and conditions of this year's annual Deutschlandflug. In past years, this round-flight of Germany has been open to the individual pilot and pilot-owner, and the flight was more or less the German equivalent of our King's Cup Race. This year, however, the individual competitor was eliminated. Only formation flights of three to seven aeroplanes each were allowed to enter. All had to be German 'planes piloted by Germans. The German flying clubs entered picked teams. This means that hundreds of young German pilots are skilled in formation flying and the attendant necessary manœuvres. This special branch of flying is generally confined to military training.

THERE are three distinct aspects to the making of Germany into a "Nation of Flyers" that are of international interest. They are: the training of hundreds of pilots; the building of 'planes and the very extensive creation of production capacity for 'planes; the construction of subterranean bomb and gas-proof vaults and " cities."

None of these, nor the orders for types of aircraft and aero-engines abroad, in themselves constitute a menace. It is the manifestation in Germany of a spirit of world defiance that creates mistrust of her intentions, and is so disturbing. If the Germans only would not step out of line in so many realms of western thought, and would curb their militaristic tendencies so pronouncedly manifest, there is no just reason why Germany should not have an air force on a basis of equality with other nations.

Of one thing I am convinced. Germany will have the most up-to-date air force in Europe, whether it is composed of 500, 1,000 or 2,500 'planes, once openly or secretly she breaks through the restrictions imposed on her, and she completes her equipment for production capacity. Practically every 'plane will be new and of the latest type. Other countries have a considerable percentage of slow, old, or even obsolete aircraft in their fleets.

If Adolf Hitler, Austrian house painter, carries through his " bluff "—if bluff it is—and wins the world war sixteen years after Germany lost it, history will enshrine him as one of the greatest figures of this era. If he fails and brings calamity upon Germany, historians will record him as a madman.

END

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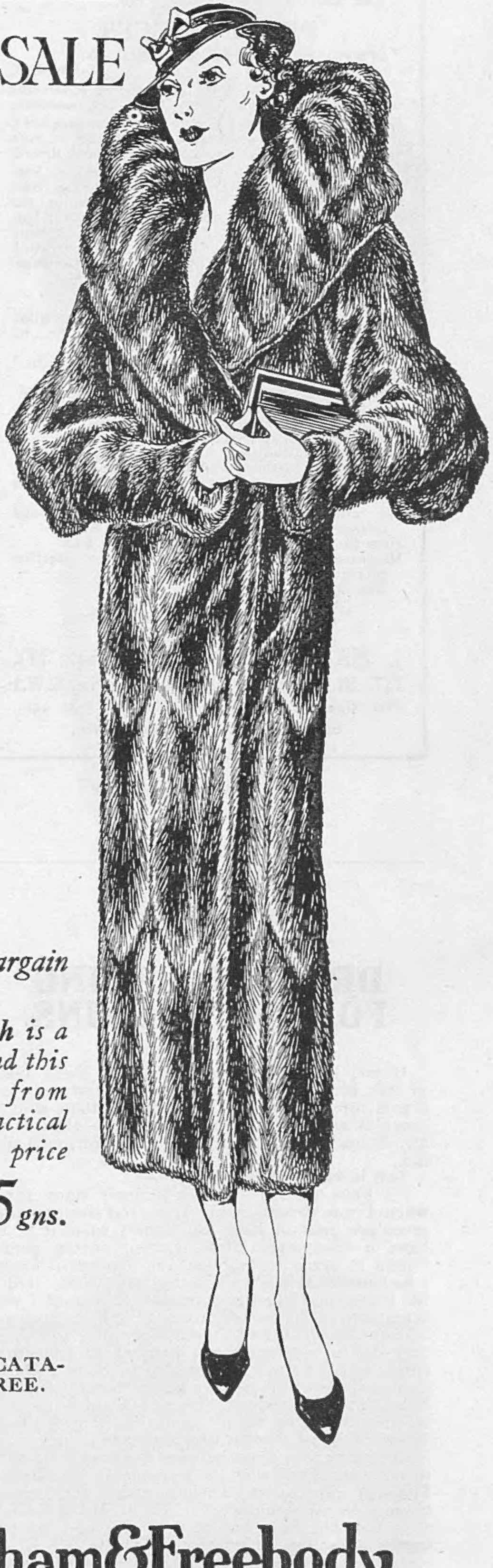

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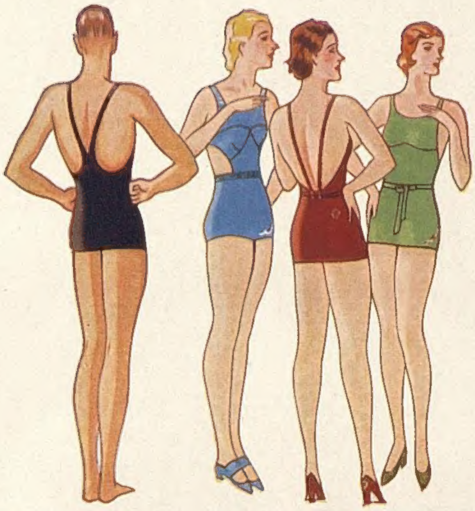

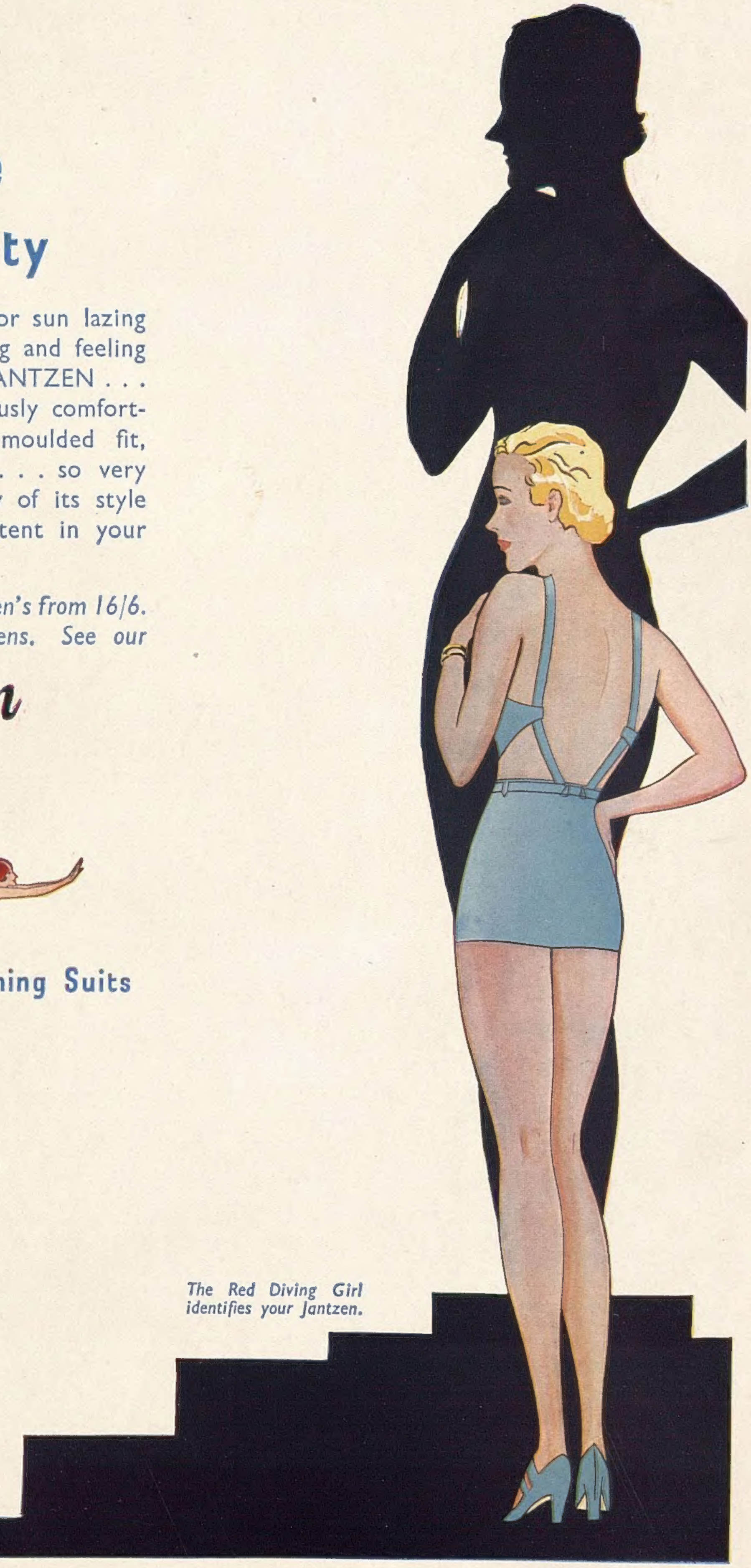

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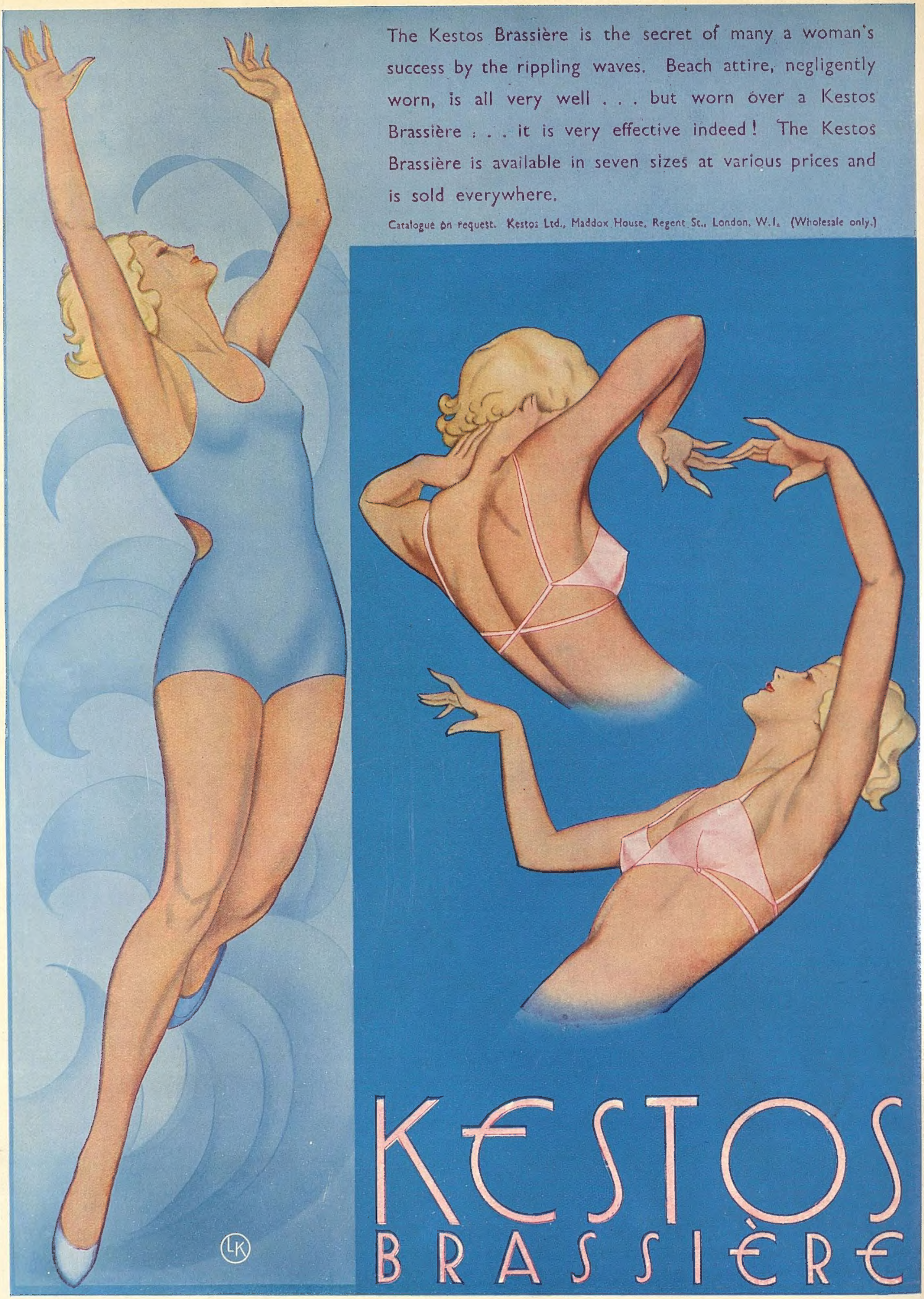

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